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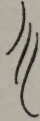
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BALTIMORE
IN THE
EIGHTIES and NINETIES

BY
Meredith Janvier

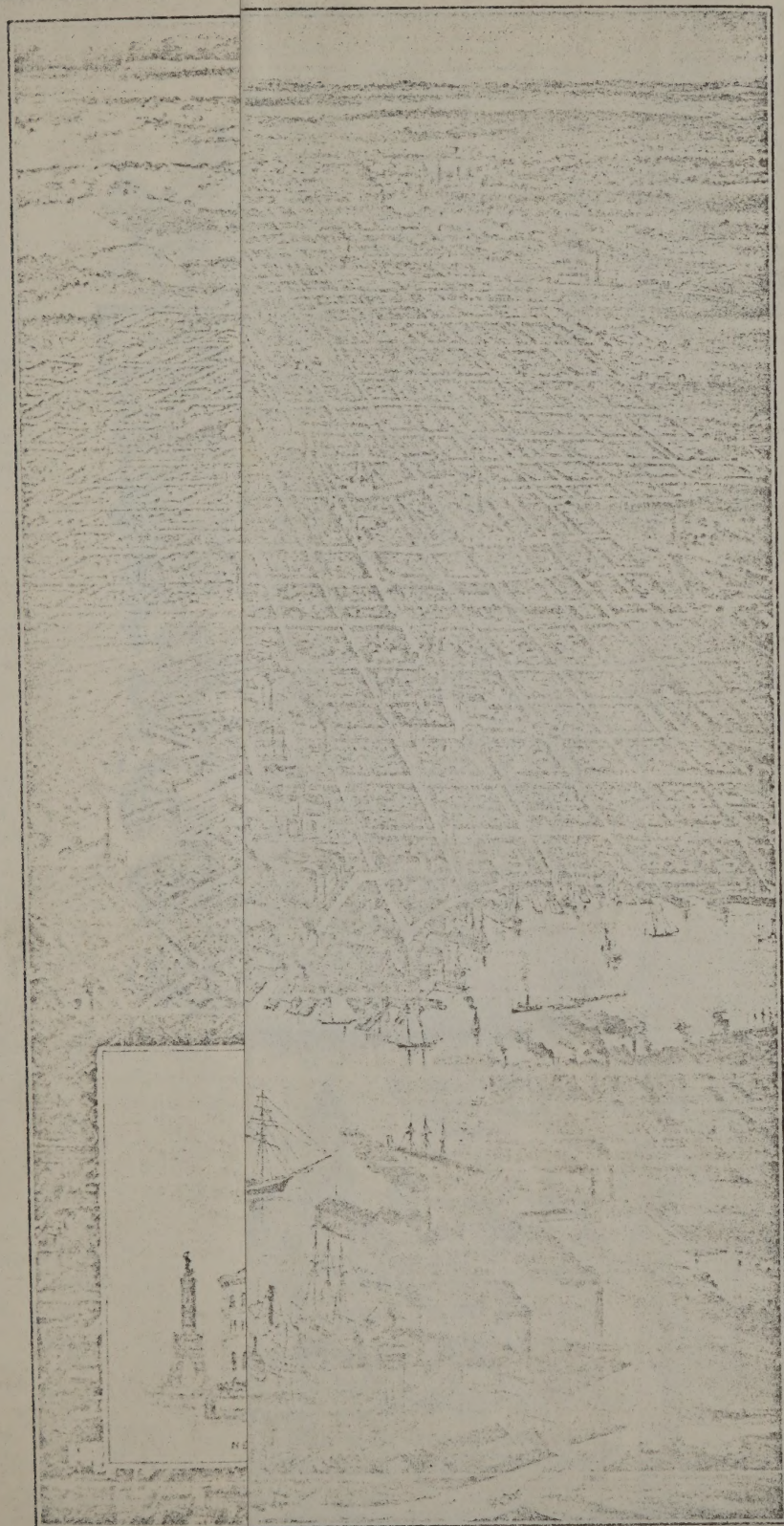
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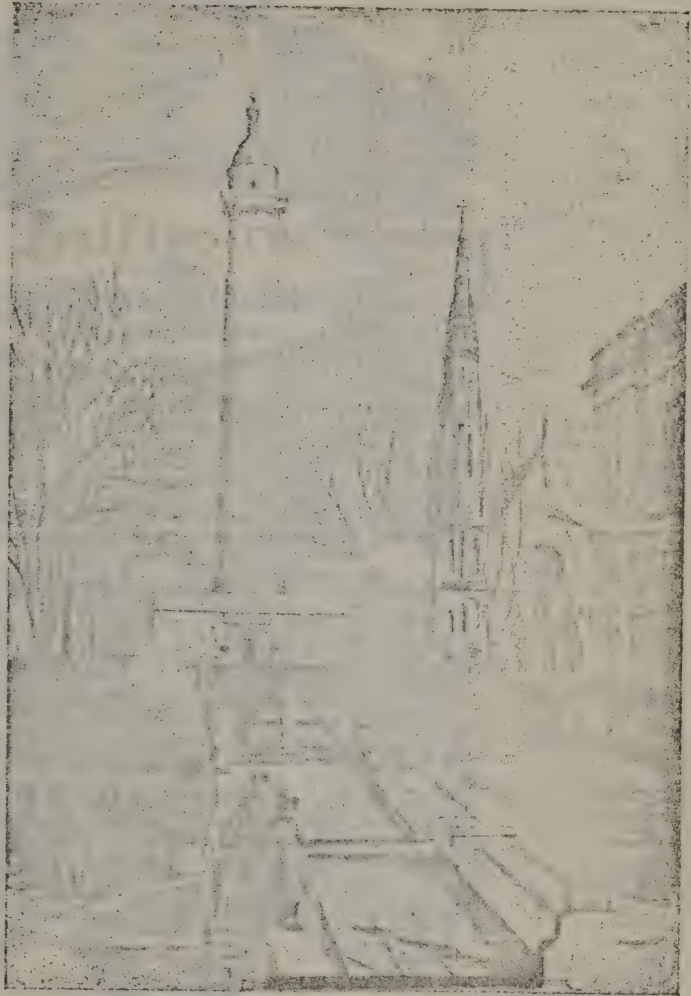
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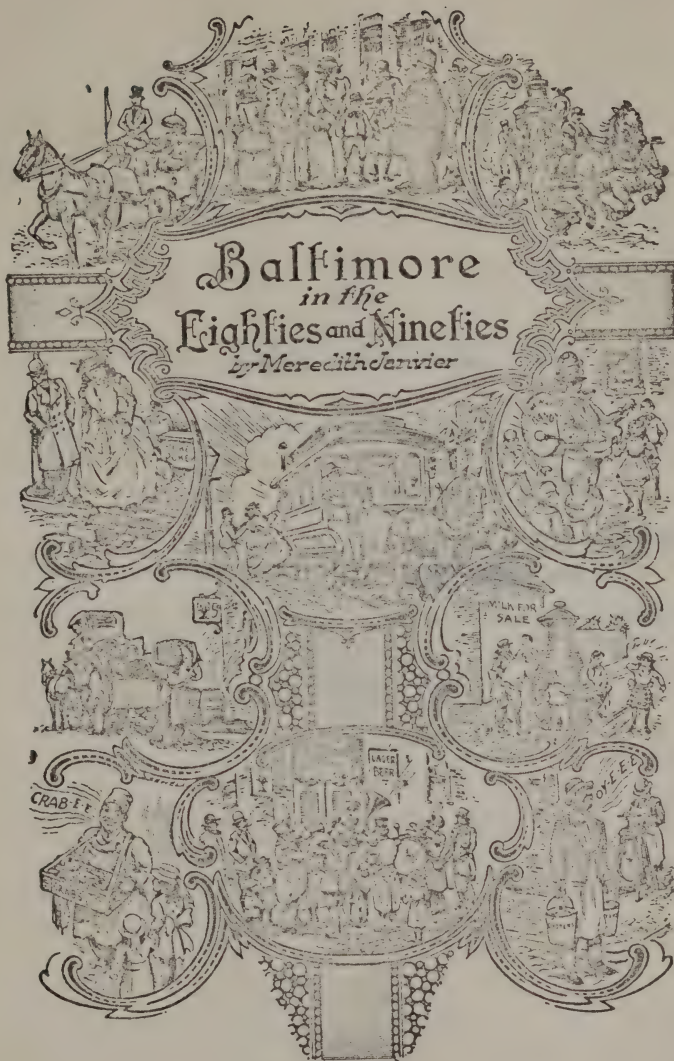


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Courtesy of David Bendann

WASHINGTON MONUMENT



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BALTIMORE, MD.

TO THE
BELLES AND BEAUX
OF THE
BALTIMORE OF THE NINETIES
THE MEMORY OF WHOSE MANY GRACES
INSPIRED
THIS BOOK

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE AUTHOR'S thanks and appreciation are due to the *Baltimore Evening Sun* for permission to republish the articles which appeared in its columns, to Henry L. Mencken who suggested that the memoirs be written, to Hamilton Owens, editor of the *Evening Sun*, with grateful remembrance of his help and encouragement, to Gerald W. Johnson for his admirable introduction; and also to his friends J. Carrell Lucas for many of the stories about the artists, to George H. Ault and Harry G. Leland, for helpful hints as to locations and persons, and to all those of my contemporaries who contributed out of the storehouse of their memories to the writing of these recollections.

INTRODUCTION

OLD PONCE DE LEON AND OUR MR. JANVIER

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

ON a summer's day I chanced to meet young Mr. Janvier on Charles Street, and he gave me cause to think. I refer to Meredith Janvier, the writer of the "Before the Fire" series of articles in *The Evening Sun*. Yes, I know what you are thinking—that the author of "Before the Fire" is old Mr. Janvier, whom you pictured—if you do not know him personally—as spending his days in a wheel-chair wearing a skull cap and white whiskers three feet long. *A chance meeting*

Well, perhaps I ought not to give him away, but that impression is due to his artfulness, and nothing else. He can write about the Spanish War in such a way as to make you think it was fought with stone hatchets, and he can refer to the days when saloons had signs as if they belonged to the Merovingian era. But that is all mere platform material, useful for effect, but having only the smallest relation to the facts. In fact, Mr. Janvier is a sprightly youth with the curious, but highly desirable, faculty of shedding instead of accumulating, age as the years pass.

As I say, I chanced to meet Mr. Janvier on one of those days when the sun was just beginning to bear down. At the moment I was an old, old man. I forget why. Perhaps the boss' liver hadn't been working right that day. Perhaps it

*Few know the
City well*

was due to mistaking a three-legged goat for a race horse. Perhaps it was something else, but at any rate the sun that day was a burden, those that look out of the windows were darkened and the sound of the grinding was low. I was old enough to have been a college mate of the late Cecilius Calvert.

And then down the street came Mr. Janvier, brisk, debonair, youthful. Yet Mr. Janvier was roaming the streets of Baltimore when I couldn't walk at all. And so I began to think how Ponce de Leon, instead of risking sunstroke in the sand and scrub of Florida, should have sat at the feet of Janvier.

HIS secrets I cannot betray because I do not know them, but I harbor a growing suspicion that he remains young Mr. Janvier in part, at least, through the process whereby he gathered material for "Before the Fire". That is, by covering the town, not merely with a superficial glance, but with intent and inquiring interest.

For every man and woman of my acquaintance on whom the passage of time has little perceptible effect is a man or woman with a lively delight in an enormous number of things in which they have no personal interest. Baltimore contains an enormous number of things that do not matter in the least to you and me. Or, at any rate, we think they do not matter.

Therefore, we really know one or two or three streets. Down to the office and back to the house—long since we discovered the fastest route, and now we never vary from it. Down to the office, or to the nearest parking place, the car neatly planted against the curb, then to work; and in the afternoon back to the house again.

To right and left a swarming city lies, but we never see it. Down to the office and back to the house is as far as we ever travel. Canton is a city in China; Guilford, a battlefield in North Carolina. The flags of every maritime nation fly on

ships in the harbor, but not for our eyes. Down to the office and back to the house—if we ever make a longer journey, it will be because Greenmount Cemetery is almost filled, and the hearse must carry us farther away to be buried.

*Open eyes see
most*

AND the years slip by, each stealing away a bit of the suppleness of our limbs and the adaptability of our minds. At eighteen, it was a curious and glamorous world; we were accustomed to regard the new and strange with fascination, because everything was new and strange. But twenty-two years of familiarity have taken all the newness out of the office and the house and the few streets between. At forty, we are not interested in anything but the old and familiar; at fifty, we cannot see anything but what is old and familiar. And suddenly we discover that the striplings are referring to us as the old man. What is worse, they are right.

Yet all the time, to right and left was the swarming city—Baltimore—with 800,000 souls, all of them talking, most of them acting, and some of them thinking, offering to the observer a kaleidoscope of life infinite in its variety. Two blocks off our beaten path, or five at most, would put us in an environment as unfamiliar as if we had been set down in Melbourne, or Glasgow. For somewhere in Baltimore everything is happening that could happen. It is impossible to collect so many people in a single city without including practically every kind that goes to make up a world. The seeker who is equipped with only a little ingenuity and persistence can find here whatever he chooses to seek.

BUT the man who goes out to look must keep his eyes open if he is to see anything worth seeing, and to keep his eyes open he must dismiss the problems with which he has been struggling at the office and those which await him at the house.

This is the trick

And this, perhaps, is the trick. For if a man is able to forget, even for an hour a day, his load of worries, that load will sit lighter on him the rest of the time. And, released of the load, his back will spring erect again, his knee joints will loosen and his brow smooth out. He will acquire a springier gait and a jauntier air; and mayhap his contemporaries will presently remark upon his youthful appearance with outward disdain and inward envy.

I say, perhaps, for this, you understand, is hearsay evidence. How a man can find time to run all over this vast city, observing its infinitely fascinating, ever-changing life, I don't know. As for me, I know the streets between the house and the office—and that's about all.

Yet I record, as a matter of observation, that now and then I chance to meet young Mr. Janvier in Charles Street, and he looks like a particularly fresh member of the class of 1928, while I feel in my bones that I must have gone to college about the time of Cecilius Calvert.

FOREWORD

IN these recollections my endeavor has been to reconstruct *Hamilton Street* the past and bring to mind in some degree, to persons about my own age, a momentary vision of the life and manners in Baltimore as they were during the score of years from 1880 to 1900. That I succeeded, in a measure, is shown by the many letters received by me and the editor of *The Evening Sun* when the articles were printed in that paper. Communications expressing interest and pleasure in the articles came to us from the city and state and from points as far off as Maine, Florida and California.

Save for brief absences, I have lived till now in Baltimore, and I am sure that neither of my friends, Henry Mencken nor Folger McKinsey, loves this city more than I do. Never for a moment have I had any desire to wander elsewhere, although I know quite well the cities of this part of the country. Nearly all my life has been passed within gunshot of the Washington Monument, and as boy and man I have spent many hours in walking the streets and alleys of the downtown section. Thus I have been in the heart of the life and bustle of the city and observed it in action both day and night.

For nearly thirty years I resided in Hamilton street, which, when I first came in 1897, was like a bit of London or some old English town. It was in the midst of the city, yet never of it. This little street has often proved hard to find, strangers, and even old Baltimoreans, have often spent more than an hour in searching from Hamilton Terrace to the Hamilton suburb for this unobtrusive, lane-like spot.

Encouraged by SOME years ago H. L. Mencken captioned one of his *Evening*
H. L. Mencken *Sun* articles "Old Days," and wrote of some of the scenes and characters of his own boyhood. I enjoyed this and told him so, and added that I had been musing for some time on my own early days in Baltimore in the eighties and nineties. He encouraged me to write something of my memories, as he thought they should be published. I went to work with no special plan and roughly prepared enough material for four articles. These I showed to the editor of *The Evening Sun*. He liked this preliminary work and said he would be glad to print four chapters and probably, if the public responded, could use six columns in all.

The readers did react very satisfactorily indeed and the six projected articles under their interest and encouragement expanded until upwards of fifty columns were printed from time to time between 1925 and 1932.

The entire series has been corrected and revised and considerable additional matter has been added, so that as now printed in book form, this record will prove of interest and value.

It is the author's opinion that walks and drives around Baltimore in the daytime, as well as at night, will well repay an observer if he or she will compare the present with the past—drawing conclusions and making comparisons.

FOR instance, how many people know that the narrowest sidewalk in this city extends from Saratoga Street along the east side of the Rennert Hotel, on Little Sharp Street to Clay Street? If there is a paved and curbstoned pavement any smaller I would like to know its whereabouts. And the broadest sidewalk—is it on Broadway, Maryland Avenue or Howard Street, east side, from Center to Monument? Perhaps it is on the Cathedral side of the new Pratt Library which is a fine broad footway. These are small matters, but the point I make is that the rising generation should pay attention to

such things, for as many or even more changes will occur in the next score of years as in the last. And I suggest that the would-be historians of the future commence at this time to keep note books and diaries. What I have written has been done wholly from memory, as I have no records of any kind; naturally I made a few errors, to which my attention has been kindly called by readers not only in the city and State, but from places as distant as New Orleans.

*Memory serves;
Carts and cars*

However, my memory has served me quite well and when I started in to write these recollections, I found memories of scenes, events and characters rushed to my mind in a torrent of such volume that condensation was far more necessary than enlargement for the present.

And as I bring my memoirs to a close a number of pictures flash before me—summer afternoons with Mr. J. Pembroke Thom's colored man Howard standing near the curb, hose in hand, directing a stream of shining water upon the dusty street; hot nights and the fireflies flittings through Madison Street, and the sound of mule heels on the iron covers of the street gutters as the John Street cars jogged up and down Park Avenue. The slow rumble of coal carts over the cobbled roadways, the drivers walking by their horses, and far-off cries of children at play on open lots, long since built upon.

THE first of these decades—1880 to 1890—for me meant my boyhood, the second—1890 to 1900—embraced my youth, and so far as my memory serves, I feel sure that this score of years represented one of the happiest periods of the people of Baltimore. Classes were still definitely and happily divided, wealth and position held their place and were respected. In the eighties and nineties when a fine carriage and pair drove up to the theatre it meant something, stood for something real and fixed. And in those days Baltimore was rich in old family servitors—Irish, German and colored. Today I look

Looking backward for and find but few of the old dependables left, and when I do see them, no matter where, I speak to them.

Did that day contain almost the last of unselfish hospitality, when "week ends" were not so called and people entertained for the pleasure it gave them and not with a thought for future benefits to be received? I fear so. Yet should we in this new year repine? We live in an age which works for independence, every householder has at call hitherto undreamed-of conveniences and resources for amusement; he needs not to lean or call on his friends and neighbors as of old.

But, looking backward, doubtless through the tinted veils of memory, I often feel thankful for the past and rejoice that it is secure.

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CHAPTER ONE

I

IT is the very early eighties, and a little boy at a breakfast table gravely butters thin slices of toast for the sad and ethereal lady who sits by him awaiting the accomplishment of his task. The lady was Mrs. Sidney Lanier, but lately the widow of the poet, and the little chap was the writer of these recollections.

*The Laniers;
Y. M. C. A. Gym*

In those days I lived with Mrs. A. D. Egerton, my aunt by brevet, on Madison Street at Tyson, old number 132 West, a short distance east of Howard. I was not at school, as I had recently come to Baltimore and was around the house of a morning. Mrs. Lanier often breakfasted late, and I would sit with her in the dining room to hear her talk of her own boys and to butter her toast. The younger Sidney was then with his mother, a tall, slender lad of beautiful face, much like his famous father, the musician-poet.

His younger brother "Harry", with his brown, curly locks, I also knew; under his full name, Henry Wysham Lanier, he became a well known New York editor and man of letters.

Sidney had a tendency toward frail health and had to take lessons in Indian club-swinging. I often accompanied him to the old Y. M. C. A., at Charles and Saratoga Streets. Here he took exercises under the instruction of that old-time excellent gymnast, Prof. C. F. E. Schultz. Years after, as we will see, I took up my physical culture under this same athlete and at the same gymnasium.

*Richmond Market;
Druid Hill Park*

BEFORE going to the Madison Street house I had lived with my aunt around the corner on Howard Street. Next door was the family of Louis F. Clunet where there were two red-headed, freckled faced, merry eyed boys older than I. Their good nature and happy spirits I like to think of after fifty odd years.

A great event in child life in those days was the Saturday night trip to Richmond Market. My aunt took me with her to aid as I could in carrying parcels, and for this I always received my two cents' worth of molasses taffy. On one occasion, in the press of the crowd, I became separated from my friend and protector. Crying aloud in my distress, some quick-thinking butcher picked me up and stood me on the stall alongside his meats. A hastily scrawled "Boy Lost" was pinned to my jacket. This sudden rise in the world quite took my mind off my predicament and I felt proud and important. In a short time my aunt's searching eye found me and we started for home and I had my taffy after all.

Children enjoyed Druid Hill Park in these old times. The excursion was made by way of Madison Avenue street cars, the old White Line. This took us to the entrance, and from there we walked to the place where we took a sort of steam car, called the "dummy engine". The dummy ran on tracks parallel for a while to what is now Auchentoroly Terrace, thence to a point near the Mansion House. There were horse-drawn phaetons too, fare three cents. Children went into ecstasies over wonderful days spent in the park. It was wild and rough in the eighties, and the deer ranged everywhere. The marble pumphouse near the lake, with its tall chimney, was picturesque, and on summer afternoons the great fountain played. With this column of water rising to quite a height and falling again in rainbowed spray the Lake Drive was a beautiful sight—hosts of handsome equipages with thoroughbred horses trotting round and round the mile-and-a-quarter circuit, their silver bits and pole chains flecked with froth, while the bustled belles of the period lolled in their cushioned

broughams and victorias. Some of these Baltimore beauties held beribboned pug dogs, the canine of the hour, and others coquettishly poised diminutive parasols. In and out of this glittering parade the bicyclist on his high machine flitted in danger like motorists of today.

*Travel—
Old Depots*

MY railroad travel in 1880 was my summer visit to my aunt's home in Virginia. A carriage would take us to Camden Street Station, where we took the only train with proper connection at 4 o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark. We would reach Washington at 6 A. M. and were taken across the city by omnibus to the Virginia Midland Railroad, which line took us to Charlottesville, our destination. As a little boy I thought the railroad had to do with breakfast bacon and for a long time thought of the road as the Virginia "middling."

When we returned at the end of the summer it would be night by the time we crossed the Potomac River and I would be asleep after a long day of travel. Two hours later we would be back at Camden Street, and in approaching the station the train rounded many curves. In the old days train trucks were not perfected and the noise of the car wheels on the rails was strident and screeching. We all recall these soul-harrowing sounds, which always awakened me. Then there was the man with his hammer who tapped the wheels in his search for defects and overheated journal boxes. Travel in the eighties, however, if less comfortable, was more romantic. The stations, then often alluded to as "depots", were lighted with flaring bat-wing burner gas jets; there were long and dismal train sheds, with dark corners, which bewildered children.

The shifting of cars by horses hitched in long lines often impressed my child's mind. The drivers carried tin horns slung around their shoulders which they blew to warn pedestrians of the approach of the cars, but I thought they communicated orders to their horses with their wheezy blasts.

On another return to Baltimore I remember leaving the

Oscar Wolff; train at the earliest Union Station, a simple wooden building
Old playmates just about where the present one stands. This was in March, 1882. My cousin, the late Oscar Wolff, met my mother and me and took us in a hack to my aunt's house on North or Boundary Avenue, as it was often called. The street was a dirt road; all dust when dry; all mud when wet.

MY aunt's house was one of a few recently built by Hubner & Hanway, well-known real estate men of the day. They never heard of "realtors." We were on the north side of the street, old number 122, which was in Baltimore county. From my bedroom I could see and hear the old reservoir fountain playing. The next day I walked up to view it more closely. My country cousins, during my visit, had persuaded me to put on long trousers, customary in the country then even for boys of ten, along with red-top boots with brass tips! These long pants led to my first fight. The son of a neighbor, in the presence of his crowd, criticized my clothes, rightly, of course, but I resented his remarks and, as it turned out, was well able to defend my eccentric dress. After the first round at fisticuffs I was encouraged by a light-haired boy, older than the rest of us. His name was Will Hinds. I have never seen him again in nearly fifty years.

While living for a time on the Boundary I remember playing with a boy named Loane (Ed. perhaps), his pretty sister May, Charlie Spencer and the late Arthur Foster and his brother Carl and the Blacklock boys who lived on the John Street corner where the street car turn-table, a wooden one, was in use at this time. The Foster boys lived at a distance from me, but we used to meet when skating on the old Sumwalt ice pond. It was great fun for the boys who lived on the county side of the Boundary to tease the city policemen, as they apparently could not rightly cross the center of the roadbed. Certainly they did not do so unless some very terrible thing had been done.

THE year 1883 found me again at the Madison Street house of my adopted Aunt Addie Egerton, and from that time until the last few years I resided in the central part of Baltimore, usually within a stone's throw of Washington Monument. Mrs. Egerton, with the help of her lovely sister, Miss Henrietta McCrae, conducted the most select and famous private hotel in the South. It was far more than a hotel; it was a salon. Especially so when it was conducted in the middle eighties at old No. 86 West Monument Street, in the building now known as Hotel Sherwood. The Johns Hopkins University was rapidly taking place in the eighties as an advanced institution of learning, and many of the visiting and special lecturers who came to it resided at Mrs. Egerton's during their stay in Baltimore.

As the only child in the house I had remarkable opportunities for meeting men and women noted at the time and famous thereafter. Among them were Judge Thomas M. Cooley, from Michigan, authority on constitutional and international law. His daughter, a charming girl, was with him. She would tell me Indian stories learned in her western home, just before bed time which sent me to my room with bristling hair, but nevertheless, like *Oliver Twist*, I always asked for more. Then there was Edward M. Hartwell, pioneer in physical culture, Richard Burton the poet, Major George Archer Williams and his lovely daughter, then Grace Douglas Williams, now Mrs. Winslow S. Pierce of New York, and her sister Allison; Dr. Minton Warren; Herbert Adams; Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the psychologist; Dr. Charles R. Lanman one of the first fellows of the Johns Hopkins, now in his eighty-second year and professor of Sanscrit at Harvard; also I knew in these early days the late Dr. Ira Remsen, Dr. Richard T. Ely noted political economist, who is still living, and Jessie Fothergill, who wrote a novel then much read "*The First Violin*;" the late Dr. Maurice Bloomfield, and his sister the

Christine Ladd; gifted pianist, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who frequently played for us. Here too I knew one of America's most intellectual women, Christine Ladd, and also Dr. Fabian Franklin, whom Miss Ladd afterwards married.

* *

AMONG the professors I recall was the late Dr. Hiram Corson, a Dr. Faustus-like individual, eccentric and peculiar, as this incident will reveal. One night in 1883 I was awakened by unusual sounds, and on opening my eyes I saw my room lighted up with the glow of fire. A few doors away lived the Misses Adams and their brother, John F. Adams. Their house was on fire, and a dreadful thing it proved to be, for the brother, an invalid, was suffocated by smoke and died, the cook was taken out a charred mass and the housegirl broke her leg in jumping. This fire was a great event for me and other young people in the neighborhood. During the worst of the excitement while the flames were pouring from the windows, the weird looking Dr. Corson made his appearance clad in a fur robe; he had a long, pointed beard and wore a signet ring on his fore-finger. He took a hasty observation, asked a question or two and said he would retire to his room and go to sleep. "If the conflagration reaches my room," he said, "you may call me."

This fire and the calamities it caused will be recalled by many persons who lived in this part of the city. I watched it with a shawl around me as the night air was cold. Spencer Davidson and his pretty sister, Miss Early, and other girls from Park avenue "oh-ed and ah-ed," and I think Billy Hammond and certainly J. C. B. Pendleton, "Chuck" Wilson and other boys were present, as were the charming Mollie George and the lovely Charlotte Rieman from Monument Street.

I suggest to anyone passing along the north side of Madison Street to stop at the old Adams house, the last one on the western end of the row as it still extends from Tyson Street. Examine the edges of the marble steps, those to the west.

Unlike all others in that row, the sharp edges are not there. The steps are *rounded*. The reason is that when the Adams fire was raging heavy articles of furniture were thrown down to the street. These struck the steps, chipping and breaking the edges. Months afterward stone masons dressed and polished them as they are today.

*Visit to "Idlehigh"
Boys' street games*

THE boys of the days of which I write played almost entirely in the streets of the city. On Saturdays in the summer some of us would go to the country places of boy friends whose people owned summer homes near town. I remember a day's outing in 1884 when I went with the late "Chuck" Wilson and John Pendleton to Dr. H. P. C. Wilson's place on the Frederick Road, a mile beyond what is now Irvington. It took us all day to go and come, with a few hours spent on the farm. The old Red Line horse car took us to the beginning of the Frederick Road, where we purchased yellow tickets and went on a one-track horse line to North Bend. I recall little of the day and what we did, save the view of the Patapsco and basin as seen from the top story of the house. Oddly enough, I am now living in that same house after an interim of forty years.

For daily play and amusement the children and youth of the city had nothing but the streets, alleys and vacant lots. Street games and pastimes on the back lots gave life and color to Baltimore, and there were plenty of places then even pretty well down town, and I played on all of them. All that part of this city bounded on the north by Lanvale Street, on the south by Franklin, east and west, respectively, by Calvert and Eutaw was and is as well known to me as the pocket of my oldest coat. We played "Hare and Hounds," "Stick I Spy," "Leap Frog" or "Par", "Bad Man", "Police", caddie, marbles, "Bat-up-and-catch" and other more or less strenuous games.

At this time I lived at 86 (old number) W. Monument street and when we played "police" our "arrests" were let

Boyish pranks; down into a low sort of pit which was and *still is* at the side of
Fires and alarms the house on the north west corner of Monument and Howard. There is an iron railing around this brick lined pit but no steps. Boys when lowered by hand into it could not easily escape until pulled out by the "police-men."

We also participated in clan fights, went to fires, climbed stone and brick walls and fences, robbing the many fruit trees and grape vines then to be found in many back yards. We coasted in winter on double-decker sleds on Eutaw Place and other hills, skated on one foot, mainly on the frozen gutters; stole rides on ice wagons and on the Park Avenue mule cars, which carried no conductors and in a hundred ways had a boyhood of fun and excitement right out in broad daylight almost unknown to the boys of 1933. Certainly this is true as to the center of the city. But then there are very few boys living in this section nowadays. The lads today attend country schools and many go far away from home. No one can tell today when he last saw nice-looking, big, little and half-grown boys and girls, too, playing in the downtown streets. It is better, perhaps, as it is; but to me the older days had more romance. Regard for example, the old fire-engine days. No still alarm in the eighties. The fire bells pealed on the quiet air of late night, striking many a heart with fear. The engine-house bell rang out the number of the box from which the alarm had been sent into headquarters. Everybody had printed lists of these locations and after counting the repeated bell signals we would look in the book to see if the fire was near or remote. Like as not it would be Canton or Old Town, which in those days seemed far away and everybody would go back to bed.

SMALL boys did not often race off to night fires, unless in the immediate neighborhood; but we did go even to distant conflagrations in the daytime. And we went directly with our own engines, too. A large fire on Lexington near Paca Street

opposite the Market stands out in my memory and also the Sharp Street fire where I was present when the wall fell with terrible results. Following the footsteps of the Old Volunteers, the boys of the eighties were the defenders of the engines housed nearest their homes. I always lived in the zone of No. 7 engine, still on Eutaw Street. Some of the fellows who used to "go" for No. 7 along with me were Pembroke Thom, Caroll and Frank Baldwin, the Lilly boys, and the famous Riggs contingent, an army in itself when Dudley, Frank, Harry and Jesse were present. Fire or no fire, any youthful pedestrian was likely to be accosted by some strange boy in the street with "Hey, kid, what injine do you 'go' for?" Woe betide the No. 7 adherent if his questioner was a No. 6 or a No. 4. The boys going for No. 6, still on Gay Street, hated the 7's with all the deadly and venomous hate of the small boy.

*Engine clans;
Old music*

Juvenile "buffs" of the eighties residing in the number seven engine area were Phil George, Hugh King, Howard Post who had lived in England and wore at times an Eton jacket, Ed. and George Brewer, Devries Goodwin, my old friend George C. Perine and the late Robert Hodges. Rignal Baldwin sometimes made his appearance in our baliwick and regaled his boy friends with terrifying accounts of the kidnapping of Charley Ross the most famous case of the kind in its day and for many years after the child was stolen. The details of his narration were so realistic that none of his boy listeners would have accepted any driver's offer of a ride in a one horse wagon.

III

THESE were the days when the organ grinders were filling the air with the strains of "Sweet Little Buttercup," "Hear Me, Norma," and Sweet Vi-o-lets, Sweeter than all the Roses," and the young lady pianist was playing that old-time descriptive piece, "The Turkish Patrol." My cousin, the late Miss Kate Meredith, used to play it for me. In this composition

*German bands;
Characters*

the approaching band is first heard in the distance as a thready tinkle, draws near with a crash and fades away again. Even on chill blustering days in early spring I heard the little German bands of the time playing on the street corners "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," "White Wings That Never Grow Weary" and "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jenny."

On the appearance of a German band the children of the community would gather around it, all violently sucking lemons, as a reaction to which mean trick the puffing musicians' mouths would water, the effect being quite detrimental to their music. These bands became eventually such a nuisance that an ordinance was passed prohibiting their street performances.

Sousa was just beginning to write his marches, and I remember seeing and hearing him when he led the Marine Band on board the old Columbia en route to the new excursion resort, Bay Ridge. He played his "Gladiator" march.

WE are now entering the year 1884, and, being older, I began to observe my city, to note its stores, tobacco shops, restaurants, street characters and social atmosphere. Who can recall the demented Mrs. Kilburn? This poor thing lived on Bath Street near Calvert. Periodically she would saunter forth on her rounds, during which she talked to herself or to anyone who would listen, and as she was wildly dressed, with layer upon layer of clothes and at least two distinct bonnets, she was always surrounded by a crowd.

Then there was an old toothless colored man called by the children, both white and black, "Hoggie." A senseless rhyme something like this was shouted at him: "Hoggie, hoggie giselite, stole my mother's fizzletights." The old man would ignore his persecutors for a space, then turn on them fiercely, which would cause the crowd of children to disperse in all directions.

There was also a musical institution not to be enjoyed today—the one-man band. This much-overladen fellow

carried a bass drum on his back, a triangle near by, bells on his head, cornet or trumpet in hand, and when all his symphonies were in action the results were of excruciating delight to the children. Half of this musician's outfit was operated by wires attached to hooks on his heels, one leg at a time being jerked, and the rest of the noise was made by his hands and mouth.

*Oysters;
Street fakers*

There was a crazy man, too, who would suddenly appear at the noon hour down town. He carried a stick and, taking possession of the middle of some thoroughfare, would pretend to hold up traffic and then proceed to take measurements, picking up objects and placing them here and there with care.

OYSTERS then were fine and cheap. Old darkies peddled them, walking the streets all day, in each hand a two-gallon bucket, crying, "Oh-ie, oh-ie!"

In summer the same men went through the streets, especially at night, with baskets of devil crabs, and they cried "Crabbie, crabbie, crabbie. Don't you want to buy my devil crab?" The game man would bring partridges and ducks to your door, or stand on the corner with his birds. The hot waffle fellow with his cornet drove his kitchen on wheels and white-aproned boys chased about the crowd delivering the sugared dainties. Scissors grinders were more common, also the "umbrellas-to-mend" mechanic. These itinerants die hard and there are still a few left.

Street fakers, like the poor, we have always with us, but some of those early fellows were smart in their day, especially a long-haired operator who commenced his work with a demonstration of a large magic chain, the top link of which seemed to travel down to the bottom. He sold some brass cuff button or other which, as he claimed, "it is not gold, but gold-ine, a metal better than gold, and five cents, a nickel or half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar, takes away the load."

Sees Herrmann;
Old plays

In a Baltimore Street window an artist painted remarkable landscapes absolutely while you waited. He used ordinary house paints and plain brushes, some of them three inches wide, with which he produced a realistic waterfall with a single stroke. The paintings were conceived, executed, framed and sold by auction all within five minutes. While wet there was certainly some sort of quality in these works of art but on drying out they probably were wretched.

MY first visit to the theatre was naturally to see the minstrels at Ford's; I recall a plain, dark green curtain that was there in the middle eighties. Soon after this performance I saw Alexandre Herrmann, known as Herrmann the Great. He was a true artist conjurer, and there has been nobody like him. His production of "The Slave Girl's Dream" was beautiful. In this clever stage illusion Herrmann placed two upright sticks under a girl's elbows as she held her hands to her head. He caused her to sleep by mesmeric passes. Then he removed a stool from under her feet, next the stick from the left arm, leaving her hanging with apparently no support save the small pole beneath her right elbow. Herrmann then waved a fan about the sleeping form, which silently and majestically rose until the girl floated in the air, meanwhile the magician draped colored fabrics around her, and a calcium light brightened the picture.

Old Holliday Street Theatre was still playing first-class attractions. The elder Salvini appeared in Othello and Sampson in my day, and I also saw Bartley Campbell's "Clio," and Bob Graham in "Little Tycoon"; Ada Gray in "East Lynne"; Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans"; Maggie Mitchell, Lotta and others.

Living near the Academy of Music, I naturally came to love it and still regard it's interior as one of the handsomest theatres of its day. Here in 1876 was held the famous reproduction of "The Martha Washington Tea Party." It was a

social event and many prominent Baltimoreans impersonated *The Academy;*
the characters as shown in the large engraving of the original *Dress styles*
tea party. All I remember of it, however, is my father dressed,
I believe, as Alexander Hamilton.

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LAIID away in the catacombs beneath the Academy there was years ago a huge jointed flooring. In old times when the charity balls were held this flooring was put together over the orchestra seats making a continuous ballroom floor in connection with the stage. In those days of but little electricity the enormous chandelier and the footlights were ignited by means of a spark coil. It was a matter of some excitement to hear the crackling sound and see the gas jets lighted in this way. At smaller theatres, before curtain-rise, a stage hand would dash out from the wings with an oil torch and light the footlights amid cries of "Supe, supe!" from the galleries.

IV

THE hoop skirt in modified form was just passing. A young girl cousin while walking across the hall with a lighted lamp tripped in her hoop, fell and was badly burned. Bustles were much in evidence and at first extended from the hips to the floor. Later came the old knit jersey, with its silk bow at the back. The jerseys did heavy duty, worn at all hours, and for all occasions. Fur-lined "circulars," the ladies' wrap of the eighties, proved to be pneumonia traps of the first class. Many of these were lined with catskin, silk outside and a metal clasp held them together. The wearer's arms were out of sight.

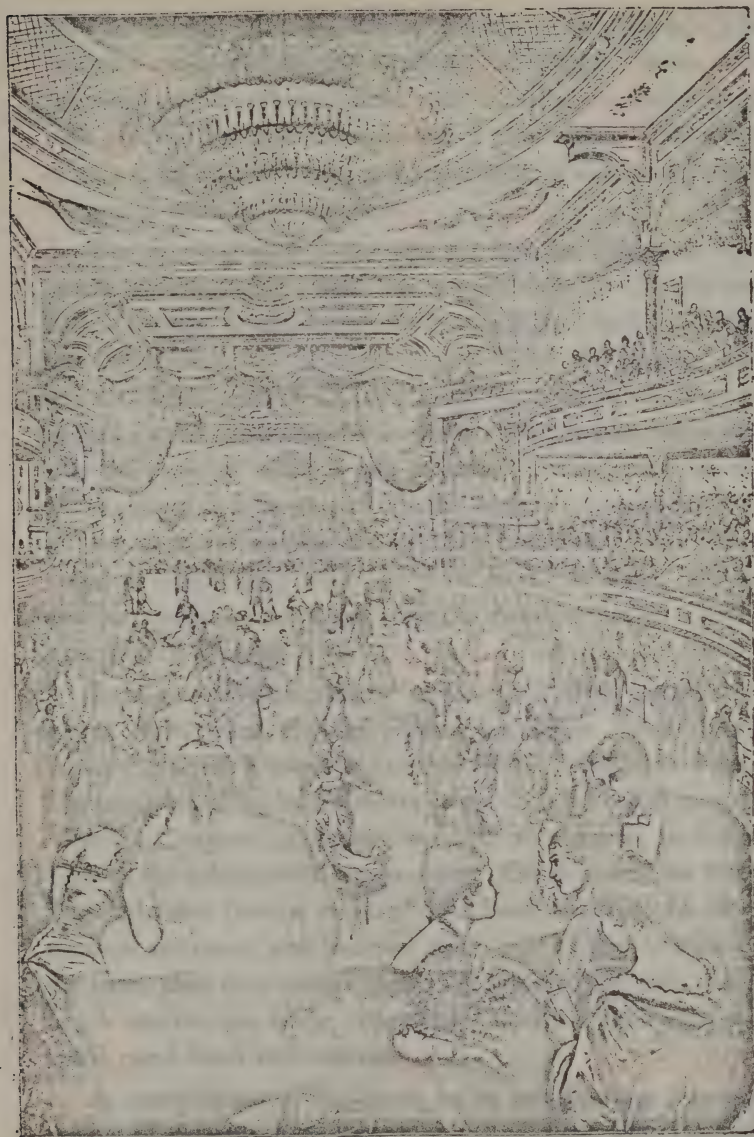
The girls were still lacing and I saw many an eighteen inch waist. The beautiful Emma Howard Wight, authoress of "Passion Flowers and the Cross" had a noticeably small waist. This book had a large local sale. Its writer lived on Pleasant Street near Charles.

*The Gary Girls;
Third-rail cars*

At this time Linden Avenue was a popular driveway to the Park and Pimlico at race time. I visited a relative on Linden Avenue near Dolphin Street and would sit on the marble steps of an afternoon, with freshly washed face and large bow tie, and watch the world of wealth and fashion roll by. Dr. Isham R. Page, a noted physician, father of the late Robert Page, M. D., who practiced in Belair lived opposite. Across the way on the corner in their fine mansion resided Mr. and Mrs. James A. Gary, their several daughters known as "those charming Gary girls", I came to know years afterward. Bob-tailed cars ran on Linden Avenue thence down Howard Street. These cars had one door and one step. The rear end was rounded and had a circular seat quite a space from the floor. Little boys liked to sit on it, as this end of the car, being well back of the wheels, rocked and swayed like a ship at sea. There was also the hill horse and its boy rider. I knew the one whose duty was to throw his hooked chain trace to car drivers at Preston Street and Linden Avenue. This help was needed on all the grades.

Many car lines, John Street and others, extended to some corner where the rails came to an end. There were wooden turn-tables, where the cars turned around and went back to town. A third-rail electric system was being experimented with in the Hampden neighborhood. On Sundays boys would link hands, forming a large circle, a daring leader would put his foot on the rail and everybody would receive a shock in proportion to the size of the human chain. The small-chain gangs got something they never forgot.

Long before 1890 I saw a storage battery car pass northward on Linden Avenue. Its speed was slow and nothing came of that type of locomotion. I also saw the Leonhardt Wagon Company's steam carriage tried out near the City Hall—fore-runners of what was to come at the close of the century.



ACADEMY OF MUSIC 1880
JOINTED FLOOR IN PLACE

IN the middle eighties D'Oyley Carte's production of "The Mikado" appeared at the Academy of Music. Seats were probably not so systematically sold in advance, and a huge mob blocked the sidewalk. It was a gala night. The music of this opera took at once, and its delightful airs were played, sung and whistled everywhere.

*Barnum's Circus;
Beauties*

The first big show I saw was the London Circus, a high-grade one-ring affair, held for several days at Charles and Biddle Streets. It carried its own electric light plant, producing arc lights, then not generally in use. The old skating rink was on Biddle just off Charles, as all the country was then on rollers, on the sidewalks and in rinks. This Biddle Street rink was the scene of many a gay carnival. Houses now on the south side of Biddle west of Charles occupy its site today, and at one of them during a night fire handsome Tom Whitridge and his young wife lost their lives. It was a terrible accident, worse, if anything, than the Armiger fire on Charles near North Avenue.

Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth I first attended in about 1884, when circuses showed on Belair Road. As I entered the tent I saw the famous "P. T." (Phineas Taylor Barnum) standing by the ticket taker. He had with him the World's Congress of Giants, upward of a dozen, including Chang, the celebrated Chinese giant. On this occasion I saw "the lady shot from a cannon," and Paul Boynton, the international swimmer, who had just swam part of the Atlantic on his back, clad in a rubber suit. He paddled his own canoe, which was his own body. He did his stunts at the circus in a small pond lined with canvas.

A constellation of Baltimore belles and beauties was now renowned. Among them Mrs. Alexander Brown, Miss Lurman, Louise Morris, Marie Stirling, Lucile Polk, Adele Horwitz, Marie Reuling, and a vision of delight—Mrs. Willie Perot. Then there was Edyth Johns, now the lovely as ever Mrs. Bruce Cotten. Of the later nineties there were Belle and Edith Deford, Laura Jenkins, Mrs. Dorsey Coale, Sara Boone and

Belles the beautiful Elizabeth Clarke, now Mrs. J. Wilmer Biddle,
Old operas whose looks today refute the passage of time.

These lovely girls were to be seen on Charles Street when all the world walked or drove leisurely in smart carriages. Belles acclaimed and acknowledged by press and public as were these, had only to appear on the main streets to attract attention. When such famous beauties were sighted shopkeepers rushed to the sidewalk to look and admire with the rest. No offense was meant and surely none was ever taken. Homage to the belle was a matter of course.

From 200 to 500 violets were worn in one bouquet in those days. The old beau carried under his lapel a glass tube full of water, which insured longer life to his boutonniere.

Summer nights found most of our leading citizens seated upon their front steps. Comparatively few, even of the wealthy, had country places, and traveling in heated days was not the common custom as it is today.

Amusements were few. Fort and Conway, managers of the Academy, however, often produced "summer opera". The theatre was decorated to give a cool look, and a celebrated Baltimore theatrical manager of the present day sold palm leaf fans and cried "Libretto, all the words of the opera!" The particular star of these operettas was Jeannie Winston, whose "Fra Diavolo" will be remembered. Her following was immense for years. Other operas were "The Merry War," "Nanon" and "La Sonnambula". Digby Bell, Max Figman, Jack Rafael, J. K. Murray, Clara Lane, Helen Bertram and the famous Betina Girard aided in these productions. The chorus was formed of local singers. We paid twenty-five cents for the seats!

John Itzel, his sons, Adam and John Jr., played in or led the orchestra. Adam Itzel became a composer and wrote "The Tar and the Tartar." Unfortunately he died young. For forty years John Itzel entered the stage door of the Academy every evening around seven o'clock. He existed in misery during the few weeks in summer when the theatre was closed.

But he would go there just the same from his Calvert Street residence, if only to chat with the watchman.

*Old plays;
Oscar Wolff*

A REMARKABLE and eccentric old-time dramatic critic hung around the theaters in these days—Dr. Cain. When I saw him he was ill and down on his luck.

From the gallery at the Academy (admission, ten cents) I saw Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," Bolossy and Imre Kiralfy's extravaganzas, "Michael Strogoff" and "Around the World in Eighty Days"; Rose Coghlan in "Jocelyn," and the English burlesque queen, Lydia Thompson, in "Penelope." Among her host of lovely girls was Marie Williams, whose pretty legs (in tights, of course) were the subject of many a poet's verses.

Robert Mantell played "The Corsican Brothers." It was very popular. He also appeared in "Monbars" and "The Face in the Moonlight." At Ford's we had Evans and Hoey, with Minnie French, in "The Parlor Match," and other comedies, by Charles K. Hoyt; "The Texas Steer" with pretty Flora Walsh; "The Tin Soldier" and "The Midnight Bell." "Old Hoss" Hoey sang that famous song "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"!

Alexandre Salvini was a great favorite in Baltimore. He had much of the talent and fire of his famous father. His "Zamar" and leading part in *The Three Musketeers* were much admired by his audiences at Ford's.

V

MANY circuses at this time showed at Newington Baseball Park, on Pennsylvania Avenue. I saw O'Brien and Van Amberg's however, on Druid Hill Avenue and McMechen Street. As a boy I was taken to many a circus by the late Oscar Wolff, who as a young man was the finest amateur gymnast in this country. He was a member and president

B. A. C. Exhibitions for years of the Baltimore Athletic Club; and Stran McCurley was treasurer. Its first gymnasium was on Charles Street, where the present Katz Building stands; later it was moved to Eager Street, near Cathedral, where it remained for years.

The B. A. C. held, in the eighties, an annual exhibition, usually at the Academy sometimes at Ford's. These were great athletic events, in which many well-known Baltimore men and visiting performers took part. There was high jumping and pole vaulting by the late Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson and others, and classes on the "horse" and parallel bars led by the club's "professor," Tuerke. Harry Nicodemus and Lou Sprengel boxed, the latter swung Indian clubs as well as Gus Hill ("the King of Clubs") and the Cottman boys also boxed, with blackened gloves, an event which always caused much merriment. Wilson Coudon the great hammer thrower, and Ben Sadtler lifted weights; Oscar Wolff and L. C. Irving did an acrobatic brother act. At one of the exhibitions Malcolm Ford of New York, brother of Paul Leicester Ford, the author came down and in his red velvet knickers did some wonderful fancy broad and high jumping.

At some of these exhibitions Prof. William Miller one of the world's greatest all around athletes would do some record breaking weight lifting, such as raising above his head many times the 109 lb. dumb-bell. William Miller came to this country from England by way of Australia. He vanquished the Scotch champion Duncan Ross with broadswords, was a wrestler of fame and discovered and trained William Muldoon in New York with whom he wrestled for eight consecutive hours without either gaining a fall! Mr. Miller is one of the few survivors of the giants of old and is today a resident of Baltimore.

Johnnie Doyle a former policeman and celebrated light weight wrestler was an instructor at the Club and usually wrestled at the exhibitions.

AUGUST JOESTING and Oscar Wolff excelled on the horizontal bar and did almost any feat ever done by those famous professionals, Marlo and Dunham, or the Patterson brothers, whom we used to see at the old Monumental.

*Gymnastics;
Slang and songs*

In exercises with cannon balls and on the flying trapeze Oscar Wolff literally did stand alone. Many will remember his sitting on a chair in his trapeze, two of its legs balanced on the hand bar. He would throw one of the cannon balls in the air and catch it on the back of his neck—a dreadfully dangerous trick. I have seen the prince of jugglers Paul Cinquevelli, catch a ball the same way, but the weight Cinquevelli used was twenty pounds, where Mr. Wolff's cannon balls weighed thirty pounds.

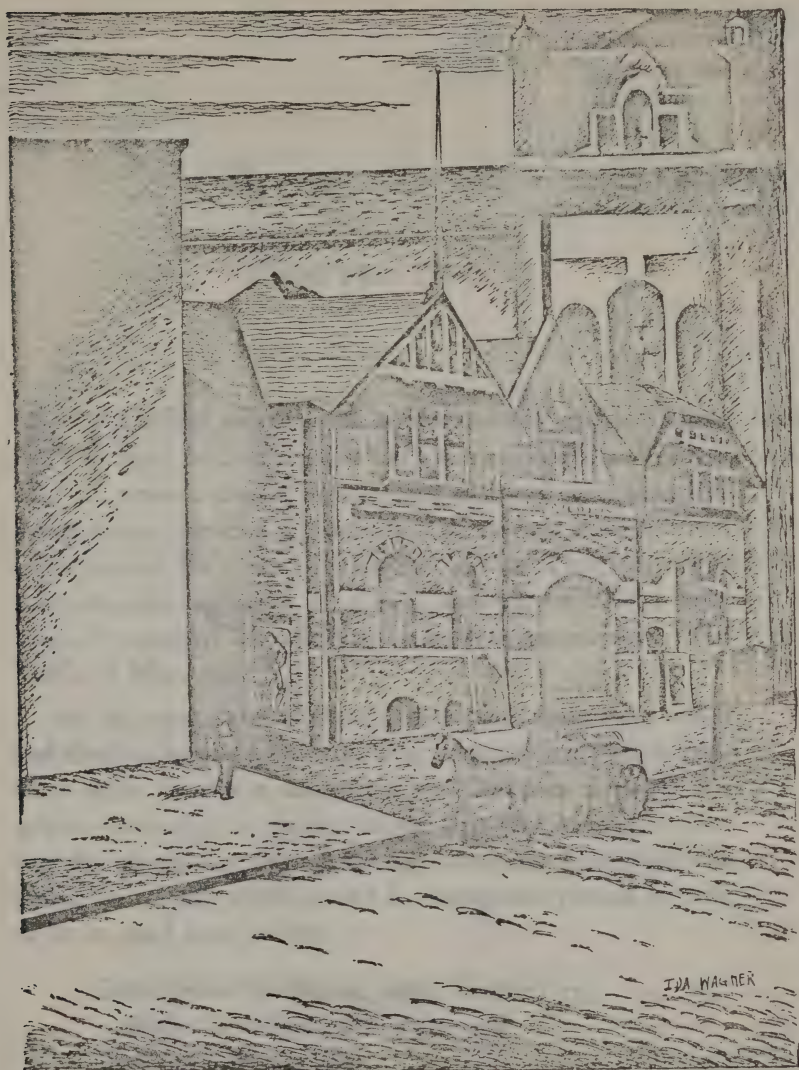
During one of these Baltimore Athletic Club exhibitions at Ford's I saw W. Byrd Page, of Virginia, make a world's record for the indoor high jump. He cleared six feet four inches, a much higher jump than had ever been made up to that time.

"Billy" McDermott was a noted track runner, and his example put many boys into the notion of running. We used to practice the mile around Druid Lake. I found I could make this over-a-mile distance in less than seven minutes, and was encouraged to enter a mile event held one raw September afternoon on a track at North and Madison avenues. Among others in my event were two or three fleet runners—Hewitt Beasley and "Hen" Wilson. They not only beat me, they lapped me.

OFT-USED slang of the time included such expressions as "Come off the roof" and "I should smile." The word "cute" was taking firm hold and has never let go. Hand organs, bands and everybody played, sang or whistled "Sweet Dream-land Faces," "My Queen Waltzes," "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh," the last from Willard Spenser's "Little Tycoon." W. J. Scanlan was singing "Peek-a-Boo," but who brought out "Baby Mine" I do not now recall. Could it have

The Natatorium been Fritz Emmet? I heard him, of course, at the Holliday
Horse trainer Street Theater. Next door to this theater was for years a very
interesting saloon, Reilly's. Its walls were covered with framed
theatrical portraits and programs. These found their way later
on to the basement of the Maryland Theater. I was sorry when
they disappeared.

The Natatorium, where so many Baltimore boys learned
to swim, was on Howard Street north of Franklin. James Ker-
nan bought it and converted it into a theater—the old Howard
Auditorium. An early entertainer there was Professor Car-
penter, a hypnotist of sorts, who gave a ridiculous and amusing
performance, largely aided, as I believe, by paid confederates.
In this place, too, Oscar R. Gleason, the horse trainer, sub-
dued fierce animals. By the time he had fired pistols and beat
on tin pans his horse patients were petrified with fright. It is
doubtful if his "cures" were permanent. The lobby of the old
Auditorium was full of wax figures. "The Death of the Prince
Imperial" by the spears of the Zulus, and others of more or
less historical importance and correctness were there for years.



NATATORIUM,
ALSO THE AUDITORIUM THEATRE SITE

CHAPTER TWO

I

HORSES meant much to the general public in those days, and we had annual visits at Ford's of Bartholomew's trained horses and Bristol's Equine Paradox. An audience could be attracted and its interest held by these performances for a couple of hours. Blind Tom, the negro musician, also appeared at Ford's, drawing well for a long time. I remember his rendition of his own composition, "The Battle of Manassas." *Blind Tom;
La Grippe*

At the corner next to Ford's there was a drug store which had the first horseless carriage, or at least the first one placarded as such. It was a delivery wagon drawn by a mule. La grippe was raging in the city for the first time as an epidemic, and this apothecary was advertising a sure cure. A jingle was going the rounds which carried a prescription, proved by time to be as good now as then.

*Little grains of quinine, little drops of rye,
Make La Grippe that's got you
Drop its hold and fly.
This will quickly help you if you'll only try,
But when you take the quinine,
Don't forget the rye.*

Eutaw Street from Fayette to Baltimore, was the racing men's Rialto and they patrolled it day and night. Kelly's famous raw oyster bar and saloon was on the east side of the

Tivoli disaster; street near Baltimore, afterwards Wolle's, and across the way
Christmas horns the old Eutaw House. For many years the Democratic headquarters were in this hotel. The office of the Standard Cab Company, the late Robert Crain, president, was here, too. The cabs were entered from the rear and had longitudinal seats. I came near being dispatcher for this cab company in 1888 but that is another story.

DOWN along Fayette Street, where Hanover now cuts through, there were many gambling places. There was no way for me to see the inside of one of them, but when quite young was sitting on a bench in the park facing Druid Lake. It was a fine Sunday morning. A big blond man with drooping mustache was sitting next me. We chatted and he told me he was a gambler, well known at the time. He was reputed to be a "dead-game sport" and it was said he had "his man under ground in the West," which meant he had shot somebody. This companion of the hour gave me some good advice as to gambling. I never saw him again.

One summer the Tivoli disaster occurred. A large Sunday-school party went on a steamboat excursion to Tivoli, a resort of the eighties. While awaiting the boat for the return to Baltimore, the wharf on which the people stood collapsed and there was much loss of life by drowning. The victims for the most part belonged to one church and had lived in the same section of Baltimore. I saw house after house on Richmond Street above Park Avenue and nearby streets with crêpes on the doors.

Christmas and New Year's were made much of then. During the whole of these holidays boys, and men too, blew tin horns of all sizes. Some horns were made to order and were so long it took two persons to hold them when in use. The din of all this tooting, while sweetest music to the ears of the young, proved in time a nuisance to our elders and, like other street "music" was removed by city ordinance.

NEW YEAR'S Day was a time of open house. Free beer was drunk, and in the homes of the well-to-do wines, toddies and punch were served all day and into the night. The bloods of the period called upon everyone they knew, sampling their hospitality, and as the day advanced they visited also the houses of people they did not know at all. Everything and anything was perfectly all right on the first day of the new year.

*Egg picking;
Stepping stones*

In the Easter season the boys played a game of chance with eggs. "Who-we! Who's got an egg?" shouted the boy who had one. Shortly some other chap would appear on the street with his egg. We will not inquire as to how either was provided. The challenger covered all but a small end of his egg with his hands and the other boy tapped the exposed surface with his egg. The egg which cracked would pass on to the other fellow for keeps. While seeking a contest egg holders would continually test the hardness of their eggs by knocking them against their upper front teeth.

After the installation of modern sewers and pavements the old stepping-stones disappeared. They held a fascination for young and old. I always crossed the street on these stones so long as there were any of them left. The last set I remember was at Park Avenue and Centre Street. In former times during heavy rains certain low-lying streets would have been utterly impassable for the pedestrian had not stepping-stones been in place across the gutters next the sidewalk.

THE history of a country is largely written in its songs, since they record and reflect not only the spirit of the times but tell what its people did, how they lived and what they thought about. Hence my frequent references to the theatre, as songs and music originate there. Plays, operas and even burlesque assume historical value as the years pass.

After "Evangeline" and its lone fisherman came "Erminie", with Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Fannie Rice and other expo-

Erminie nents of opera bouffe. Emma Abbott and Neilson were
Old theaters reigning in grand opera; Minnie Hauk, Marie Tempest and Corinne in lighter medium.

A few years ago Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper brought a revival of "Erminie" to the Academy. Its classic "Good Night" and other melodies awoke such memories of other days that the late George May got up and went out of the theatre. I did the same the night I attended.

There were many second and "no-class" theatres on Baltimore Street prior to 1890, all long since, and very properly, gone forever. The "French Froliques" was near North Street. I peeped through the wing doors one afternoon and, being a minor, I was told to move on. That book-like old character, R. Jean Buckley, manager of the "Odeon", on Frederick Street below Baltimore, was producing his own quaint and amusing, if broad, afterpieces, played by his staff of artists, who regularly did the song-and-dance and black-face acts. Over on East Baltimore Street was "The White Elephant", a supposedly "hot spot". Herzog's Dime Museum held out its attractions all day and at night on Baltimore Street east of Frederick. Here a poor demented creature upon a small roped-in stage jumped about screeching. The boys who frequented Herzog's dubbed this freak "Wild Rose's Opera."

II

THE old "Front" was still playing bills under the direction of Dan Kelly, who also acted in border melodramas. N. S. Wood, as the Boy Detective, appeared there. At this theater and the Monumental I saw some negro entertainers of exceptional ability—"Billy" Farrell, James Bland and "Tom" McIntosh, who did a remarkable eccentric dance and gave a monologue quite as funny as George Thatcher's. Then there was Sisseretta Jones, the "Black Patti," who sang in "The Chimes of Normandy" when not engaged in singing to the sojourners in some well-known city jail—Baltimore or elsewhere.

On Baltimore Street in The Sun Iron Building as it stood in the old days, I remember Mr. Abercrombie and his enormous stock of magazines. This was next to the business office. On Baltimore Street, in a basement, I think, near Alford's Sporting Goods store, was the press of the *Day*, an afternoon daily long since passed out of mind, together with a fierce, low-life sheet called the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This chronicled crimes only and looked for its circulation mainly among the demi-monde and roughs, now known as gangsters.

*The Monumental;
Old songs*

KERNAN'S Monumental we called "the Bridge", and I stole off to matinees, being doubtless afraid to visit this part of town after dark, as it was beyond Market Space, a scene of fights and marauding. Drinks were served at the "Bridge" throughout the performance by darky waiters, who called "Beer, cigars and soda". The seats were covered with cream-tinted oilcloth, doubtless to protect them from spilled liquors. The gallery gods, two-thirds of them newsboys and bootblacks, sang and whistled the chorus to every song, and order was preserved by a man with a red mustache. He rapped on the wall with a rattan cane.

In the rear of Kernan's in those days was an arena, where all sorts of six-day races were held—walking matches of fat men vs. thin, female bicycle races and other contests. In the gas light and heated atmosphere the strivers for prizes fell by the way and were dragged off the sawdust, more often exhausted by conditions than by their exertions.

At Kernan's we saw Weber and Fields in their first youth and power; Sam T. Jack's Creoles, May Howard, Rose Hill and many comedians, some of whom are still living and in higher place. Big song hits of the day were first heard here—Sheridan and Flynn, with "Down Went McGinty", which went round the world, extra verses being added all the time; "I've Worked Eight Hours Today", "The Picture That is Turned to the Wall", and many others.

*Kernan's wit;
Baltimore Street*

Here Aimee, "the human fly", walked head down above the audience. She wore some curious sort of climbing irons on her feet. James L. Kernan had a ready wit and was often behind the scenes of his Monumental. A friend of mine was present when a girl slid from the roof to the stage, holding by her teeth to a wheel on a wire. Near the end of her flight she lost her hold and had a fall. Kernan came forward and said: "She is not much hurt. Just like a woman, she could not keep her mouth shut."

OVERHEAD at Calvert and Baltimore one would see a network of telegraph wires as they converged to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Building and to the main office of the Western Union Company, which was in the original Alexander Brown & Sons bank building. Noah Walker's clothing store, with its statue of George Washington (now in the park), was west of the Brown bank; across the alley from it Geary & Weale's jewelry store, and next to it Brandau & Schott's large toy shop. I looked with longing eyes at the wonders in their windows, and about 1887 purchased from them a Horseman camera for a couple of dollars.

The Carrollton Hotel private entrance was at this point; opposite was the original shop of Fielding Lucas, with its quaint windows. For years Mabley & Carew, a clothing firm, conducted their store at Baltimore and Light Streets; back of them, on Light Street, was Sheehan's famous saloon and raw bar, and below him Read's Drug Store. The Carrollton Hotel was on the other side of the street. The cafe of O'Connell & Bannon was on the northwest corner of Baltimore and St. Paul, and the Bank of Baltimore across the way, with McKim & Co. in the basement. Baltimore and Charles Streets was a point of interest. The Herald Building stood until the early nineties on the southeast corner. Here there was displayed each day about noon in the vestibule or lobby a large colored crayon cartoon of topical interest by "Van".

Later these were drawn by an English artist, a man of much charm and many friends—A. Palmer Cooper.

*Palmer Cooper;
Charles Street*

This versatile fellow, a descendant of Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon, came to the States as a boy in poor health. He lived for a while in the ranching West, married a charming girl and came to Baltimore. Cooper had a gift for caricature and he could sing a comic song with a dash and finish. The community of artists and newspaper men missed him when he died an early death.

ONE of the largest old-time cigar stores was that of Alexis Grainger, on Charles Street above Baltimore; more or less opposite was McCaffrey's music store. Tickets for the theatres were sold here; later it was known as Albert's. Its genial manager will be remembered by his terribly swollen finger joints, the result of rheumatism. Albert's was succeeded by the impresario, W. A. Albaugh. At Charles and Fayette stood the First Methodist Church. The congregation moved up town to their new edifice and the building was used for a time as a nightly resting place for tramps and "down-and-outs." I used to see in the office of Dr. A. P. Krouse a flash-light photograph taken early one morning of the interior of this old church. It showed a great horde of hoboes sleeping as only such men can, in all possible and impossible positions. They doubtless had to yield some tribute for their accommodation, as a large banner on the wall proclaimed in huge letters, "No Soap: No Salvation."

John E. Tribble's notion store was on Charles and Lexington, where the Fidelity Building now stands; across the street was Swayne's later to become J. W. Putts, afterward removed to Charles and Fayette.

In the middle eighties "Pat" Harris leased a portion of the Masonic Temple and conducted there his famous Dime Museum. On the first floor were freaks and curios, among others an octopus, "only one in captivity", and the "Mexican

Old plays bat." To see this rare object you lifted a small curtain and
Bars and cafés inside the box reposed a half brick. The sign, "The 'bat's'
eyes are weak, lower the curtain quickly", was entirely unnecessary.

A SMALL theatre was upstairs and in it I saw such plays as "The Banker's Daughter"—a girl in a riding habit and the leading man's remark, "tomorrow all the world will know I am a bankrupt", is all I remember of this drama; "Zitka", a Siberian drama; "Olivette", and other light operas. One winter while Minnie Oscar Gray was playing "Vesper Bells" at Harris's, a fierce fire broke out and gutted the Temple. It was severe weather and immense formations of ice covered the front of the building and the fire ladders. Miss Gray's magnificent St. Bernard dogs, used in the play, were lost in the flames.

A pleasant resting place in this neighborhood for the tired business man of the eighties and nineties, as he proceeded home on foot, was Bennett's Club. It was in the basement of the old Maryland Jockey Club at Charles and Saratoga Streets. Louis Bennett had been at one time a boatswain in the United States Navy. His travels and experiences, as he recounted them, had been interesting and exciting. An open coal fire burned, on damp and cold days, near the bar; the walls were covered with "art" in the nude of the better sort, and I remember no nicer place to drop in for a drink and chat in old Baltimore. There was another bar on Postoffice Avenue, where Job's Comforter Cocktails were dispensed. Members of the Chamber of Commerce and others whose offices were in that vicinity, will recall the "art" exhibit which was housed here in the old days.

Other characteristic cafes were Mullin's, on Liberty Street, Hotel Breves, on the same street lower down at German (now Redwood); Montgomery's, on Madison Street opposite Stabler's, famous for fine sea food; later on, Gordon, of the

Rose House, Gay Street, took it over. Then there was Schaffer & Curlander's, on Eutaw below Fayette, and the delightful Old World sort of place kept by M. J. Redding, with silver dollars set in the low ceiling. This was on Tyson Street, between Park and Cathedral. Redding later on moved to Howard Street and Park Avenue. I am glad to say that Mr. (Mike) Redding is still as straight as a lance and full of interest in his books and in life in general.

"Mike" Redding
"Y" Gymnasium

One other drop-in spot: Clark's, on Center Street, below Charles. The specialty here was very old rye.

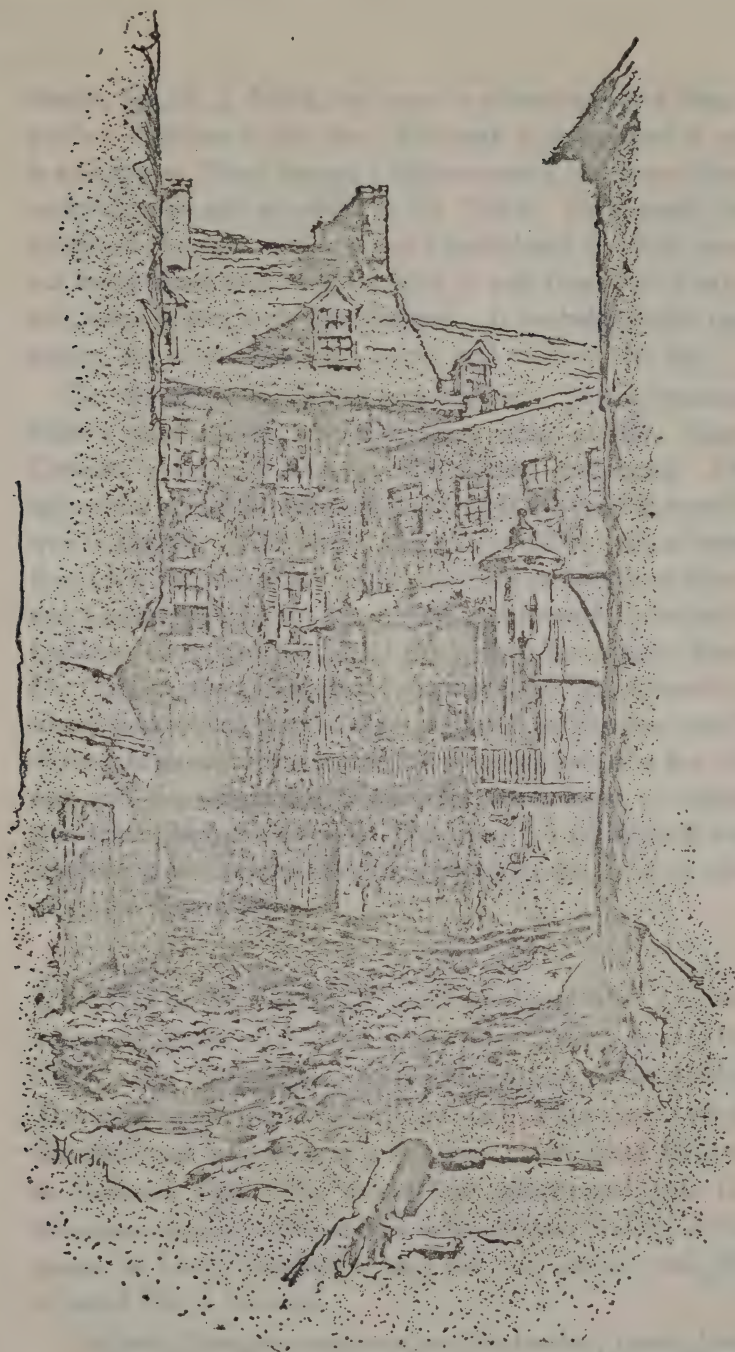
MANY men now prominent in Baltimore used to exercise at the old "Y" gymnasium, three flights up at Charles and Saratoga. I attended in the afternoons and used to "skin the cat" with former Mayor Jas. H. Preston, Lee Woodward Ziegler, "Billy" Emmart, Charles S. Hayden, Harry Orville Bailey, George Frank, Thomas Dotterer, of Charleston, S. C., Albert Gray, Albert Bowersox, George Harlan, Dr. Albert Carroll and the late Charles H. Latrobe, a civil engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. To save time in reaching the floor of the "gym", as well as to hasten his exit after exercise, Mr. Latrobe usually pulled his chest weights and took a half-mile trot clad in his woolen underwear.

For years Professor C. F. E. Schultz was our instructor, an indoor athlete of fine finish and ability. He was followed by the late T. W. Cornelius, who stood for modern physical culture and started the boys in open-air and track work, as against apparatus tricks and dumb-bells. Everything has proved Cornelius was right, and after all these years I know that indoor work is at best a makeshift. Exercise taken in the open air, especially in reasonable competition, is far better for health than stunts done inside on horizontal and parallel bars, rings, etc.

A VIEW of Charles Street from Saratoga to Mulberry would have shown, in the late eighties, Jenkins & Co., handmade furniture; across the street, Klingstine, the famous confectioner, whose ice-creams and Kossuth cakes were made for the elect; John J. Valentine, fine fruits; Des Forge's book store, soon to become Pippen's, and Fardwell, the plumber. All these were in the block just south of Pleasant Street. Little Pleasant Street, an alley running west from Charles, intersects Little Sharp Street, and here it looked in the old days like a bit of Paris. At the rear of the Johns Hopkins residence was a high brick wall. A quaint lamp hung here on an iron bracket. Its fitful gas jet scarcely touched the gloom, and this spot was often called Murder alley. It was a dark and desperate looking place at night, and men would scurry through on their way to the Rennert bar for a conference with "Father" Smith, the jovial "dispenser" at that popular cafe.

Dr. N. Hynson Jennings' drug store was at 336 North Charles. He was a gentleman of the old school. Eventually he installed a one-spout soda fountain, but would not allow his clerks to dispense drinks on Sunday. He never entered his store himself on that day. Across from here, at No. 333, was the St. Charles, a private hotel conducted by Mrs. Rebecca Dukehart. I lived there in 1890. Next door but one was the well-known shop of W. Jeff Adams. Game was his specialty, and many a time I saw entire carcasses of bear and deer hanging at the door. A delightful old tobacco shop was near here—"The Isle of Cuba"—presided over by that charming old lady, Mrs. Grainger. In the window stood for many years a china tobacco jar in the form of a monkey's head. It had glass eyes and a cigar in its mouth. When this shop went out of business I bought this jar, which I had long desired.

ACROSS from Mrs. Grainger's lived and worked the artist-



LITTLE PLEASANT STREET
FROM DRAWING BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON

dentist, Dr. A. J. Volck, for years a picturesque and distinguished character in this city. His work in many lines of art is well known. The Charcoal Club possesses a handsome silver tankard made and engraved by Dr. Volck. Greenwood, the janitor of the club when it was at Howard and Franklin, wore out many shoes in his nightly trips to and from Fritz's cafe, at Centre Street, with this tankard. It probably holds two quarts, but artists were ever thirsty and the beer was fine.

Dr. A. J. Volck
Adam Gosman

On the corner of Charles and Mulberry Streets, opposite Reese's grocery, was the apothecary shop of Dr. Adam Gosman, a fine old character with a long gray beard. He invented a ginger ale and manufactured it for years in a small way in the rear of his store. His men could be seen at work through a doorway in the wall. Just here on Mulberry Street was Carrington's Dairy, where milk and ice-cream were sold. Delicious claret and port ices I got here on hot summer days. Dr. Gosman also had a small "single-cylinder" soda fountain, where the knowing one could get a glass of his famous "tonic" flavor. It must have consisted for the most part of a fine old rum and the uninitiated fellow who drank it on an empty stomach walked off sideways. This "tonic", I understand, was always a great favorite with the clergy and the few drys who existed in those days.

OPPOSITE the Cardinal's residence lived Mrs. Dallam, whose son, Rush, played well on the piano and his sister, Miss Mary, sang charmingly. A few doors beyond lived Mrs. Thomson, whose son, Maynard, was one of the great wits of the town and later became a fine golf player when he lived in Sudbrook Park. No "smoker" or gathering of good fellows was complete in those days without Rush Dallam at the piano, or Clay Templeman, who not only played well, but whistled like a virtuoso.

Baldwin Sloan, the composer, and his brother, Frank, lived around the corner on Franklin Street, near Cathedral. He

Notorious was Baltimore's "King of the Ivories" in the early nineties and
Balls commenced to write music with an enchanting lilt.

The Athenæum Club stood opposite the handsome residence of Dr. William Osler. It was a picturesque building, with noble stone columns. On hot summer nights some of its members—rather old men they looked to me—sat upon the portico. Dressed in linen and duck, they rocked to and fro in their chairs and the clink of ice could be heard in their julep glasses. The Maryland Club was a block away, at Cathedral and Franklin; its members often sat on a narrow side porch, which was screened from the western sun by awnings. Over the way a celebrated pulpit orator was in charge of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. W. U. Murkland. One evening after service my mother introduced me to him. He looked my way a moment and then dismissed me with, "Yes, yes, of course, I remember burying your grandmother."

Around 1890 Signor Hazazer removed his dancing academy from Mulberry Street to his new place on Franklin Street west of Cathedral; the building had been formerly a religious institution. Here were held those notorious Letter Carriers' balls. They were wild and tempestuous forerunners of some balls of our own time, perhaps, but lacked all pretense at artistic decoration and costuming. There were also held in the late eighties "the Old Women's balls", at which the riot of wine, women and song was carried to an unlimited point. Many policemen were always present and by daylight man after man was carried out inarticulate.

These high old times took place, as I recall, at the Concordia Opera House, corner of Eutaw and (then) German Streets.

HOWARD Street, near Franklin, and on down toward Fayette Street contained many warehouses and granaries. These old warehouses were artistic and sent out a fascinating smell. D. C. Timanus' Rock Mill is the last to have an office in this vicinity. The old block and fall hook with its Dutch

roof above can still be seen over a lunchroom on the north side of Franklin Street near the Hotel Kernan.

*Wood & Shepherd
Vaudeville*

The theatrical taste of the student body ran much toward comedy and the varieties, afterward known only as vaudeville. I remember seeing the great Tony Pastor at the Howard Auditorium in the early nineties. He was about 70 then, but brisk and full of fun. He sang "Oh, What a Difference in the Morning" and "At Night". Musical teams were popular and there seem to be few today as talented and finished as then. Wood and Shepherd were in their prime. Both trained muscians, they performed in burnt cork and dressed in gorgeous raiment. Wood supplied most of the funmaking. He originated several quaintly humorous details of the act. One was the breaking of his suspenders, whereat he produced a hammer and nail, which he drove through his "gallus" (apparently) into his hip bone.

Other famous musical comedy teams I like to recall were Swift and Chase; Ward and Vokes, in their skit, "Percy and Harold"; Blocksom and Burns, Matthews and Bulger and Fields and Hanson. In the act of the last-named pair Fields, the thin member, threw his fat partner's hat into the flies. Hanson fired a musket straight overhead. A wilderness of hats fell all around him. The scene closed with Hanson wildly struggling with the hats, trying them on and throwing them away in vain attempt to find his own headgear.

Dick Leggitt, the English clown, sang a song called "The Rising Generation". His pants seemed very baggy and bulky around his feet. As he sang he gradually grew perceptibly taller. Some mechanical contrivance concealed inside his trousers worked the trick. By the time his song was ended he was at least twelve feet high. With a crowd of others just home from the inauguration of President Cleveland, I saw this fellow and the effect upon us can be fairly well imagined. You could not stand on the streets all day in cold March weather without the aid of the cheering cup.

THATCHER, Primrose and West were the best minstrels of the time and the sweet-voiced tenor, Raymond Moore, was singing "When the Robins Nest Again," and a song he made famous, "Down On The Farm." Barney Fagan, a master clog dancer, arranged for these shows, wonderful drilling acts of forty men, which were executed on the stage at Ford's. I have never seen the precision of Fagan's drills surpassed. With this celebrated minstrel company was John A. Coleman, the first of the so-called dislocation dancers. He sang a song, "Old Macanally and His Gray High Hat." His arduous work resulted in spinal trouble, of which he died.

A great ball pitcher was mentioned in a song:

*Barney has a pitcher, Kilroy is his name,
You may bet your socks when he's in the box,
We'll get there just the same.*

Socks brings to mind an old classic of the period, "On the Bowery", another topical hit which went round the world. One witty verse of which is worth mentioning:

*On the Bowery, the Bowery,
They do such things and they say such things on the
Bowery.*

*A man at a counter was selling socks,
"A quarter a pair, how much for the box?"
Somebody bid two dollars; I bid three—
He dumped out the socks, handed the box to me.
"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he.
And I never went there any more!*

The first street music and popular songs I remember were "Whoa, Emma!" and "I Hadn't But Fifty Cents." "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" followed and held on for a long time. Soon after came Lottie Collins with her flamboyant lingerie and "Tara Ra Boom De Ay." A number of collateral songs resulted: "I'm the Man Who Wrote Tara Ra Boom De Ay," etc.

SATURDAYS spent at Ferry Bar were great times. Cutaire's old place was to the left of the terminal of the Blue Line cars. From him or Durm's one could rent an old tub of a rowboat for fifty cents a day. We would pull up the river and camp on the upper shore. In the fall of the year reed birds and red-wing blackbirds were present in great flocks. As they flew overhead in clouds we fired into them and picked up all we could carry home. On the return Acton's Park would be visited and often a live pigeon shooting match was in progress. As darkness settled over the river we would pull the boat back to its owner, passing Meeter's Park, from which could be heard across the water "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," played upon the organ with the flying horses.

*On the river;
Kite-time*

Kite time was more exciting then. We purchased a small kite body at the corner toy shop for a dime. It was made of tinted tissue paper and had no tail, which was made by us with string and bits of paper. Sometimes grown men would appear upon the lots with carefully constructed kites at least six feet tall and with tails of great length made of rags instead of paper. A cord as large as a lead pencil was required to hold these monsters. Under fine conditions when these large kites went aloft great crowds gathered to watch them. The box kite of today rises more easily and to greater heights, but they do not look as pretty as the old style, and being more certain in their manipulation the excitement is not present.

IN these old days all coal was dumped upon the sidewalk and had to be shoveled into the coal hole or carried into the cellar. Men wandered about the streets all day with shovel and basket on their shoulders looking for jobs. An old colored man, not quite "all there", used to put our office coal away when I was in an office at 1 West Lexington Street. He looked old in 1890. I have seen him on the street within a week, and while his occupation is gone and he carries no

The Hopkins Gym shovel, he looks about the same as he did thirty-five years ago.
Carpet beaters Having but little mind, he has had but few worries.

I saw the first of the modern coal chute wagons when it was tried out. It belonged, I think, to Sidney Cary, and the metal trough ran across the pavement on several trestles. The coal was being shot into a cellar of a house formerly on the present site of the mansion of Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs. "Sid" Cary was quite a character and met with a fatal accident while working on his house on Read Street west of Charles.

As a lad I used to go into the Hopkins gym, which was one of the old buildings of the group on Howard Street. On afternoons I saw students at their exercises, many of them now famous men. Edward Lucas White (then called "Whiskers" White), author of *El Supremo* and many novels and stories; Westal W. Willoughby and his brother, William; Paul Dashiell, who was a fine athlete; William Wallace Whitelock, "Tom" Whitridge, and a Mr. Magoon, who was marvelously strong. A French gymnast was often there giving special instruction, one Baptiste Paneau. Hampden Sydney Lewis, of New Orleans, who spoke French, worked with him.

Those who wish fine lawns nowadays must buy grass seed, for the old time sod cutter is not as active as of yore. When I was a boy any and every body cut sod from the back lots, rolled up the strips and took them away.

A rapping sound like shots fired back stage came from these lots in the spring—the carpet beater plying his hickory rod. This old system of knocking a fraction of the dirt out of floor coverings is gone forever. The whitewasher, too, is in decline: back fences are painted more often and iron and hedge are taking the place of boards. With barriers down, art in civic improvement is sweeping forward.

THE passing of the late Emile Cayé marked a period of change in tonsorialism. In former times many of the best shops were conducted by exceptionally proficient colored bar-

bers. Some of these were on Fayette Street, one in particular, as I learned to my cost, in the early nineties. The first bet I ever made was that Sol De Coursey's hair-cutting parlor was on St. Paul Street south of Fayette. I quickly and with full assurance put up two dollars against a like sum wagered by George Chase, who claimed "Sol" was on Fayette Street west of St. Paul and next door to William Rock, the tailor.

*Sol De Coursey
MacFadden*

I felt it a shame to take Chase's money, as I was certain to do, having been in the shop on St. Paul Street at two o'clock that very afternoon. Bettors, stakeholders and a crowd of fellow-boarders walked down town in the fading light of the evening to find to my immense surprise "Sol" had moved his entire establishment since my call a few hours before and was sedately shaving a customer at his new Fayette Street address.

Solomon De Coursey, ninety or more years of age, passed away in last December. He was a remarkable man, a negro indeed but a gentleman, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church he loved the best in music and was well read in fine literature.

SENTIMENT and regulations have changed mightily in certain details of stage exhibitions of the female form. In 1894 I knew Bernarr MacFadden. He was not a millionaire publisher then. He was in Baltimore at this time to lecture on physical culture at the Academy of Music and planned to illustrate his talk with a young woman model clad in tights. Fearful lest his performance would be held up by the police, he appealed to me, then a law student, for advice. I suggested fixing things beforehand.

We got hold of the late William Colton as the best lawyer for such a case and proceeded to Marshal Frey's office, where John Swikert was a friend of mine. "Tom" Farnam was in charge and "Bill" Colton launched a peroration on the benefits of physical culture and flashed a handful of photographs of MacFadden's model upon the deputy. Farnan listened with-

Election days— out a word and then said he saw nothing objectionable in the
Bonfires poses. "Go ahead, professor," he added, "my men will be there and if she wears black tights they will not stop your show." Today the models wear little save a smile.

ELECTION days, local as well as national, were great occasions for the boys of the eighties and nineties. In the older days voting was a very simple affair. The political parties used a small, heavily printed voting ticket. Boys would get hold of these and after wetting them transfer to the arm the Andrew Jackson emblem, or some other device indicative of political faith. On account of the heavy drinking incident to election festivities, ladies were rarely seen on the streets at such times. For days before these events boys collected garbage boxes that had originally contained soap, boards and any sort of inflammable material, which would be massed in huge bonfires as night came on. These fires were held on back lots and even in the streets, which at night were little used for traffic. Preceding election day, particularly when important matters were to be decided, there were torchlight processions with bands.

Presidential inaugurations were then carried to a point which has been gradually receding. Local political clubs, with their own music, would go to Washington to take part in the parade. The return to Baltimore at the end of the day was a time for further demonstrations, and I remember well the bands playing far into the night as the clubs came home, the dark streets resounding with Sousa's marches.

CHAPTER THREE

I

WE MAY have a better and larger water supply nowadays, but in older times if one had been on a spree, the morning after it was easy to quench one's thirst. Drinking water abounded in most public squares, and we had the old wooden pumps here and there throughout the city, as well as the combination iron affair where water was freely supplied for both man and beast. At the entrance to the park at the end of Druid Hill Avenue there was for years a famous pump. A tin sign was attached to it giving the analysis of the stream which its iron handle brought forth. Iron so much, calcium carbonate so much, sulphur a great deal, etc. In the face of this placard and the nasty stale-egg taste of the stuff drinkers were inclined to wonder if there was any water in it at all.

*Old pumps;
Woman's Relief*

There was a pump on Biddle Street midway between Druid Hill and Pennsylvania Avenues at which I often drank from its almost flat iron dipper the coldest and best water I remember, quite equal to that from the famous old oaken bucket or "Dinklespiel's" (George V. Hobert's) long-handled dipper which hung by the sink.

Then there was the old City Spring on Calvert Street, upon the present site of Mercy Hospital. It was in a sort of recess and below the street level. The Woman's Relief was just over the way. This was a cooperative laundry where poor women could wash and iron at so much per day or hour.

Boys at play; FROM some genial harness maker—there were many of them
Picture cards then—boys would secure a round bit of leather; the rougher it was on one side the better. A cord was passed through the center, the leather was well wetted in the gutter water which flowed plentifully (especially on Mondays and Saturday nights) at the side of the street. Then this leather pad was pressed firmly upon a brickbat and if you had luck your “sucker” lifted the object, which was carried or swung by the cord until it dropped off.

In fruit season the “peach-pluck” was used. It was made from half of a stout corncob, which was easily gotten from a livery stable. In one end of the cob was inserted a horseshoe nail, begged from the nearest smithy, and in the other end a few stumpy feathers, probably borrowed from a bonnet in the attic. A long string was tied to the middle and this dart when cast into a passing wagon load of apples or peaches once in a while brought its manipulator a piece of green fruit, since the nail was not likely to hold in anything ripe and soft.

Then we bought long, thin tin tubes, which we called “spit blowers”. The corner paint shop supplied a hunk of putty for 2 cents, and this was stuck around the middle of the tube for use as ammunition. Battles were waged with these small blow pipes. Instead of pellets of putty, dried peas were often used, a handful being “lifted” at the grocery while there on some household errand.

EVERYONE, young and old, collected picture cards, many of them perfumed, which were given out by stores and business houses. The best of these, along with valentines, were mounted in large scrap albums. We boys also collected those charming little photographs of female ball players and actresses which came packed with Virginia Brights and other popular cigarettes of the day. Later came colored pictures of birds, flags, etc., but the actresses, especially those in tights, were the ones the boys liked best.

It was in the eighties we had "dudes" and pug dogs. The former wore his (I almost said "its") hair banged low on his receding forehead, a very tall standing collar, likened by scoffers to a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum; the dude's trousers were exceedingly tight about his thin legs, and his patent leather shoes converged into a point of extreme sharpness. This now happily defunct object invariably wore a large flower in his buttonhole and carried a cane with a large knob, which he was supposed to suck as he capered along the street making his "mashes" as we called flirting then.

*Chestnut gongs
Old banks*

The dude and other bores, when they told old moth-eaten jokes and stories, were met with a ring of the "chestnut gong." Some smart man brought out this clever invention, advertising it as a necessity, and thousands wore the pretty little bells pinned to coat or waist. When the ancient wheeze was sprung the lever of the chestnut gong was touched and the story-teller warned to desist. My old schoolmate, "Buck" Sadler, now no more, reminded me of this. One of these bells should be found and placed in the Baltimore Museum of Art!

MANY Baltimore banks which were in business in 1889, when I first went down town to work, are larger and stronger today than ever, but I recall a few long since absorbed by other institutions.

The Franklin Bank was on South Street, near the old gas office. I used to go there from time to time to have my employer's notes renewed. At the gas office you paid your bill to Mr. Winn or to Mr. Wheatley. Today at the Lexington Building you hand the money over to any one of a dozen pretty girls, and there is no time for a chat about the weather, as in years gone by.

I recall a bank, too, which was cleverly robbed. Two men rented the store next door. When asked what business they were conducting, their reply was: "Oh, we are commission

Old banks— merchants, but expect to open a bank soon." They did, too,
Bucket shops by tunneling through to their bank neighbors.

The Traders' Bank on Redwood (then German) Street, was the smallest bank building I ever saw. For years I made almost daily trips to the People's Bank, on Lombard and Sharp Streets. Mr. Joseph A. McKellip was the cashier. He is a remarkable man for although as a boy he heard Lincoln's Gettysburg address, he still lives in Baltimore, and when I saw him a year ago looked very much the same as in the nineties. Opposite was the warehouse of D. Holliday & Co., and beyond this point to the south the great Sharp Street fire occurred. I recall it very clearly. My office was at Charles and Lexington Streets, and to reach the People's Bank I took advantage of short cuts by McClelland's alley, or Little Sharp Street. In these byways were box factories, toolsmiths, saloons and eating places. The private bank of Nicholson Bros. was on the corner of Baltimore and Little Sharp Streets. These two brothers, "Jack" and "Andy", were fine old fellows. For years they stood side by side at their counter in front of the bank, taking deposits and cashing checks. Why they failed in their business I do not clearly remember, but they had the friendship and sympathy of everyone.

BUCKET shops were common in the early nineties and infested Baltimore Street near South and localities in this vicinity. Of many daily clients at these places I recall one Mr. Nicholls. He had a red beard, wore glasses and a light-colored overcoat with large pearl buttons, the unmistakable mark of the "sport" of the period. He kept a team of trotters and drove daily in the park.

In the spring of 1889, when I went to find a job, conditions were very different from what they are today. I was turned sixteen and made my first application to the firm of Addison Clarke & Bro., steel merchants. I carried a note of recommendation from a relative, Edward Soper, a famous

auctioneer in his day. This was addressed "To whom it may concern", and bespoke the bearer as "an honest and trusty lad." Mr. Clarke received me kindly and offered me the position of office boy with a hundred dollars pay for the first year. I hesitated and he went on to say that things were very different *now* from what they had been when he was a boy. "Why," he said, "my father had to pay a firm more than that to get me into an office at all." And in 1933 things are again different.

*Bain Dukehart;
Heber Stryker*

II

SO FINALLY I became general clerk to a firm of short life, of which the late and well-known T. A. Bain Dukehart was the senior member. My salary was a dollar a week. But it was understood I could leave on short notice if something better came my way. Everyone in the financial district, the social world and everywhere else knew and liked Bain Dukehart. He often said if there were no age limit to voters and had he run for Mayor the newsboys and boot-blacks alone would have elected him. He knew so many people he started a collection agency, which aimed to collect the bills of physicians, business men and others.

Our office was on South Street in the rear of a first-story room occupied by James Bland, a flour merchant. The banking house of the late Gustavus Ober was one side of our entrance and that of D. Fahnestock on the other. Opposite our room and also on the ground floor was a dinner club where business men got a dinner for a quarter. Felix R. Sullivan, then notary for the dozen largest city banks, had his office on the ground floor of the old Firemen's Building. His clerk was my old boyhood friend, H. H. Stryker, whom I often assisted on busy days in making demands on protested notes. We were up all night at the time of the Nicholson Bros. failure. In the basement of the Firemen's Building was Euker's Restaurant, a very pleasant place.

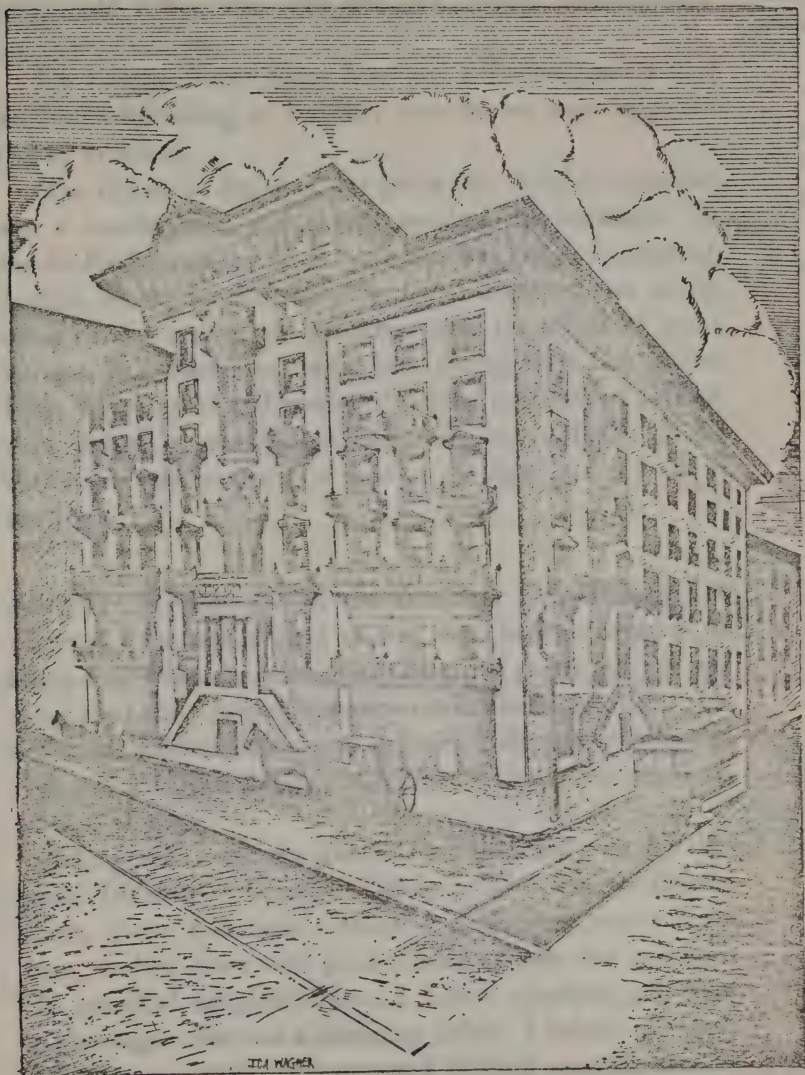
Barnum's
R. Q. Taylor

My first employer, Bain Dukehart, represented the spirit incarnate of the eighties and nineties. He was born while his sea-captain father and mother were on shipboard in Caribbean waters. When I worked for him he was in his twenties and I was seventeen. He dressed handsomely, but in quiet and perfect taste. His figure was erect and strong and through a princely personality he gave an effect which made an impression wherever he went. His magnetism and gay spirits were unrivaled. He was a graceful dancer and sang quite well. He also boxed and knew horses. At one time he owned a little racer named Harry B. No man in Baltimore of his day nor since, to my knowledge, had so many real friends or was anywhere near his class as beau, wit and sportsman.

• • •

ABOUT the time I went "down town" daily great changes commenced to come over that part of the city. Barnum's Hotel had closed its long life, its wines and plate dispersed. I possess one of its Sheffield ice-water pitchers, a beautiful shape and inscribed "Barnum's". It may be the one taken to Charles Dickens' room when he stopped there. There was a fruit store under the old hotel on the Calvert Street side, and on the corner opposite an old remodeled residence was the National Mechanics Bank. Just below the bank on Calvert Street was the hat store of R. Q. Taylor. In every hat, printed on the lining, were the words "Taylor opposite Barnum's." No hat store now has and no hatter then nor since had such individuality. Mr. Taylor wore side whiskers and carried an empty sleeve. He left his arm on some battlefield, I am sure. He recited cleverly at various entertainments.

For years after the completion of the present Postoffice a negro character conducted a famous shaker lemonade stand. "Jim" shook his delicious drinks on the Postoffice pavement until a conscienceless Government in Washington, which knew not the merit of his lemonade, ordered his removal. So "Jim" crossed to the Mechanics Bank pavement opposite. This



BARNUM'S HOTEL
ABOUT 1885

benign old fellow also sold live and cooked diamond-back terrapins, nuts, etc. O'Brien's;
Creston Clarke

On Fayette Street about here was a famous racing pool agency in full swing in the early nineties, but soon legislated out of existence.

The Equitable Building was going up. Steel construction was a novelty then and crowds watched the workmen. In the St. Paul Street corner of Bank lane was Daly's Restaurant. I often ate my lunch here. The Glenn Building was on the other corner, and across the street were the offices of many lawyers, J. J. Alexander and others, among them Col. Lucius Polk, whose usual and noteworthy dress consisted of a frock coat, striped or checked trousers, silk hat, a flower in his buttonhole and invariably a cane in one hand and a book in the other.

1 1

ANOTHER character of the time was Dr. William Lee Howard. He was a good dresser, too; had a profusion of blond hair which he wore pretty long and parted all the way down the back. Among his many studies was hypnotism. He put a cab driver to sleep one night in a downtown cafe and then ran a hatpin through his finger. The cabby displayed no sign of pain.

Many will recall the famous bar presided over by that genial Irishman, "Tommy" O'Brien. This was on Calvert Street, above Baltimore. Many a choice raw oyster I ate there, washed down with good old ale or beer that was beer. His beautiful daughter, Nora, a highly educated girl, went on the stage. She was a charming Juliet. I believe she acted with Creston Clarke. Creston and Wilfrid were the sons of that famous actor, John Sleeper Clarke. I always considered Creston Clarke's impersonation of the guilty burgomaster in "The Bells" quite equal to Irving's. I last saw this actor, pale and scholarly looking, on the corner of Howard and Franklin Streets. He was then playing Hamlet and other parts at the Academy.

*Horses and
Carriages*

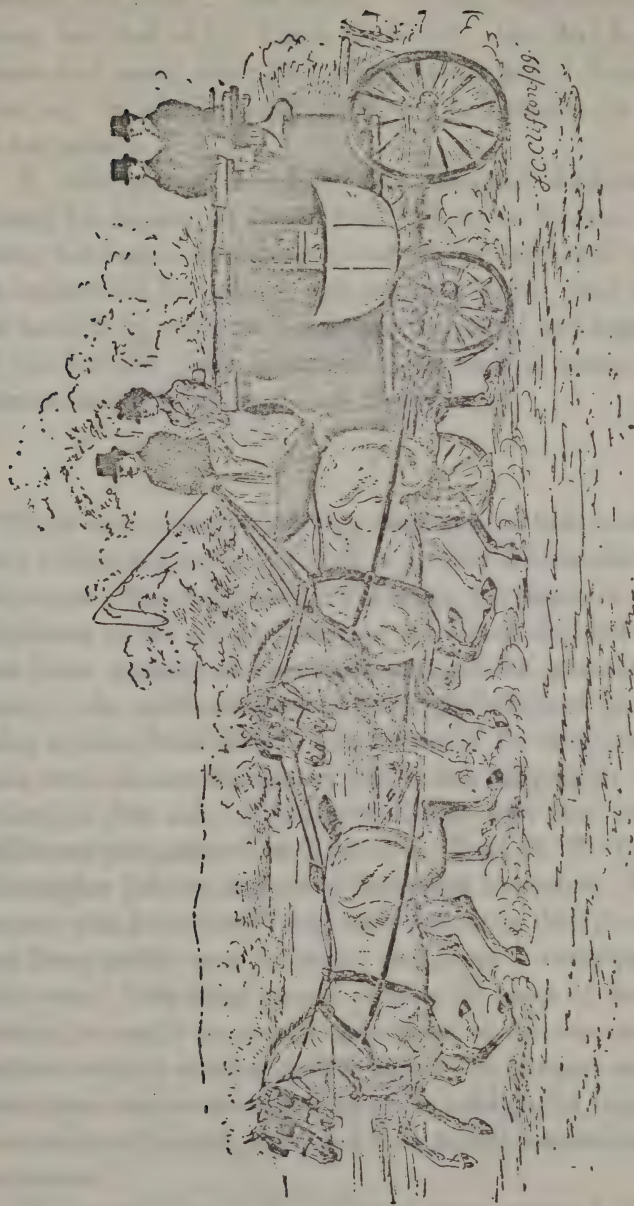
WHEN all Baltimore drove in carriages Clarence West was conspicuous in his coach and four. He was a handsome fellow in his derby hat and long Newmarket paddock coat. He is now living, I think, in California. "Bill" Sykes, a big lump of a man, as the Irish have it, often drove West's team. When the Druid Hill Lake pleasure vehicle parade was at its height on a spring afternoon Hollins McKim's handsome bays made a fine appearance as did the carriages of Mrs. Alexander Brown, Mrs. Douglas H. Thomas, and many others.

Later on we saw those restive grays when Gen. A. E. Booth, and his beautiful blonde bride drove out. A few years ago I talked with the man who had made General Booth's harness at \$1,500 a set. He showed me a piece of one of the traces which he had saved. It had eighteen stitches to the inch, and he told me that no man, not even himself, being forever out of practice, could now execute such fine handiwork. Carriages, coaches and all fine vehicles cost a lot of money—as much as a good automobile; \$2,000. for a coach with its twelve or more hand-dressed coats of varnish, six months or a year even in the shop.

Everybody stopped to look when Col. Swann Latrobe, that famous sportsman, drove his tandem down Cathedral or Charles Street. He was perched high in his swanky dog-cart, with a small tiger in light blue livery up behind. No Rolls-Royce of our day is anywhere near so picturesque.

One of the smartest equipages in town was that of Henry Pratt Janes. His team, with its dignified coachman and footman, showed class not to be surpassed by the vehicles which came out of Buckingham Palace.

A physician's carriage or fine jagger cost from \$600 to \$1,000, and the iron tires cost more for renewal in a year than rubber tires do today for very many times the same mileage. Cobblestones and Belgian blocks shook the vehicle to pieces and the doctors drove fast. Some well-known physicians who kept fine horses and who hit a high pace were Drs. Ridgely B. Warfield, I. E. Atkinson, H. P. C. Wilson, J. Edwin



COACH AND FOUR
CLIFTON, 1899

Michael and John L. Van Bibber. The last team to leave the streets was that of Dr. Eberle G. Welch. Dr. Welch loved horses and would never have given up his pair if there had been any reasonably comfortable way to continue to drive to his patients. *Physicians;
Stables*

A vivid picture I recall: Dr. Alexander McConachie driving his dog-cart in Druid Hill Park in the nineties. His pretty fox terrier was always posed on the dashboard, where he maintained his balance with acrobatic skill. And across the street from my house I daily saw the arrival and departure of the late Dr. John Chambers' hard worked teams. His harness and vehicles were kept in fine order.

THESE busy practitioners kept from two to four horses in their stables and many had Irish or colored drivers who were characters. Dr. Miltenberger's Henry, for instance. The physicians of the old days were on the streets day and night and knew nothing of the semi-leisure of the specialists of today. Like apothecaries, they had night bells and speaking tubes at their front doors. The advent of the telephone has done much to save the doctor; also he has his patients better trained in first aid. A handsome lot of men were the old Baltimore physicians—Drs. Samuel C. Chew, N. W. Kneass, Christopher Johnson and others mentioned heretofore. Many persons who kept horses maintained stables on their premises, but livery stables were on streets and alleys in every part of Baltimore. Boys hung around them at all hours of the day, rushing in madly to quench their thirst at the ever-running hydrant with its snout of rubber hose. The pungent odor of these livery stables comes back to me as a delightful fragrance—a medley of manure, straw and feed, rubber hose and sweaty stablemen.

The proprietors of these liveries were mostly Irishmen, natural horse lovers. Goats were kept in almost every stable as a tonic, it was claimed, for the horses. I well remember

Haunted house; Mann's place by the Academy of Music and another one next
Buffalo Bill door, lower down on Howard Street, were the fine stables of Shelley and Harry M. Little. These two were among the last to disappear. Griffin & Manion had a large establishment for the horse on Centre Street, at St. Paul, under the old Assembly Rooms.

III

AT THE corner of Eutaw and Biddle Streets, the northwest corner to be exact, there stood in the late eighties the only house in my acquaintance which I feel sure was haunted. For years after succeeding deaths had occurred in it, no one lived there. Its windows were closed and the place became dilapidated. I passed it one night and noted that all the windows were down on every floor on the Eutaw Street side. All was dark. Later toward midnight I again came that way and to my horror saw a window on the third floor slowly rise to its limit even as I looked. I turned and ran as for my life several blocks to my home.

Near this location over on Hamilton Terrace the celebrated Alexander dinner took place. It was before my time, but I have often heard the story. A demented lady served a banquet to a number of invited guests. In the middle of the feast she quietly remarked that she hoped they were enjoying their meal as she did not know if they would live to eat another since she had personally placed a powerful poison in every dish upon the table. Some of those present died and all were seriously ill.

BALTIMORE "Orioles", Paine's Fireworks in general and "The Fall of Pompeii" in particular I shall not stop to describe, but the mere reference will recall to many readers these interesting events.

Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show" appeared at the baseball park in the middle eighties. Col. William F. Cody was in his prime and was probably then the handsomest man on

horseback of his day. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, a famous gunshot, and his sons were with the show, also Miss Annie Oakley. Among Cody's rough riders was a cowboy, Buck Taylor. As far as a rope went he was the Will Rogers of the period. Druid Hill Park had just installed its first sea lion and it happened to escape from its pond during the week the Buffalo Bill show was in Baltimore. The great seal proved hard to catch and Buck Taylor and his lasso were sent for. Doubtless this may have been something of a publicity move, but the sea lion was retaken while Buck was casting his rope and duly returned to its proper place.

*Buck Taylor;
Cable cars*

When I was a child I had read in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* of the cable cars in San Francisco, where they were operated for years before their advent in Baltimore. When the construction of our system here was commenced the whole city became greatly interested. I remember the excitement which pervaded the town the day before the first cars appeared. People sat up all night, many in chairs on the sidewalks, in anticipation. They feared to desert their posts for a moment lest they miss the first view of a large street car moving before their eyes with no horses or motive power in sight.

The cable cars were really wonderful, and a far greater change from the rumbling horse-drawn conveyance than when cables gave place to trolleys. Many persons can even now recall the sound of the swiftly moving cables, especially the whistling, steady metallic sound they made at night, when the streets were quiet.

WHEN I first knew him, Dr. Schoendorn's office was about opposite the Klingstine confectionery, which succeeded Herman in 1881 and added an even new luster to the latter's fame. Dr. Schoendorn was a broad-shouldered, blond German dentist, he wore side whiskers of a peculiar pattern and in his day was one of the leading master artists in his profession. A man I know was in the doctor's outer office when the following scene

*Story of teeth;
Gaboobler's*

took place: A lady had entered the private laboratory and was criticizing severely a set of upper teeth which Dr. Schoendorn had made for her. "They are not pretty," she said, "and do not compare at all with a set another man has made for my sister which cost but a fraction of what you charged me for mine." The doctor listened with fixed attention and then said: "Young lady, in making teeth for people, I do not aim to merely provide them with a set wherewith simply to chew their food. I aim far higher than that. I study the patient's face, the head, and consider what the original teeth were like. Then I cast a set which conforms absolutely to the conditions and present a natural and artistic effect. Your teeth suit you, they look right in your mouth, but they are not and are not meant to be pretty, like what are called 'store' teeth."

The lady, however, was not appeased and vehemently asserted again that she was not satisfied and hated the teeth. Dr. Schoendorn's face reddened and he trembled with excitement.

"Let me see those teeth," he muttered. The set was handed to him. The doctor took from his pocket a great roll of bills. "You paid me \$300 for these," he said, and, counting out that exact sum in her hand, added, "Now, here is your money, Miss and there are my teeth." At which he threw them on the floor and ground them to bits under his heel.

NOT far from the Courthouse over on Gay Street near Lexington there was a rather noted and very peculiar restaurant and cafe. I cannot be sure of the name now, something like Heine Gaboobler, I think. At any rate, in the rear of the bar-room there was a collapsible stairway, which gave anyone a surprise if an attempt was made to go up. A very extensive free lunch of hard corn on the cob, hay, oats and mill feed was spread on a large table. Those who preferred more normal food had the usual choice of "hackman's salad" (cole slaw), sausage, cheese and pretzels.

At Roth's place, on Fayette near St. Paul Street was served a stupendous lunch in the old days. Every conceivable item of the delicatessen was laid out and at a table a colored waiter carved for you on request large slices from a huge roast of corned beef. If such corned beef exists today, I do not know where to obtain it. Here, as in many cafes, fried oysters were given with every drink, in season, of course and at other times some special dainty was served.

*Corned beef;
Jean Havez*

Several world-famous songs were written and composed by Baltimore musicians. "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," by R. M. Stultz, and that classic by the late and lamented Jean Havez, "Everybody Works But Father." This song, which trod literally upon the toes of many elderly men, got Havez into some predicaments. It is told that on a visit to Baltimore after having removed to New York he was in the bar of Kernan's Hotel. His many Baltimore friends brought up to him, time and again during the evening, persons whom they introduced to Jean as "This is Mr. Havez, the man who wrote that well-known song, "Everybody Works But Father." After a couple of hours of this Havez got tired and shouted out to the whole room: "If any man brings up another fellow and tries to introduce him to me, I will knock them both down.

IV

IN JUNE, 1889, I left my school and, after a summer of travel, went to work in the autumn of that year with my old friend Bain Dukehart. I had been to Washington and remember the song of the day, "My Sweathart's the Man in the Moon," by James Thornton, which was first sung by the author's sister, Bonnie Thornton. Whistling on the street was far more practiced then than now. Late in the evening the sweet strains of "Whistling Coon", "Listen to the Mocking Bird", the song hits and light operas of the day would pleasantly break the stillness. Many whistlers remain unknown, but John Frick was a famously good performer. In Harry Klinefelter we have had for years a most artistic and thor-

Niles & Wolff oughly musical whistler. Two noted professionals of the older
The Courts days were Alice Shaw and Tom Browne, the Englishman.

ON a bright May morning in 1890, when the smoke was curling lazily over the quaint roofs around Lexington and St. Paul Streets, I took up my duties as office boy with a firm I was to serve for thirteen years. They were happy and eventful, spent as they were with the late Alfred S. Niles and my cousin by marriage Oscar Wolff. Two of the finest men I have ever known they were the truest friends and I have never ceased to miss them since they passed on.

Our offices were on the second floor of the building, 1 West Lexington Street, in the building now occupied entirely by O'Neill & Co. The stairway curved to the left going upward and was shod with iron. This may have preserved the steps, but did not help to preserve one's balance in hurried descent; however, there was a handrail which saved the active from hard falls. At the top of these stairs the first doorway opened into the office of the late Samuel Snowden. Niles & Wolff, my firm, used to send me to Mr. Snowden from time to time to borrow a law book. Mr. Snowden was a lawyer and a gentleman of the old school, and I recall his great urbanity. With spectacles midway on his nose, his legs crossed and a book in his hands, he would be found seated at his ancient desk, completely surrounded with books on all sides of the room to the very ceiling.

ON MY first day in his law office Oscar Wolff took me down to the courts to show me the paths I should have to tread for a number of years. At Lexington and St. Paul Streets stood in 1890 the original Law Building, rebuilt later by Joseph Cone. I had pointed out to me, with that directness and clearness that desires to show a clerk but once, the old Record Office, a square granite edifice. This contained also the Orphans'

Court, where at the time sat Judges Lindsay, Gans and Edwards. To the right was the brown stone building, once a Masonic temple, which in 1890 housed the Circuit Court and the City Court. Bert Sadtler and Mr. Brewer were clerks in the former, and Mr. Lowry and his son Walter were in the latter. Both Lowrys were immaculate dressers. In a small alley along here was the but recently established Circuit Court No. 2. Down at Calvert and Lexington the Criminal, Superior and Court of Common Pleas were situated. After pointing out the exterior of these Courts Mr. Wolff took me into them one after another and introduced me to some of the officials. Court officials

In the Orphans' Court I met Mr. Carlin, whom I soon grew to know as all-powerful and all-knowing in the technical laws appertaining to the estates of decedents, caveats to wills, etc. He was continuously busy, but always polite and helpful to lawyers and their clerks.

The Baltimore Bar has been most fortunate in the efficiency and courtesy of Court officials. Among those well remembered are Major T. B. Gaither, with his snow white hair, the late and much liked Thomas Campbell, whose brother "Billy" was State's Attorney, and Peter Stevens, who today is as alert and active as when I first knew him in the nineties.

From the Courts Mr. Wolff took me to the Law Library, where Mr. Converse was in charge, and later on Andrew Hartman Mettee became librarian, a post he has held now for many years. A quaint character of the Superior Court was its official collector, B. H. Hobbs. Older lawyers will recall his nose glasses, oscillating upper teeth, and his fiery arguments on questions of the day. He was old *pro bono publico* in person! Our tour of the Courts wound up at the Record Office, where I saw documents being filed with Messrs. Pontier, Riley and Ward. At this time that handsome man, James Bond, was Clerk of the Superior Court.

r r

ALMOST simultaneously with my entering the legal world

New Courthouse; the city began its new life, and I spent the next thirteen years
College days in the thick of the changes which took place in the downtown section. The erection of the Herald Building followed the Equitable, and my firm moved into it when completed. From our office windows in the pale light of a late November I saw the red-hot bolts riveted into place as our new Courthouse was constructed. The spirit of the day was reflected somewhat in a very ambitious oil painting which adorned the high fence which was erected on the Fayette Street side of the Courthouse during the earlier stages of building. The scene presented was a great space of raging sea. A wreck of a vessel was to be seen some distance from the shore and life guards were sending over the waves to the ship by means of ropes a case of a well-known brand of rye whiskey.

THERE were twelve notaries public, among them Felix R. Sullivan, T. Kell Bradford, Murray Hanson and Philemon H. Tuck. Through my friend, F. S. Strobbridge, State Senator when Lloyd Lowndes was governor, I was appointed notary public. As one of twelve my income would have been considerable for a young man. But a short time after my appointment an act was passed creating some thirty or more such officials! I believe the number now is unlimited.

Old magistrates I recall with a varied assortment of memories were Andy Collars, E. Beaty Graff, G. Evett Rear-
don and that fine fellow, Frank De S. Benzing.

In 1892 I took up the study of law at the University of Maryland and had the privilege of pursuing study under such legal giants and gentlemen of the older school as Major R. M. Venable, John P. Poe, W. T. Brantley, Edgar H. Gans, Thomas W. Hall and former Judge Henry D. Harlan, who was one of our favorite instructors. Many men now leaders at the bar were in my classes. Two of them who started with me took the whole three years' course in one single year—Omer F. Hershey and W. W. Varney. At the graduation



BERNARD CARTER, ESQ.
PEN DRAWING BY MCKEE BARCLAY

of my class Charles McHenry Howard carried away all prizes offered and W. Calvin Chestnut did the same thing a year later. *Lawyers and Judges*

Many fine and interesting characters were working in the courts in these times. S. Teackle Wallis was still living, but was frail and old. Ernest Green, now acting postmaster, was his secretary, and that genial gentleman, H. C. Kennard, was his office colleague. Gov. William Pinkney Whyte, I often called upon, and my memories of him are delightful. Then there was John Morris, such a dear old man, and that title expert of such marked individuality, Frederick W. Story, who saw romance in the most complicated title chain.

Office boys of the nineties performed duties that few of the 18-year-old chaps would condescend to nowadays. We swept the floors, washed them if covered with linoleum, made the fires and carried ashes to the street. This all had to be done by 9 o'clock, when the routine of the day commenced on the arrival of the boss. As I advanced in my work I was relieved of stoves and brooms by an old darky charman, David Martin.

The courts were interesting, if antiquated, and the judges of that time looked like judges. Judge Harlan had been elevated to the bench, the youngest man ever so honored. Others whom I saw every day were Duffy (the elder), Dennis, Phelps, Ritchie, Wright, and Wickes, all famous jurists.

Among other well known lawyers I often called on in my capacity as office boy for a leading firm, notary public and later as young attorney, were the late Edward C. Eichelberger, whose pleasant voice, bright eyes and personal charm I well remember; Richard Bernard and his son, many friends called "Alf"; John F. Williams, ever urbane and kindly, who often wore a high silk hat; Bernard Carter, then an outstanding leader of the Maryland Bar; General Stewart Brown, a man of marked personality; Joseph Packard, the late Randolph Barton—all men who stood for everything high and

Edwin Booth; fine in their profession—and many others of both eminence and prominence.

I heard and also saw, perhaps, the last of the old-time crashing elocution in the courts when some *cause célèbre* occupied weeks in the trying.

V

IN NOVEMBER, 1890, the late John W. Albaugh opened his New Lyceum Theater, the attraction for the first two weeks being most notable. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Mina K. Gale appeared at this time in a series of Shakespearean plays. It was my good fortune to witness at least nine of these excellent representations. The plays were "Hamlet", "Merchant of Venice", "Othello", "Macbeth", "Julius Caesar", etc. In the casts were several supporting actors of ability: John A. Lane, Lawrence Hanley, Anne Proctor, Frederick and Edward Vroom, Rankin Duvall and Wilfrid Clarke, whose First Grave Digger, in 'Hamlet', was very fine. The glamour of these productions and the rare art of Booth and of Barrett have haunted me for over forty years.

At the Lyceum in the nineties I saw Modjeska in several plays. Otis Skinner was her leading man. William S. Hart ("Bill") supported Mlle. Rhea. I recall both these actors in the part of Armand Duval when their stars played "Camille", as every actress did in those days.

The great Helena Modjeska I saw in several plays about 1893 at the Lyceum. As Camille, her charm was wonderful, and boys of eighteen found themselves in love with the gifted Polish actress, I among the rest. I wrote her a glowing letter and received from her an autographed photograph. As a friendly gesture, Madame Modjeska acted Lady Macbeth, one of her supreme creations, to the Macbeth of the late John W. Albaugh. Mr. Albaugh was the owner of the Lyceum. He was a little out of practice both as to his lines and as to full



HELENA MODJESKA

acquaintance with the stage settings. I remember he stumbled over a piece of scenery, which unfortunately "rattled" him for the rest of the act. Modjeska's Lady Macbeth was possibly the best of my time, and my elders remarked that it was only equalled by Charlotte Cushman.

*Mansfield;
Organists*

Richard Mansfield I saw in many plays. His famous performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was played only on Saturday nights, in order that he might rest up over Sunday. His Baron Chevrial in the "Parisian Romance" I will never forget. His wife, Beatrice Cameron, appeared with him in this play, and in the wild party scene jumped on a chair and whirled her skirts; quite a breath-taking procedure in those old days. The Baron is paying the price of years of dissipation and is pale and decrepit. In one act he orders his valet to bring in his dumbbells. His feeble efforts to use them, their weight being about three pounds each, made me smile, as at that time I was in the gymnasium daily and accustomed to bells of large size and weight.

The old-timers will remember the calcium lights which preceded the modern electric spotlight. Two gases were combined upon a piece of special lime, hence the still-used phrase "in the limelight." The correct functioning of the light was preceded and often accompanied by a spitting or hissing sound. For local calcium-light effects in Baltimore J. Frank Eline was usually called upon.

BALTIMORE was noted for its organists at this period and several names stood out prominently: Warren Nichols, Edwin B. Aler and Archie Gibson. Mr. Gibson, now living in New York, is often heard on the air. Miles Farrow, now in New York, and Fred. Wolff followed these musicians. Charles Bender and Charlie Harding were well known as choir singers. The vested choir at Grace Church, on Park Avenue, when Mrs. Ortman, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cloud, and others sang there, made a Sunday afternoon glorious, with Mr. Wolff at

F. Ziegfeld— the organ playing his dainty gavotte as an interlude.
Eugen Sandow

Everybody was now saving up to visit the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Out there I heard for the first time Charles K. Harris' song, "After the Ball". Other songs then sung were "Dear Heart", "Say Au Revoir, But Not Good-Bye", "The Song That Reached My Heart" and "Comrades".

Modern physical culture had its awakening about this time. At Florenz Ziegfeld's Trocadero, on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, I saw Eugen Sandow, the most famous athlete and synonym for muscle of all time. He published his book on training in the autumn of 1893. In it he printed an offer of a medal to the best-developed students who used his methods. This prize was to be awarded at the time of his appearance in the home towns of those following his system. In October, 1894, when Sandow was playing in Baltimore I received this award on the stage of the Academy of Music.

Florenz Ziegfeld, who died last year, then coming to the front as a theatrical manager and producer, toured America as Sandow's manager in connection with a vaudeville company he styled "the Sandow Trocadero Vaudeville Company". Many excellent artists were with this company, all of whom I knew personally. The Great Amann, an impersonator of historical and fanciful characters of very high artistic ability, and Billy (not Billy B.) Van, one of the finest black-face monologists, were among them. The latter's burlesque song, "The Maid of the Mill", was delightful. There were also Mr. Lewis, of London, with his remarkable trained dog Scotty, and the Flying Jordans—Mr., Mrs. and little Miss—a beautiful aerial act, and a Texas athlete who called himself "Lucifer". "Lucifer's" high jumping was phenomenal, but for all his wonderful physique he developed tuberculosis.

INTERESTED in strength as I was in those years, I made a point of it to see all the professionals of the time. The man with the greatest amount of brute strength I ever saw was

Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian. This fellow weighed close to 300 pounds, wore his hair rather long and was at least fifty years of age when I saw him. As is often the case, his wife was a comparatively small woman, small at least for as large a man as St. Cyr. I guessed her weight at around 125 pounds. St. Cyr held a small ladder outstretched in his right hand and his wife walked up the rungs. This Goliath lifted all sorts of heavy objects, carried all the men who could stand on his shoulders or hang on to him in any way, pulled against horses and did many wonderful things.

*Louis St. Cyr—
Strong men*

There was then a team of athletes, Cyclops and Sandowne, who were powerful men. I saw them at the old Monumental Theatre about 1895. In this year I met a Wisconsin lumber-jack, one George Lewis, who was handsomely built and very powerful. Years of work in the tall timber had provided him with muscles of steel. He performed in a bowling alley opposite Ford's Opera House. He was the originator of the trick of pushing a very large nail through a two-inch board. He wrapped the head of the nail in a cloth, allowing the pointed end to come between his middle and next finger. The board was set at an angle of 45 degrees, a quick thrust and the nail, a cut one (not wire), went right through, forcing splinters out at the back. Lewis then wrapped the head of the nail with the cloth and drew it out with his teeth. This man was a pleasant, modest chap. He wore a silver watch chain capable of sustaining a hundred-pound strain and carried a cane which weighed five or six pounds.

There was Montgomery Irving also. He did his feats of strength in a drama in which he acted the part of a blacksmith. He last appeared in Baltimore at the Colonial Theatre, on Eutaw Street. Irving could break a horseshoe in his hands. The only amateur I ever knew who could do this was Gordon Harris, a son of Mrs. Pat Harris. I do not think any of them used brand-new shoes.

IT IS TRUE beyond doubt that the men and women, too, of this day are taking more open-air exercise than ever before, but it seems to me that strong men of extreme muscularity are seldom seen any more.

Thirty years ago every town had its "strong man", and I remember several who lived in Baltimore. There was Scott Hanley, who lived, I think, on Fulton Avenue. He used to go down to South Eutaw Street, near Camden, where there were idle Baltimore and Ohio freight cars. He was able to move an entire car by placing his shoulder to the rear wheel; crowds assembled to watch him. He also did wonderful feats of strength with barrels of sugar and other heavy objects. Then there was George Spriggs, who in 1894 was at the Merchants Bank. He had a marvelous development and I have seen him write his name in chalk upon a wall with a fifty-six-pound dumbbell tied to his wrist. It was nothing to him to hold at arms' length an over-sized bucket of coal, one in each hand. He also moved a freight car alone which weighed 55,000 pounds.

My old friend, Bryant Hill, while not a large man (rather thin, in fact), had a powerful grip and phenomenal power in his arms. He could take a bentwood chair at the center of its back and hold the chair at arms' length, the chair being parallel to the floor on its greater dimension. He could also take a heavy chair at the extremity of one of its front legs and hold it out. These feats seemed easy to him.

A strong young fellow of this period was Edward Wernsing, who boxed with blackened gloves at the Baltimore Athletic Club's exhibitions when they were held in the nineties at the old Fifth Regiment Armory on Howard Street. He later instructed in wrestling and sparring at the Club. He is still with us and from his vice-like grip seems to be as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

Dr. Fendler, of New York, performed some very out-of-the-way tricks of strength, such as poking his forefinger directly through a new cake of soap. He could also push

his finger through thin wood such as split peach and other fruit baskets are made of. This man, too, was a celebrated arm wrestler. In this contest the opponents rest their elbows upon a table; they then grasp hands and at the signal each strives to press his competitor's hand down to the level of the table. I have heard that Dr. Fendler won this even over Sandow himself. It is my belief, however, that the doctor used a special system of will power and possibly had some secret method of partially affecting the nerves of his opponent. *Dr. Fendler*

CHAPTER FOUR

I

*Hot streets—
Sprinklers*

THE streets and alleys of older days, paved with cobblestones and Belgian blocks, carried far more dust and threw out probably more heat in the summer time than the smoother street surfaces we have today.

As a rule the sidewalks all over the city were paved with red bricks, set herring-bone fashion, and red is a warm color. At many shop fronts were old-style awnings which were sustained by iron poles, set by the curbstones. The awnings were usually let down in the morning and rolled up at night. This type of protection from sun and rain has disappeared—the poles were in the way and dangerous. A boy I knew ran into an iron awning pole once and broke off a front tooth. It was hotter under these awnings than it was out in the sunlight.

Day and night, often when not looked for, street sprinklers, huge hogsheads on wheels, would appear on the down-town streets and shoot forth multitudinous jets of water. What did not strike the legs of unwary persons went upon the street. I can still smell the hot, moist dust and sand and feel the sultry air. No doubt all these conditions produced in us folks of the eighties and nineties an even sharper thirst in the old-time summers than we have now.

THE first glass of soda water I remember was flavored with ginger and cream. I had it with my mother early in the eighties

at the drug store at Park Avenue and Madison Street, Croft & Conlyn's. Both of the original proprietors, gentlemen of the old school, have passed away. I knew them in my boyhood. Here on hot nights the social world of the neighborhood would gather to sip and enjoy vanilla-cream, ginger, strawberry, pineapple and other sodas. Ice-cream was not at this time being put into glasses. Among the young and old from well-known families residing in this vicinity could have been seen on summer evenings the Riemans, Georges, Jacksons, Eyres and Hodges from Monument Street, the Earlys, Baldwins, Wilsons and Morrisises from Park Avenue, the Pendletons, Hayeses and guests from Mrs. Egerton's and the Shirley from Madison Street and the Riggs', Bucklers, Morrisons and Browns from Cathedral Street.

*Soda water—
Fountains*

On Madison Street, where it joins Hamilton Terrace, Andrews & Thompson operated a more than ordinary soda fountain for those days. Prominent on the marble counter was a tall slender glass bell, similar to those which fit over wax flowers; in this a small rubber ball was continually balanced on top of a jet of water. All drinks in these days, in fact until quite recently, were served in glasses which, at some fountains, were washed and cooled in a showy device, where sprays of water played over them in action, and in those days there were no electric fans.

At Dr. Adam Gosman's, Charles and Mulberry Streets, heavy, old-fashioned goblets were used exclusively in dispensing soda water and his wonderful tonic. I lived near this corner and often went into Gosman's when thirsty and the memory of his goblets and their contents is very pleasant. No metal holders for glasses were ever used at this store.

A DRUG store at Charles and Centre Streets bore on its north wall, near the door, a board at least twelve feet high, on which were painted the names of thirty or more flavors which were served inside. Many of the concoctions of the eighties

Flavors— are now quite obsolete, as well as a number served in the
Ice-cream soda nineties; such as port, catawba, hock, claret punch and sherry milk shake, unfortunately, being now illegal. Amongst other almost unknown flavors today were L. A. W. (League of American Wheelmen), Alhambra, Nectar, Sea Foam and Pepsin Phosphate. In my day Randall's Old-Time Mead was very popular and I believe there is a stand in Lexington Market where it may still be had. There was, years ago, a flavor called "I Don't Care," which actually was served to many a capricious Miss who made this blasé answer to her beau's question "What will you take?" There were other so-called flavors with outlandish names served (to those wearied of raspberry, strawberry, sarsaparilla, etc.), which, in my opinion, were all poured out of the same bottle.

My old friend John B. Thomas once told me that the introduction of acid phosphate into lemon and limeade and other fountain drinks came into vogue in the late eighties. This "spike" for soda water became popular and is still in high favor. There was, too, until recent years, a fine tonic drink, "pear phosphate," invented by Mr. Thomas' firm, but no longer available, as some of its ingredients, though simple enough, contained a trace of alcohol.

Horn & Horn on Baltimore Street near North served a superior sherry milk shake in the Nineties. I often walked ten blocks there and back on many a summer day to enjoy this delightful beverage.

WHEN down town those who sought refreshment from the heat of the street, and who liked soft drinks, entered the cool and spacious store of Lilly, Rogers & Co. This was on Baltimore Street, near St. Paul.

According to my recollection, ice-cream was first put into soda water in the late eighties and the first glass I consumed was at the New York Confectionery Store, under the old Y. M. C. A., at Charles and Saratoga Streets. This firm also had a fountain and lunchroom on Lexington Street for years.



RICHARD MANSFIELD
IN THE PARISIAN ROMANCE

101-102

Ice-cream soda took immediate hold of the public's esteem and with the newer delicacy—the sundae—is still very popular. The price, at first a dime, fell for a time at many places to five cents, but after the war went back to ten cents, on the average, and, according to locations, may cost considerably more.

*Ice-cream soda;
Shafer's offer*

The hot, dusty and dry pedestrian in the summers of the nineties was not limited to the corner drug store for his soft drinks, as many will recall the pink lemonade and root beer men on Baltimore and other downtown streets. Some of these peddler's of liquid refreshment used boys' express wagons of large size lined with zinc, which held tall blocks of ice around which, continually growing weaker, was the ade or root beer. The attractions of these commodities were increased by the presence of hugh masses of speedily prepared saponaceous foam. With this snowy bait the sample glasses were crowned. You could take your drink in one of several glasses—a small one for a penny, others gradually ascending in size for two, three or five cents.

THE Italian fruit venders who conducted "Johnnie" stands at many corners throughout the city made Shaker lemonade all summer. The water which composed it was drawn from a tin cannister and the ice was shaved upon an inverted carpenter's plane.

Under the Masonic Temple, on Charles Street, a mineral water man named Shafer conducted a fountain. He sold waters only and could supply them by glass, bottle or barrel. Here I used to drink Vichy, Deep Rock, Kissengen, Geyser and Congress water, and perhaps he had others.

At one time Mr. Shafer offered his customers all the charged water they could drink at one sitting for five cents. Few who availed themselves of this bargain offer, and consumed a pint or more of Deep Rock or Vichy, ever called again for more than the normal glass.

Today bottled mineral waters of many kinds seem to have entirely supplanted the old fountain brands and I do not know of any fountain in town where Deep Rock or Geyser, etc., can be had. Vichy alone has survived and may be had at any drug store, but it is rarely sold, except when combined with aromatic spirits of ammonia.

In addition to the regulation soda flavors which the druggists made and compounded themselves, ginger ale, pop and patented thirst quenchers were sold. Of these many have gone off the market, such as Beck's Ironade, Champagne Mist and other formerly advertised beverages.

II

ONE of the first men in this country to turn the minds of boys toward physical culture was William Blaikie, Esq., a New York lawyer. His book "How to Get Strong and to Stay So" ran into many editions and is still a sensible, helpful book. He was followed by D. L. Dowd, who invented a wall machine, which was extensively advertised for years. Edwin Checkley came next, with his "Natural System of Exercise." I believe he was the first to advocate exercise without any appliances whatever, through the opposing of one set of muscles against another. Then came Swoboda and after him, and at the present time there are scores of professional athletes offering through their advertisements to make the weak strong.

I am not forgetting Bernarr MacFadden, in his early youth, artists' model and private trainer. He was one of the first to establish a magazine devoted exclusively to preaching the benefits of proper exercise and through it he accomplished much good. But while these health magazines exist in quantities and exponents of physical culture are numerous, I still think the rough-and-ready strong men of the nineties are not to be found formerly. The magazines are filled with illustrations of bathing girls, actresses of the stage and screen world, and it is these pictures which attract the larger host

of purchasers. If real strength was in vogue today, this vogue would be reflected in the offerings of the vaudeville theatres and we would see modern Samsons doing their feats as of old.

*Great Lafayette;
Dr. Osler*

OF ALL the entertainers of those days and down to the early nineteen hundreds I recall no one with the protean talent of the Great Lafayette. This man was an animal trainer, musician, conjuror and actor. Through impersonations and disguises he was able to furnish an entire show alone. He carried, however, his own band, which he led made up as Beethoven, Strauss, Liszt and other famous composers. This was the man who had carved in large letters over the door of his London mansion "The more I see of men the better I like dogs." Lafayette returned to a burning theatre in Edinburgh to rescue a forgotten pet dog and perished with it in the flames.

Early in the nineties I commenced to reside in Hamilton Street, which in those days had much of the flavor of some quaint part of London. At the time I went there the late Mrs. Anna Rogers Goldsborough lived at the corner of Cathedral Street. Her father once owned Druid Hill Park prior to his selling it to the city about 1860. Miss Mary Dunbar also was in the row and also the late John R. Tait, the artist. While not living here at the time, John Henry Keene often was in the street, as his sister still maintained their home here. Among other collections, he had one of walking sticks, of every shape and size. He showed me on one occasion the cane with which he had felled at a single blow a large Siberian boar hound, or some other fierce brute which attacked him while on one of his European tours.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER I used often to see, in his top hat, when he occupied his beautiful house on Charles and Franklin Streets, and also I used to see his little boy when, as a babe, he played at the second-story window. This child was to lose his

*Hamilton Street
Belles & Beaux*

life in the Great War less than twenty years later. Dr. Thaddeus Clarke was also in Hamilton Street. He was a well-known man and for years was surgeon of the Fifth Regiment. Next door to me was the late William M. Manly. His handsome saddle horse was brought to his door almost daily for a ride. Over the way was Mrs. Benjamin F. Horwitz, whose presence and that of her lovely daughter Adele gave the region such an air. I never did know just who lived next door to Mrs. Horwitz on Cathedral Street, but next to that house was one of the finest of old-school gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Gaither. His neighbor was his brother, Col. George R. Gaither, whose military funeral was one of the most impressive I ever saw.

With two exceptions everyone who lived around me in the nineties has passed on over or moved away, and even more than most this neighborhood has changed.

In these eighties and nineties we Baltimoreans lived in an era of atmosphere and charm which, looked back upon, seems to have held a glamour and a beauty in living that, for me at least, the present does not hold.

Pretty girls we have now in scores—never more—but we do not have the individually acknowledged belles and beauties we used to have, some of whom I have named in these recollections. In those days there were five beauties in one single family—the Robinson girls, daughters of a mother who was belle and beauty herself. I do not see any men today capable of even walking down the street with the style of Swann Latrobe. I am sure, no sport model roadster of the present can give the picture Latrobe gave when he drove his swell tandem team, long whip in hand, and his mulatto tiger in blue livery seated behind. Nor do we have today a publicist like John Henry Keene, whose articles in the papers carried such stinging invective when civic principles were at stake. Mr. Keene's description of the Brown-Tailer wedding was a piece of exalted prose the like of which I never expect to read again. This was printed in *The Sun*, if my memory serves.

OUR STREETS had more character and everybody walked up and down town, which gave opportunity for passing the time of day with one's friends and acquaintances; the famous physicians drove through the streets in more or less open vehicles, handsome pleasure carriages came and went with their beautifully dressed occupants. The "poor man's club" could be found on almost any corner up town or down. We peddled our actors and actresses perhaps, but in those days they did not spring up overnight, but came into their own through hard work and training. Our pulpit orators were men of parts—match them, posterity, if you can: Dr. W. U. Murkland, Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, Dr. Oliver Huckel, and Dr. J. H. Eccleston, whose very face was a benediction.

*Old days;
Harpists*

The array of brains in the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University in the eighties and nineties may scarcely be equaled today in any institution of learning. Our old business men and original captains of industry made possible the intense development of today.

Yet I really do not repine and from my hilltop I watch the world roll by and, living a day at a time, I find much that is pleasant and much that is enjoyable in the things and conditions of today.

III

IN ADDITION to certain street musicians mentioned by me in previous chapters of these recollections, we had several other itinerant entertainers who produced harmonies, inharmonies and just plain noise at various hours of the day and night.

Even the younger generation, I am sure, can easily remember the wandering harpists. These performers were frequently seen on the streets, usually on summer and other mild evenings, since the tweaking of a harp's hard strings cannot be done either comfortably nor well with cold fingers. It has been fifteen or more years since I have noticed a street harpist, but they were often heard when I was a boy, and while their

Old songs;
Gypsy musician

programs were by no means elaborate, some of these musicians played fairly well. The harpist would often appear at dusk and as he strummed some familiar air the neighborhood children gathered to dance upon the pavement under the street lamp's flickering light. The sidewalks, even down town, in those days were very different at night from what they are now, as the old-time batwing gas burners gave but faint illumination in comparison to the improved mantle lights of the present, and then there were no "white way" electric lights on the thoroughfares at all. There was then something romantic and mysterious about the harpman as he came around some dark corner, unslung his bulky instrument and commenced to play "The Heart Bowed Down" or "The Gypsy's Warning", from "The Bohemian Girl", airs from "Trovatore" and the popular songs of the period. But the tunes to which the children danced were such as "Maggie Murphy's Home" or "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True."

ONCE I saw a gypsy-like musician who carried a curious stringed instrument, a sort of viola da gamba, but of small size, and fitted with an attachment which the player operated by a crank handle with his right hand while he fingered the fretted board with the other. The notes were harsh and strident. Like many street musicians of all times and places, he appeared after sundown, in this instance on Monument Street, near Howard. I never saw him again. Beyond doubt many of these performers were sailors on ships in the harbor beguiling the time whilst their vessels took on cargo, glad, too, to pick up such coins as came their way. We also occasionally heard vocalists who sang with more, and often less, ability such songs as "The Pardon Came Too Late" and "The Letter That Never Came", the chorus of which went about like this:

*"Is there a letter here for me?"
Was the question that she asked;*

*But the mail clerk slowly turned
And shook his head.*

*Organ grinders
A cornetist*

The organ grinder and his sad-faced monkey have somehow survived, possibly because the children to whom he especially appeals are always with us, but the street piano or the hurdy-gurdy has almost entirely disappeared. The automobile has literally chased it from the downtown streets. These clamorous, oversized music boxes were common years ago and many will recall how exalting was their music in days of high spirits and how woefully depressing was the same tune when our spirits were low. So universal upon mankind were these effects that David Belasco employed a hurdy-gurdy nightly to play outside of a scene in "The Easiest Way", in which Frances Starr was so successful. The tune was "Hot Time in Old Town Tonight" and it literally added the last note to the desperation of Miss Starr's part.

The street piano was attended by a swarthy Italian who turned the crank and his wife or bronze-faced daughter passed her tambourine for offerings. In dragging the instrument upon its two wheels up our Baltimore cobbled hills the woman tugged "manfully", certainly not womanly, on a strap. She wore heavy hobnailed shoes and doubtless a job of real work would have been actually a less laborious occupation.

POSSIBLY the best and most genuinely musical artist ever heard on the streets of this city was a cornetist. He was the exception to the rule as to the time of appearance, for he was never observed in the afternoon or night. He would suddenly be seen precisely at noon when the old Baltimore and Ohio Building time ball was released, the electric current which supported it at the top of a tall staff being cut off in Washington. Many a time I stood with crowds of people all out of office for lunch, in the vicinity of Fayette and St. Paul Streets, and listened to this fellow's truly excellent music. He

The cornetist was a good-looking florid-faced man of fifty-odd. His technique was finished and he played with dash and style that betokened training and study. At the end of a number, "Old Black Joe" or "Home, Sweet Home", he would graciously allow offerings to be placed in his hat, and after the first collection he would play again and then vanish as suddenly as he had appeared. This cornetist seemed to "work" a place a few days, playing only at the lunch hour, in the heart of the downtown section, and then disappear for several months. What was his story? He had one, I am sure, and in a later day some space writer would have surely gotten it out of him. I have not heard this performer for many years.

THE "Snake Root" and "Indian" medicine man, in his cart or carriage, usually had with him a pretty good banjoist, one who actually played his banjo and agitated the separate strings of his instrument by his separate fingers, a form of technique in playing the guitar and banjo which is today almost obsolete. The modern performer as a rule merely strums the strings either with his fingers as a conglomerate mass or uses a shell picker. I used to see these medicine men, with their long hair and horseshoe scarf pins, at night around Fayette and St. Paul Streets and on Baltimore Street.

As in the case of the hurdy-gurdy, these entertainers, along with other street musicians, have been driven away by the automotive vehicles, which from year to year for some time have made such occupations very dangerous down town and even in all sections of cities. Another thing, the player piano, phonograph and the existence of innumerable small orchestras and individual performers have combined to supply every home and neighborhood with music a-plenty, and even if the old-time entertainers did come around today the nickels and dimes would not, in all probability, be forthcoming. Radio has clinched the matter forever.

I am not unmindful, however, of the Salvation Army and its street services. These are held at certain more or less safe positions and will doubtless continue for a time. *Country places in the city*

THERE were, of course, in the older days, a great many mendicants on our streets who attracted attention by some form of music. For years a miserable-looking woman sat upon the pavement in the Charles Street block north of Fayette. She had a small mechanical melodion, the handle of which she turned all day. The sounds emitted from her instrument were doleful and excruciating, but she found her post profitable for a long time. At last authorities who look into such matters found that the pennies and dimes dropped into her tin cup had produced a large sum of cash to her credit in a savings bank, quite sufficient in the judgment of the "Poor Association" to warrant her forced retirement. Some few accordion and fiddle-playing beggars are still left in the town; they are mostly getting on in years and I doubt exceedingly if there will be any new recruits hereafter.

IV

WHEN I was a boy in the glorious eighties and nineties, there were many completely detached city homes which had grounds on all sides. Several of these took entire city blocks, and some "estates" extended to a full acre of land or more.

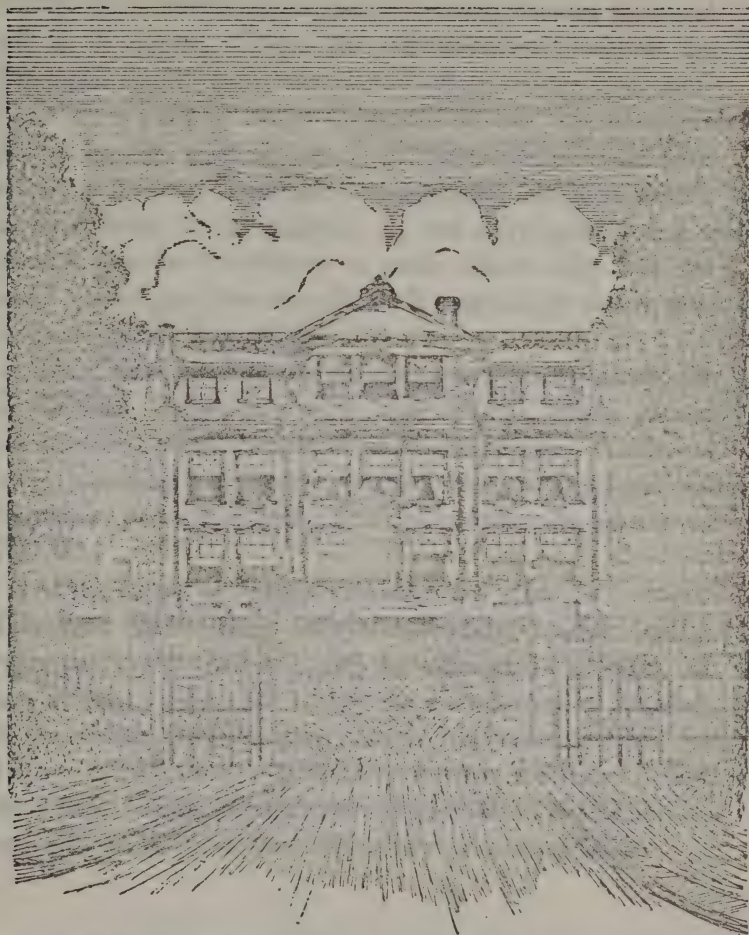
In the summer of 1883 an aunt of mine leased for the hot months the Philip Hiss place, which occupied the space bounded by Mosher Street on the south, McCulloh, Mc-Mechen and Druid Hill Avenue. So far as my investigation has penetrated this place bore no name, but it was quite a bit of country and represented over two acres.

The house was a large, handsome mansion, and the entrance to the grounds was on Mosher Street, in the middle of the block. It was surrounded by a high paling fence, back

Hiss Place;
"Bolton" of which was a heavy undergrowth of shrubs and bushes. An overgrowth of undergrowth, as an Irishman might say. This place had a barn, stables and extensive vegetable gardens; there was also a considerable orchard of fine fruit trees. I remember especially the peaches. The crop of these was excellent the summer I spent at the Hiss place, and I would climb up into the trees, sometimes at night, sit in a crotch of a heavily laden tree and eat the ripe fruit until I became wedged between the limbs and scarcely able to extricate myself without cutting one of them away. About 1885 a 15-foot alley was cut through the center of the Hiss estate from north to south, and soon after houses were erected on the whole lot. The late Edw. Guest Gibson and his pretty sister used to come over from McCulloh Street and play tennis on a court that was there.

ON MY way to school, No. 19, then on Park Avenue near Preston Street, I used to pass twice each day Bolton, the home of the late William Wallace Spence. This beautiful house, with its well-kept grounds, remained intact until comparatively recent years, when the new armory was built upon the entire tract. In the old days the general public appeared to have the privilege to walk through the grounds when going from north to south on Bolton Street; certainly school boys often did so and were never stopped by gardeners nor stable men. I well remember how pleasantly the sunlight fell on Bolton in the spring and fall and its sense of quiet and repose. Mr. Spence must have suffered quite a pang of regret when he gave it up.

Not far from here, at Lanvale and Park, there were two smaller homes with grounds about them. The one at Bolton and Lanvale has been reduced in size, but Mrs. Pembroke Lea Thom's place at Lanvale and Park is still in existence. It is about half an acre in size.



"BOLTON"
THE W. W. SPENCE RESIDENCE

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OVER ON Lanvale Street, near Fremont Avenue, was, and still is, in degree, Upton, the old ancestral home of the Dammann family, some members of which resided there until a few years prior to 1925. Originally Upton was a ten-acre tract of land with rolling slopes and fields which extended back to Myrtle Avenue. I remember cows grazing and boys playing in these fields in the eighties. It was hilly ground and a favorite spot for kite flying on windy March days. It was here I saw a giant kite sent aloft. It was full six feet in size, with twenty-five feet of tail.

*"Upton"
Gail Place*

The Upton house in the old days was a beautiful example of Colonial architecture with high ceilings, lovely carved mantelpieces and door knobs of particular beauty. This house is still standing but greatly changed since passing from the Dammann ownership, being now the broadcasting station of WCAO.

At the corner of Madison Avenue and what was formerly Townsend Street (now Lafayette Avenue) was in former years the Crook residence, with its considerable grounds, an acre at least. Since this is now the Administration Building of the schools the place may possibly remain undisturbed for a time. A little farther up Madison Avenue, at Mosher Street, there was a handsome residence with grounds of nearly half an acre and across from here still another almost as large.

CROSSING over to Eutaw Place we should have seen until a few years ago a very beautiful estate, that of Nicholas Popplein. The residence was exceptionally fine with wonderful greenhouses and other buildings. This occupied the block from Wilson to Laurens Street and embraced an acre of land, more or less, as the deeds say.

While not within the city lines until after 1880, there were few landed homes as fine as the estate owned by the late G. W. Gail. This was on Eutaw Place and was bounded by Whitelock, Ducatel Street and Linden Avenue. The house

"Cloverdale" was a large and handsome one of its kind, painted gray. Here were remarkable vegetable gardens, flower gardens and a specially constructed pond for fish. In the winter the Gails, young and old, used to skate on this pond. *Cloverdale*, the Chauncey Brooks place, was just beyond here. Its noble mansion with its tall columns has been razed within recent times. Today there is not a mark nor sign of either of these lovely estates.

But if we pass over to the extreme northern end of Park Avenue and walk down to Reservoir Street, we will find something still with us—the Bond place, high above the street and so secluded that the house itself is scarcely visible. It has been some years since I passed that way, but I hope the place is intact. But if it isn't, I'd rather not know about it.

In ruminating and dreaming over the older Baltimore one recalls the vast number of stables, sheds and greenhouses which existed upon streets, alleys and back lots. Robert J. Halliday the elder owned and operated an enormous greenhouse on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Dolphin Street. It adjoined on the north the Northwestern Police Station. This was still there in 1885 and occupied nearly an acre of ground. There were other greenhouses as large as Halliday's, in various parts of the city proper. These were forced to move as real state values enhanced.

MANY of the old, isolated and detached homes of Baltimore have become in our day various sorts of institutions, and the original houses in modified form are still standing, with the grounds more or less as they were originally.

One of the last old places to go was the residence of the late John T. Ford and his family. This tract of land, Mr. John T. Ford, Jr., told me, contained originally about twenty acres when his father owned it, and was on Gilmor Street, between what are now Presstman and Baker Streets. Mr. Ford was born there, and with his brother, Charles E. Ford, passed his boyhood and much of his life there. As real estate devel-

opments took place in this neighborhood, land was sold until but a small part remained. The old house has been torn down. In 1872, at the time of the holding of the National Democratic Convention at Ford's Opera House, when Horace Greeley was nominated to run for President against Gen. U. S. Grant, Whitelaw Reid, the manager for Greeley, was a guest for a week at Mr. Ford's Gilmor Street home. Although of different political creeds, Mr. Reid and John T. Ford the elder were warm friends.

*John T. Ford;
Whitelaw Reid*

Besides the country places in the city mentioned, there were many others in the southern and eastern parts of the town which will be recalled by old residents of these sections, as I have referred mainly to the ones I knew myself.

Today within the city lines, even as they were in 1915, there are scores of true country places in all sections, many of them very handsome, and I suggest to the present generation and to the oncoming one that they mark them well and note their beauty, for all of them in turn will pass away and leave not a trace behind.

CHAPTER FIVE

ARTISTS OF THE NINETIES

*Charcoal Club
Andre Castaigne*

OF MY own knowledge I can only write of the nineties, for during the decade preceding I was not in touch with art or its followers. It is my belief, however, that the graphic and plastic arts were relatively quiet in the eighties in this city. The Maryland Institute was, it is true, doing its pioneer work with several departments at that time, and Frank B. Mayer and other artists were busy painting. In 1882 the Charcoal Club was formed by as fine a lot of men interested in and loving art as ever lived in any city. Around its earliest members, its growth and development a long pleasant story could be written.

But in the early nineties an art and artists' atmosphere existed in Baltimore that I knew well. It was, indeed, a golden period in Baltimore. The Charcoal Club was largely the source and origin, as well as the heart and soul, of this renaissance. The club quarters were then on the upper floor of the building on the northeast corner of Franklin and Howard Streets. This structure has been quite changed of late. I have never walked by it without thoughts of the past.

MANY a mild evening in spring and autumn I saw the famous Andre Castaigne sitting on the club steps for, like all Frenchmen, he liked the open air and missed his Paris cafe, where the tables and chairs are on the sidewalk. Castaigne was

at this time instructor at the Charcoal Club. Its students were fortunate to have his services, as this French artist is a man of much skill and one of the best draftsmen of his time. He used to take pride in his thriftiness and, it is said, for years carried a pocket knife which he declared he would present to any man he came across more saving than himself. Finally he did run into such a one, but decided it would improve his own record if he kept the knife himself and did so.

When Castaigne left Baltimore he drove to the station in an old hack. Upon the driver's seat he stowed a bottomless rocking chair, a board across it as a seat. Upon this he had sat before his easel. "I made my money on it," he said to friends bidding him adieu, "and I am taking it home to France with me."

IN THESE years I frequently attended "smokers" held at the Club and made many friends at such times among the artists and those interested in art. Many of these good fellows are gone beyond the river, some are in other lands and others are still left to us in Baltimore.

Leo Crane, the short story writer, whose work appeared in the big monthlies, was often there. He went far west for his health many years ago. Also Harry C. Hopkins, who first took me to the Club; Ellis Long, Ralph Latimer, such a pleasant man; George B. Moore, who made a fine drawing of Castaigne; Howard Biscoe, then a Baltimore newspaper man, who made many friends and kept them, and other old-timers.

There was the immensely versatile "Jimmie" Reese, artist, writer, athlete, swordsman, an early motorist and expert pistol shot. No one at all like James Stone Reese, to my knowledge, has ever lived in Maryland. There was "Charlie" Didier, artist and author; copies of his clever book, "Between Cupid and Cræsus", are still seen in town. The story is written and illustrated in an unusual manner. He also conceived a new sort of magazine, but died before he could bring it to fruition.

"Buck" Hedian His ideas were sound, and interests in another part of the
Freddie Fry. country eventually made a fortune.

Then, there was old "Buck" Hedian, with his straggly beard and beaming eyes. James Buchanan Hedian was not exactly an artist, but a fine designer and letterer, yachtsman, a deeply read man and a delightful story teller. He had never been in Europe, but could tell you more of Russia, Spain, or India than any globe trotter. Professionally he was a hat salesman with my old friend, R. Q. Taylor.

/ /

FROM time to time a Baltimore artist who lived much abroad would visit his friends here. Harper Pennington was a painter, wit, raconteur and friend of world-famous men, among whom were "Jimmy" Whistler, Oscar Wilde and all the old London Savoyards. Among Pennington's distinguished portraits are those of Mrs. Royal Carroll and Dr. Henry W. Rowland, the physicist. He painted both people and scenes of this city. He was fond of making water-color studies at Lexington Market, and carried with him at such times one of the smallest color boxes in existence. It measured but two inches by an inch and is of little or no thickness, or about the size of a visiting card. This tiny color box is now in possession of J. Carrell Lucas, also an artist of talent, whose charming water colors are well known, especially a series he made in Tangier Sound, Kent Island and the Choptank River. Mr. Lucas possesses one other interesting souvenir of Harper Pennington, a powerful study of a man's head, painted in one hour and with but three colors. It is a masterpiece.

/ /

GATHERINGS of artists and art patrons were ornamented and enlivened by the presence of that gay soul, the late "Freddie" Fry. He was an Englishman and a unique and fascinating character. His wit and stories were proverbial around Baltimore for years. Soon after taking up his residence here he

planned to visit Washington and asked friends to give him the address of the best hotel in the capital. Such were his directions that "Freddie" drove up to the White House and insisted on registering as a guest. *Clinton J. Peters;*
Queen Victoria

Another wit and convivial spirit of the 1890 period was Henry Kingsbury. He and Fry once made a bet as to which of them could tell the biggest lie, and "Freddie" won easily with this one:

"On my last visit to London I was playing poker one night with Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, in his rooms at Sandringham Palace. The prince was a heavy loser to the sum of 20,000 pounds and he had not the cash to settle up. The hour grew late and I was very thirsty. Suddenly I heard the sound of carpet-slipped feet approaching and the clink of ice in a pitcher. Queen Victoria, in a mother hubbard, entered the room. I knew her at once by her German accent. After we were introduced by the Prince the dear old lady offered me a glass of water. I quitted the palace soon after. In my mail next morning I received a check from Queen Vic for the 20,000 pounds in clearance of the Prince's losses of the previous night. I had always wanted the Queen's autograph, so never cashed the check. I have it yet."

SERIOUS and notable work was being done in Baltimore in these days by a number of talented artists. Among these was Clinton J. Peters, a painter of great brilliance and high promise in the nineties. He is now in New York, where his success has been thorough and his standing high. While in Baltimore he painted excellent portraits of Daniel C. Gilman, Mrs. W. Hall Harris, Mr. J. Wilson Patterson, a charming full-length study of Miss Marjorie Patterson, Mayor Thomas G. Hayes and many others. Mrs. Peters, wife of the artist, a skilled miniaturist, painted lovely ivories, among others Miss Lydia Deford and the children of Harris Whittemore.

In the delicate art of miniature painting Hugh Nicholson,

Boileau; the English artist, excelled. He was a member of the old colony in Baltimore during the nineties. His technique was extraordinary. While in this city he painted Mrs. D'Arcy Paul, Miss Mary Harris and Miss Kenyon Godby. His XVIIIth Century Beauty, a lovely girl in picture hat and powdered hair, is a beautiful ivory; possibly his study of his mother was his masterpiece.

II

THE ARTISTIC atmosphere of Baltimore in the nineties and some of the artists of that time were discussed in a preceding chapter. Another man prominent in the art circles of the time was Philip de Boileau. His accomplishments, social, musical and as a painter, caused him to stand out. His delightful painting "Hydrangeas," a study of a girl holding these flowers, will be remembered, as it was often exhibited. Also his dainty portrait of Mrs. J. Wilmer Biddle (then Mrs. Douglas H. Gordon) and his study of the head of Miss Mary Vickery. Boileau became famous the world over for his idealized heads of women. He left Baltimore for New York in the late nineties and died there a few years ago. With Clinton Peters, Boileau before he left announced that they would conduct an art class. I do not remember the outcome of the venture.

A Baltimore artist of great ability was James Harwood. He studied at the Charcoal Club under Castaigne. His quick-action study of the Fifth Regiment filing past Charles and Centre Streets was masterful, scores of soldiers being represented in motion. Many think "Jimmie" Harwood had more talent than anyone in these parts. His still-life studies were equal to William M. Chase. I recall that on one occasion he sent old Stephen, the janitor of the Charcoal Club, out to get him for lunch some raw oysters on the half shell and a bottle of claret. When these arrived he grouped them on a table and, seizing his brushes, painted a masterpiece within an hour. Immediately after he devoured his inanimate models.

The painting sold for a hundred dollars before it was dry. *Charles Pike;*

On another occasion Harwood saw from his studio window a white fox terrier rambling around. He slipped down to the street, captured the dog, took him to his studio and painted him in a few minutes. Some callers told him the animal belonged to a Miss Wilkinson, and it was restored to her almost before she had missed it. We never hear of things like this happening nowadays. Unfortunately, "Jimmy" Harwood died when quite a young man. *W. A. Sherwood*

CHARLES J. PIKE in these years was the instructor of the Rinehart School of Advanced Sculpture at the Maryland Institute. A pupil of St. Gaudens and of Folguere, of Paris, he was a sculptor of force and originality. A veritable Porthos in form, tall and powerfully built, mustached and curly-haired, he loomed above the artist crowd wherever it gathered. Pike modeled many beautiful things while a resident of this city, busts of children and portraits of well-known people. He left Baltimore years ago, and is, I understand, now living in the country near New York.

Then, there was William Anderson Sherwood, a slender, dark-haired youth, who showed far more talent than inclination to work at art when I knew him in 1893. He had attended St. John's College at Annapolis and had a good idea of drawing. I lost sight of him and heard years after that he had suddenly gone to Belgium, where he worked with fiery zeal in the strict art classes of that country. He now has a fine European reputation, lives in Antwerp, and exhibits his colored etchings and other work in the leading salons of the world. Examples of Sherwood are now in many noted public and private galleries.

MANY Baltimoreans will recall with pleasure Louis Bologne, a handsome young Frenchman. He was a member of the artist

Louis Bologne; colony and taught privately to his friends, while he in turn
Dixie Magazine improved his English accent. Bologne had a pretty talent for pen drawing and made dainty menu cards and valentines. He was quite a swordsman, too, and fenced with "Jimmie" Reese and others who practiced with the foils.

In January, 1899, a new magazine, the *Dixie*, was first published in this city. Henry Clayton Hopkins, a well-known literary man and writer of excellent verse, was its editor. In a great measure it was the organ of the artist life and art atmosphere of its day in Baltimore. In this same year the Municipal Art Society was formed, and, owing to conditions of that time, this organization was something of a venture.

The *Dixie* reproduced in excellent halftones, much of the work of the artists then at work in Baltimore. G. Alden Pierson made a fine series of drawings of picturesque Baltimore as it was in 1898, studies of Jones Falls, original scenes not visible today, since the stream is now floored over. Other Peirson sketches showed Tyson Street, Little Pleasant Street near Charles, with the iron bracket lamp to which I referred in an earlier article. His drawing of Old Front Street Theatre is especially artistic. Pierson was a highly gifted draftsman. He died a few years ago in New York.

* *

KATHARINE GASSAWAY, also an artist of ability, was working here in these years. She was married to G. Alden Peirson. Her drawing of her husband is a notable example of her portraiture. Some of her sketches which appeared in the *Dixie* were of the rotunda of the University of Virginia and the Fens, Boston.

The charming water colors and other paintings of the late Edward G. McDowell, early member of the Charcoal Club, depicted Maryland scenes — some of them being the Old Windsor Mill Road, Liberty Road, Tred Avon River and other beautiful spots. Mr. McDowell was probably the best water-colorist in this part of the country.

SOME artists of the nineties are still living and working in Baltimore, prominent among whom is Thomas C. Corner, whose various studies, "The Fairy Story", "My Mother" and a long line of faithful portraits of prominent people of Baltimore and elsewhere, will keep his name before the community for the years to come.

Ephraim Keyser, the sculptor, has spent most of his life here and his work is known by everyone, as beautiful examples of it are to be seen in many places in the State and country.

A talented painter but lately deceased was Miss Marie Hergenroeder. She was a pupil of Castaigne and her portraits are excellent. Miss Florence McKubbin's work in miniatures and many lines of art is of importance and is widely known. Miss Dora Murdoch, too, has always been an enthusiastic Baltimore artist. She lived and studied much abroad, but her home and studio have been here for years.

Miss Marie deFord Keller also has been very successful here in portrait painting and of late years completed her superb portrait of Cardinal Gibbons. It is an acknowledged masterpiece.

N. H. Busey was an early student at the Charcoal Club and after finishing his courses went to New York, where he has been for years a very successful portrait painter. Older readers will recall his studio on Charles Street near Lexington.

* *

SUCH AN atmosphere as that of the nineties had, of course, its scribes, and in our old crowd was Edward A. Uffington Valentine, a literary critic and poet of fine distinction. He was also a novelist. He contributed to the *Dixie* and later went to Paris, where, I believe, he is today. George Kean Stiles was in Baltimore in those days, writing his spirited stories—a somber-faced young man, who later entered the foreign service of the nation.

A. J. Volck; There were other writers, of course, but as I recall it, the
Wilkinson local scene in the nineties was far richer in artists than in
literary people.

ART without patrons fares but poorly. Of all the men at that time who gave genuine encouragement to art none quite equaled the late Dr. Adelbert J. Volck. Allowing others to buy pictures, Dr. Volck inspired struggling artists to paint them. He gave freely and generously of his time and criticized and suggested in many helpful ways. He was himself an artist of great gifts and immense technical skill.

Adelbert Volck and Benvenuto Cellini surely were born under the same star. Their talents were much the same—it was only a matter of degree and environment. Volck's etchings, especially of Lincoln and Civil War interest, are now rare and greatly esteemed by collectors.

Substantial help was given at all times by Mr. Theodore Marburg, the late Faris C. Pitt, a man who lived with art all his life, and also the late Dr. George Reuling, whose house contained a notable collection of paintings. But of all those men who encouraged art workers of the nineties perhaps none could compare with "Jimmie" Wilkinson. "Jimmie" was for years dean of local court reporters. No artist, patiently awaiting a promised check, ever appealed to "Jimmie" in vain. In return for his favors and advances Wilkinson amassed a fine collection of excellent paintings, drawings and souvenirs of his artist friends. He was a man of astounding activity and varied talent. Magic and conjuring became his hobby, and he discovered Malini, an almost superhuman card manipulator, and became his impresario. Wilkinson knew all stage magicians, and with Thurston and Malini was arranging to take over the Harry Kellar magician interests when death overtook him.



LINCOLN IN FREIGHT CAR PASSING THROUGH BALTIMORE
ETCHING BY DR. ADELBERT J. VOLCK

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SOME of the art stores which had galleries of importance have disappeared, among them the fine galleries of Myers & Hedian, on Charles Street, where important exhibitions were held. Those who remember the genial "Billy" Myers have a pleasant memory. Fitzgerald's art rooms were formerly on Charles Street. I was looking into this store's window one day at a picture called "The Chase After Fortune." It represented Death, a skeleton, pursuing a wild-eyed youth on horseback, who was racing after a floating female form. A tall man and a beautiful woman were also gazing at the picture.

David Bendann;
Irving Ward

"Quite a bit of go in that," remarked the man in deep, dramatic tones. I looked at him and recognized Robert Mantell, the actor, and his wife, who was, I think, Charlotte Behrens.

The late David Bendann was a benign and striking figure of these days. He loved art and gave timely praise and much assistance to the artists of the period. Many of the best exhibitions of paintings and art of all kinds were held in his Baltimore Street galleries. Sometimes the late William Seemuller, the inimitable and witty auctioneer, conducted sales of pictures in the Bendann galleries. These were great occasions.

TALL Lee Woodward Ziegler, his head like Del Sarto's "David," often used to loom among the Charcoal Club smokers. He, too, was a student there. His fine pen and ink drawings often appeared in the *Dixie*, in illustration of poems by Harry Hopkins. And then there was Louis C. C. Krieger, a brilliant artist. His portrait of the late Basil Gildersleeve hangs in Johns Hopkins University. Krieger was interested in botany and drew the most artistic and technically perfect sketches of mushrooms and other flora. For a long time he was connected with Harvard University, but recently with us again at work in Baltimore.

Irving Ward, an artist of those old days, who has but lately died, was of and in the life of the time perhaps as much

W. K. Sweeny; as any other man. Probably no artist of his period in this section possessed Irving Ward's versatility. He was a capital illustrator, portrait painter and mural decorator. Ward's Baltimore Fire panels which hung in the former American Building were especially fine. His moonlight studies are unsurpassed. He spent many nights for years in observation of the moon's rays on trees, water and nude figures. Anyone who possesses one of these today owns a gem. Ward was thoroughly conversant with the whole history of art and was also a wit.

IV

S. EDWIN WHITEMAN, an artist of ability, followed André Castaigne as instructor at the Charcoal Club. His landscape paintings were very fine. He was a thorough teacher.

A picturesque figure in the classes of the middle nineties was W. K. Sweeny. He was very fond of horses and excelled in his studies of them. Sweeny wore a felt hat of at least four-quart capacity, and throughout his dress gave more than a touch of the great open spaces so often alluded to nowadays. Frank Bostock and his animal show held exhibitions for an entire winter season in Baltimore. The old Cyclorama Building, then on Mount Royal Avenue near Charles Street, housed this collection of wild beasts. Sweeny was in and out of the menagerie day and night, sketching lions and tigers in action. One night the place caught on fire. Bostock was in his office writing a letter. Sweeny rushed in with the cry, "The building is on fire: your lions are on Charles Street!" The imperturbable Bostock continued writing and said, "All right, but I have to sign this letter and affix my pet seal to it."

The late John R. Tait was quite a character among the artists of the nineties and years preceding. His landscapes and studies of trees were wonderful. He was also a writer of literary papers and art criticisms and from time to time turned out true poetry.

Alfred J. O'Ferrall has a very interesting collection of paintings by artists of this period, among them a fine example of Tait. I enjoy studying it when I am at his house. For years Mr. O'Ferrall has collected pictures, ivory carvings and other art objects, giving meanwhile important aid and encouragement to the painters of his day.

*Mary Hopkins;
W. F. Jacobi*

MANY people in Maryland who own paintings, and particularly family portraits, will recall with a glow of pleasure visits they often made at one time or another to the studio of that charming artist, the late Mrs. Mary Clayton Hopkins. Mrs. Hopkins always had a talent for painting, and when death caused her husband, a well-known artist, to lay down his brushes, she took them up. For years Mrs. Hopkins restored old oil paintings at her studio at St. Paul and Pleasant Streets. Her house, by the way, was the first home of the Baltimore Club, years prior to her occupancy. Mrs. Hopkins had great skill in her work, and many valuable portraits, often pictures of historic interest, were restored by her and are in preservation today through her ability.

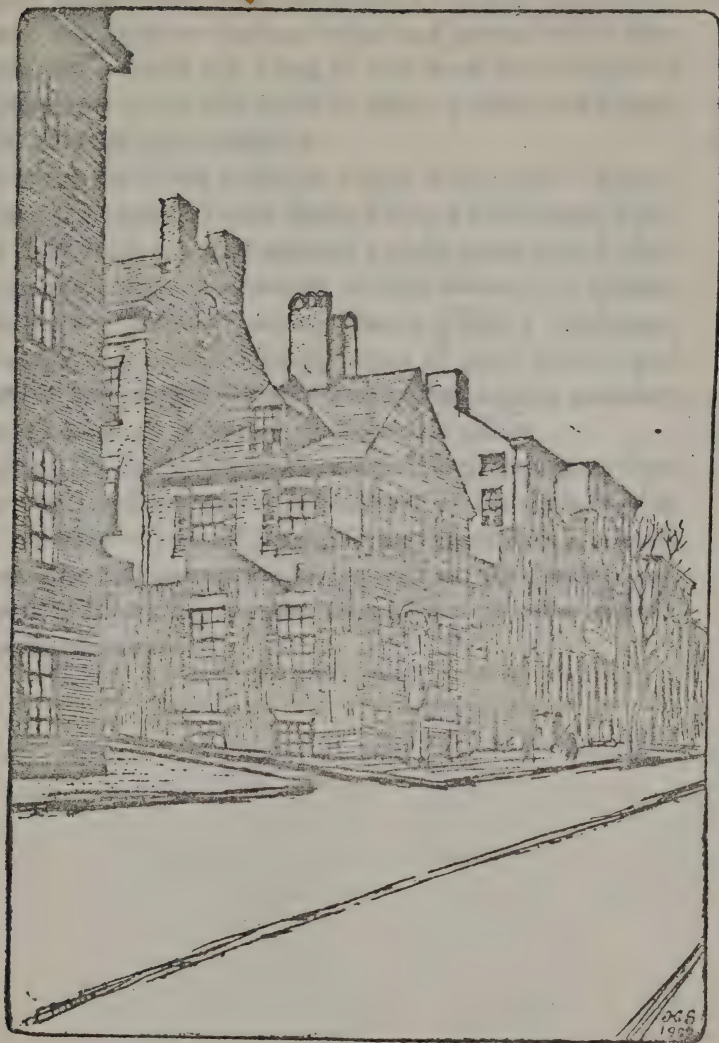
A real friend, well wisher and patron of the artists of his day was William F. Jacobi, who has but recently passed on. Always "Jake" to his many friends, he was a prince of good fellows and professionally a craftsman in silversmithing. "Jake" enlivened any scene of which he was a part with his wit and excellent criticisms of works of art in every branch. Whatever his own luck might be, "Jake" was never downhearted, always good humored and told his latest story with the same gusto.

"Billy" (Wm. A.) Schwab was often at the Charcoal Club. He loved pictures and often bought them. By profession he was an auctioneer and was one of the pleasantest and most genial of fellows. He passed on some years ago and has been much missed.

THERE was a place where artists, writers, journalists and their friends and patrons gathered at night which was of particular character and interest—Frank Borst's Rathskeller, under the Academy of Music. Nothing in the least like Borst's place exists today. Sometime prior to the wrecking of the old building I was told by William J. High, the artist, one of the old Charcoal Club men, that the strange and unique wall decorations were still to be seen in the ancient, disused rathskeller. Dusty and mutilated, they were indeed after many years. Frank Borst also ran Hollywood Park, a Back River (now styled Essex) summer resort. Across the street from the Academy was "The Diamond", presided over by those jolly old ball players, Robinson and McGraw. Much bowling was done there on the ground floor. I can hear the balls a-rolling in my mind and see the crowds rush in between the acts from across the way for the necessary refreshment. Over on the corner of Centre and Howard the genial Fritz dispensed a justly celebrated hospitality to artists, cab drivers, hackmen, scene shifters and race-track followers. Here at Fritz's on a rainy night more of the tinge and color of night life could be seen in a moment than can be found anywhere today in hours of search. It was like a bit of London.

ON smoker nights and at exhibitions of work there was usually delightful music at the Charcoal Club. The sweet tones of the flute of that generous patron of art and excellent musician, Fred Gottlieb, were heard. Arthur Conradi played his violin, and his little brother, Austin, then a mere lad, sat at the piano. Later in the evening and in lighter vein Jean Havez sang his own songs, playing his accompaniments on the "cottage" upright, while in some quiet corner his wise and deeply read brother, Herbert, discoursed to some enchanted listener upon literary, biographical or other themes.

A large table held bowls of tobacco and clay pipes, which were filled and lighted by many of the men I have mentioned



Howard Sill

N. W. CORNER ST. PAUL AND PLEASANT STREETS
ETCHING BY HOWARD SILL

in these recollections; there was always a fine and varied lunch spread, and Stephen—janitor, model and general utility man of the club—would tap a keg of rich dark brew, while old artists, young artists and would-be artists, patrons and friends of art all lined up to sample it. "Smokers"

Among the crowd might be Henry Triede, "Joe" Sperry, the genial architect; Tolley Biays, Henry H. Wiegand, Kirkland Buck, who one time suffered a slight scalp wound when a magician's plan went wrong; Gifford Mésny, the English photographer; Brooke Levering, Francis ("Pud") Wightman, a loveable chap; "Doc" Roeth, prince of good fellows; and theatrical and musical folk who were frequent guests and often entertainers at these thoroughly Bohemian affairs.

At all the old gatherings there were invariably present three men who stood out as the embodiment of the spirit of that fine old time—"Jimmie" Reese, Irving Ward and J. Carrell Lucas. The first two are no longer with us, but Lucas is still at work in his studio; the same inimitable story teller and wit as in the nineties.

CHAPTER SIX

SCHOOL DAYS

*Teachers—
Rattaning*

OUT OF THE storehouse of my memory come no more pleasant recollections than those of my school days and my boy friends of that now far-off time.

Our school was the older No. 19, in the early eighties situated on the east side of Park Avenue, just above Preston Street. To it in the month of April, 1883, my mother took me. An odd time, perhaps, to enter school, but we had just returned to Baltimore after an absence of nearly two years.

My education started in the class next to the highest of the primary department. "Miss Katie" was our teacher; her surname I cannot recall. She was a very pretty blonde. Promotion followed in a few months and I was next in Miss Clark's class, the last grade in the primary school. My recollections of my school days begin here. Miss Clark was a very fine character, and a kind-hearted and efficient teacher. I remember the trees and the little presents she provided at Christmas for the scholars, for which she herself paid.

In the eighties corporal punishment was still in vogue in the city schools. Many a time I saw Miss Clark, principal of the primary at No. 19, rattan bad boys. The smaller ones she folded across her knee and applied the switch to the part intended by nature to receive it. Larger boys were told to hold out first one hand and then the other, and five brisk, stinging raps on each was the average allowance. If the wrongdoer was

large for his years or belligerent, Miss Clark had but to open a door which communicated with the grammar school and call in its principal, Mr. Charles E. Elliot. He would take hold where she left off. This rattaning must have passed out of fashion by 1885, as I recall but little of it after I reached the grammar department. I am old-style in many things and do not think this more or less mild castigation had any but a beneficial effect both on the individual and on the general morale of the school. Certainly we had no boy bandits on the streets in those old times.

*Teachers;
Schoolmates*

OF my classmates in Miss Clark's class I recall one Hanrathy, "Will" by name. His father kept a vegetable stall in Richmond Market and had a hand at the end of one arm and a steel hook at the end of the other. His father's stall being usually stocked with apples, Hanrathy obviously was popular with his class. Then there was "Lannie" Delphie, so blonde as to be almost an Albino. He had a clear, sweet voice, which, however, he disliked to use at Easter and Christmas in some carol solo which Miss Clark would train him to sing. The boy we all liked was John A. Way, a stout lad, well grown for his years. He was a good fighter and made it his personal business to see that the rough boys did not pick on the little fellows. After thirty odd years of efficient service on the Baltimore police force he is now Lieutenant Way.

In the eighties the classes at the city schools, particularly at No. 19, consisted of both proletariat and the aristocracy. Boys of means sat daily side by side with the poorest children. We all played together at recess and in those years it seemed to work well. The spirit of democracy was then an actuality, not a theory. Private schools were not so numerous and many wealthy parents thought of the taxes they paid and sent their boys to the public schools for several years. Later they entered private schools and colleges in due course.

Hymns we sang MY teachers in the grammar department, in the order in
Mischief which I attended classes, were Miss Godfrey, Miss Baer, Miss Webster, Miss Josephine Norris, Miss Mary Wallace and then the class of the principal, Mr. Elliott. There was one other teacher, a Miss Brundige, but she taught a grade similar to one of the others and I was never in it. Miss Brundige was a very pretty woman and her hands were as nearly perfect as any I ever saw. Even the school-boys would watch them as she wrote on the blackboard.

Mr. Elliott opened the school each morning with a short reading of Scripture, and the classes united in singing a sort of hymn-song which was stenciled upon large sheets of heavy manila paper and hung on a rod on the wall. Charlie Schenck played the melodeon and I can now hear, in fancy, our fairly well-blended voices:

*Lo! a fountain flowing free,
Overflowing ever;
Flowing now for you, for me,
Overflowing ever.*

We sang other songs, too—"Remember thy Creator" and "List, a Sweet Voice Calling." The windows which separated the various classrooms were raised for the period of these simple but heartily performed exercises and lowered at their close. Several of the larger boys attended to them. It gave them a chance to stand up and look important while the rest of the school was seated. We therefore admired and envied them. Our school nurtured the average number of ingenious inventors of tricks to annoy the teachers and to amuse and tease the other boys. We made miniature slingshots, using small elastic bands and bent hairpins for the prong. Bits of orange peel and spitballs were the usual projectiles. One of us by great industry managed to chew up enough paper of one kind or another to produce an extra large ball, to which a string was attached and to it a paper doll appended. This was suddenly thrown to the ceiling, to which it adhered, the doll swaying with the

least breath of air, to the great excitement of the schoolroom. We had a way, too, of cutting out a hollow place in a cork and putting a series of pins around the opening, thus making a tiny cage, in which a "pet" fly was imprisoned and exhibited as a "bird."

School customs
Boy artists

THE desks were of dark and very solid, much initial-carved wood with a slate hole or rack. We laid our heads on the desks and strummed with fingers and the base of the hand in imitation of a drum corps. Spelling and arithmetic were done in the eighties on slates, of course. A moist sponge was the orthodox means of erasure, but a higher polish was obtained by far simpler, if less sanitary procedure. The regulation slate pencil was capable, in the hand of an expert, of making upon one's slate the most excruciating sounds, which set the teacher's nerves on edge: hence soapstone pencils were in favor with our instructors.

Of slate artists there were many at No. 19, but two boys stand out in my memory as really being talented draughtsmen. One, Harry Wunderlich, drew fire engines and fire scenes with great accuracy of detail. Another boy, a particular friend of mine, Baird Easter, depicted battle scenes of Indian fighting and the Civil War. He would fill his slate with cannon, infantry and cavalry, all with an eye to composition and correct action that indicated true genius. I think his family recognized his talent and were preparing to have it cultivated properly when the poor chap shot himself with an old muzzle loader, the ramrod passing through his chest while he was pushing down the charge. I think Baird Easter, had he lived would have perhaps equaled the great Raffet.

Clay Easter, the artist's brother, was also in my class. He was a mechanical genius and when on one occasion Miss Webster relieved me of a small brass tube I had made into a nice little syring or squirter, Clay made me a new one during the long recess. I got the first one back, too, before afternoon

School customs session was over, as an enterprising schoolmate stole it from the
A fight teacher's desk.

OUR books were supplied by the city, and when new were to be cared for and often covered in oilcloth. There were many ways of carrying our books. Some used a strap, some put a book or two into each coat pocket and left the geography in the desk. I recall my own invention. I persuaded my mother to sew on the inside of my jacket a series of pocket-like compartments, enough to contain most of my books. The geography went at the back, of course. This method of carrying my books left my hands free, and I went out of my way to invite my mates to strike me "ennywheres", as I felt like a knight in armor.

Sometimes owing to sickness our regular teachers did not come to school and a substitute would be sent for. Usually, as I recall, a Miss Seeger took temporary charge. If boys did not come on time one of those present would be sent to see what was the reason. I remember very well the time I went "after" Felix R. Sullivan, Jr., and another time it was a desk-mate, Edwin Schenck, who had read Thackeray before he was fifteen!

Andrew Ellicott Maccoun, a canny Scotsman, with an uncanny facility for making figures and geometrical diagrams perform, was in my class. He was a quiet youth, and a fine companion for a day's hunt in the woods. For years he was high up in one of Charlie Schwab's steel companies at Bethlehem. His older brother, "Bill" Maccoun, was a heavily built fellow, and I remember the day he and Will Gootee met in fistic fight in an alley back of the stables formerly on Eager Street near Charles. It was a great occasion and in running to catch up with the crowd I slipped on an iron door over a manure pit. I was entirely out of breath for two minutes, but reached the ringside on time.

STAND-UP FIGHTING among schoolboys was common in my day. Formal boxing with gloves was little thought of, as equipment was expensive and instructors were few. Disputes and old grudges were settled by small lads and big with their fists. A ring would be hurriedly formed in some back alley or upon one of the open lots, contestants often not troubling even to remove their coats. One Fred. Hansche excelled in courage and zeal. I recall one day on which he took part in two fights and came out winner in both. Coleman Rogers and Dick Ferguson were two other good scrappers in the eighties. In these times I walk around the streets a good deal, but I can scarcely recall having seen a slugging match in progress for years.

* *

ONLY a few of my schoolmates were watch owners. The well-to-do sported silver models with hunting cases, now nearly obsolete. These were worn in the upper outside coat pocket and held with chains often of fanciful form. The Waterbury watch came later in the eighties. It was a bulky piece of metal with a mainspring alleged to be nine feet long. To wind it in one operation required five tedious minutes. This timepiece was sold with a printed suggestion to wind it for a hundred turns or so whenever it was consulted. I heard of an occasion when a mainspring broke loose from its captivity and in its sudden expansion knocked two boys across a room. I do not vouch for this. However, in its day the Waterbury watch was the butt of many of the jokes which are now launched at the flivver.

* *

MISS BAER, the oldest teacher in the grammar department when I attended No. 19, taught the class next to the lowest. Her room was dark and gloomy; usually lighted by the old

Miss Wallace; batwing burners. She had a habit of moistening her finger tip
Charles E. Elliott and touching it to her brow. She probably suffered from neuralgia. From Miss Baer's class we went to Miss Webster, who had red hair and was of course "Reddy" Webster. Next we went to Miss Norris, a tall, sedate but very sweet woman and a fine teacher. The really wonderful instructor at No. 19 was Miss Mary Wallace. She also had flaming hair and was called in turn "Reddy." Miss Wallace was pale of face and wore glasses. Her voice was high-pitched, but clear and smooth as that of a trained elocutionist. Her fiery hair was unruly at all times, and her plain black dress usually well powdered with chalk. Relentless and vindictive, as her class thought, with the boy who was dull, her scathing denunciations spared none, but when merit and ability showed on the part of a pupil her admiration and praise knew no bounds. Mathematics was her specialty, and men who were in her class say that Miss Wallace was one of the most brilliant teachers in Baltimore. She entered a world wide competition some years before her death, and spent much time on the problem with no success. One night long after she had retired, she awoke and called to her nephew who was asleep nearby, that she had dreamed the answer. Her solution proved to be the correct one and she gained an award.

Mr. Charles E. Elliott, the principal of No. 19, dark-bearded, genial and yet reserved, was one of the finest men I have ever known. I can hear him now in gentle reprimand: "Janvier why is it thusly?" Some years ago I saw him on Cathedral Street near Franklin. We spoke to each other in passing and he called me at once by name, although we had not met for over thirty years. Doubtless he could have done the same in the case of hundreds of his old boys.

PROF. HENRY A. WISE was Superintendent of the Public Schools of Baltimore in those days. A tall, handsome, kindly man, whose regular visits to the classrooms were always en-

joyed. Professor Wise always asked the boys questions to gauge their general intelligence. One day, when we were in Miss Godfrey's grade, he held up a piece of chalk and asked us its characteristics. One boy said "It is white." Another in turn described it as "brittle". I remember how impressed we were when Malcolm Crichton, a handsome, dark-eyed lad of fifteen, stood up and said: "It is cylindrical." Professor Wise remarked that Crichton's answer was the best of all.

*Malcolm Crichton;
One session*

I well recall the morning Malcolm Crichton and his younger but taller brother, Bismarck, were brought to school by their burly Scotch father. Mr. Crichton kept horses and had driven his sons up to the school from his Park Avenue residence. He wore riding breeches and held a fine whip in his hand. I heard him tell Mr. Elliott to keep his sons in order and not to spare the rod. "Send for me," he added, shaking his whip, "if you need any help."

ODDLY perhaps the whole school always looked forward with pleasure to rain and snow, for on bad days we often had one session. There were no telephones in the schools and the instruction from the City Hall was brought by a telegraph messenger boy, whose advent in his wet shining rubber coat was anxiously awaited. At noon on such happy days we had a long recess and most of the school convened for lunch at McCormick's confectionery store on Park Avenue and Preston Street. Mr. McCormick wore a straight brim, flat-top, dark felt hat and a clerical necktie, also a beaming smile. His clerks loaded the children with buns, pies, cakes and a soggy material which we called "belly-swellers." To wash down all this pastry we had for three cents each, small flat-sided bottles of peppermint water, winter green juice and other tinted liquids. No ice cream cones nor frozen suckers in those days. The girls were fond of cucumber pickles. I have not mentioned girls in these school memories for the reason that while the girls' school was in the same building there was but little

Lunch time; intermingling with the boys. The lads of the eighties were
Our "Cops" almost afraid of girls, flirted seldom and rarely even walked with them on the street. However, one girl I well remember—Bessie White. She was elder, and when we walked the same way after school occasionally, I was almost speechless with awe and admiration. Some call it love! We did meet, however, at the little stores on one-session days, at McCormick's and at Couche's, which was near by. The boys slyly purchased cinnamon cigarettes, two for a cent, and blackjack chewing gum which made our mouths sore.

THE police officer on our school beat was a big, good-natured Irishman named Costello. He had a close-cropped red mustache and wore heavy, square-toed shoes. The boys vexed him sorely from time to time with their tricks and escapades, but I think he rarely made actual arrests among them, and unless greatly provoked did not threaten nor chase us. There was also an officer named Tighe, with whom we did not get along quite so well, and we often came into clashes with him. But I would be glad indeed if I could meet these old-time custodians of law and order and shake them by the hand.

The supervisor of music of the day was that fine, old-school gentleman, Prof. Harry Deems. He made periodical visits to each classroom to test our voices and our ability to draw the clef. Miss Davis occupied the chair of art and came to see us once a month to examine the students' progress in delineating cones and cubes. Altogether no kinder or better teachers than ours at No. 19 were connected with the schools of that time. When I meet and talk with my old mates we always agree on the excellencies and charms of the entire staff and the special instructors who looked us over at regular intervals.

A GREAT many of these old school-fellows are still alive and engaged in important work in Baltimore and elsewhere.

My deskmate, Frank B. Smith, practiced law here for years, *Schoolmates* is now in Philadelphia. There were the Crowther boys—Guy, Lee and Bosley—sons of the late John Crowther, of Towson. Bosley was in my class and was a sweet-natured, much-liked boy. He wrote a beautiful hand and was often delegated to write examples and music scores on the blackboard. Dr. Thomas R. Brown was at No. 19 for a time, and his jolly brother, "Jimmy," was with us. An odd chap with sort of romance about him was B. Howard Jenks. He came to our school for a term or two while visiting an uncle here. He hailed from Easton, Pa. Then there were Judge Phelps' sons—John, the lawyer; Charlie, the late engineer, and their younger brother, Frank. John W. Corning, who now lives in Maine; Allen, his brother, now in business in Baltimore, and their popular brother, Charlie ("Buck") Corning, with whom we all liked to share desks, as for some reason he always seemed to have a pocketful of sugared almonds. Bethel Boude was the best reader in the school, and his dark-eyed friend, Percy Knapp, was there too, as was Edwin Cugle. James Carey Martien I recall as in a class ahead of me, as was that good-looking youth of those days, Harry T. Poor, who came over from McCullough Street. Then there was Charlie ("Buck") Timanus, a fellow of athletic frame, who often rides out the Frederick road with me at the present time. Howard and Willie Duvall were in my class. The latter possessed an astonishing vocabulary for a boy of twelve. Charles (another "Buck") Sadtler was with us, as was Bob White, son of Welcome White; John and William Legg, Reynolds Bedford (one of the watch wearers), the two Coyle boys; and two very fine lads, both now gone—Arthur and Carle Foster, sons of that grand old man, Reuben Foster, and the Carrington boys, "Ed", and "Cammy", how we envied their hunting grounds out in the county! Alfred Marrian was one of us. I am glad to see him around town and looking very much like he used to.

And there was also at No. 19 William Boone, a popular fellow, who afterward entered the navy and served with

More mates distinction for over twenty-five years. Others who attended No. 19 were Chapin Ferguson, who is still in Baltimore; Charles Maydwell, whom I recall as an excellent student; Roy Rutter, of John Street; "Will" Coulter, Wyman Washburn and "Risty" Hoge, perhaps better known today as Arista. Lycurgus Winchester was at No. 19 for a while, a very handsome boy then and a fellow of much charm. Later on he became a great beau and sportsman. Meeting accidental death while still a young man when his dog-cart overturned near the Mt. Royal entrance to Druid Hill Park. So I could go on and on, but with the mention of these outstanding names will bring to a close the recollections of my school days.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I

WHEN I was about four years old I lived with my parents on the west side of Argyle-Avenue, then called Walsh Street, near lanvale. The three-story brick house is still there and I have often passed that way of late to look at it. Opposite my home in 1876 was a small school house, and down the street a little way stood a tall brick chimney alone. A fire at some previous time had destroyed the building to which it belonged. My earliest recollection of anything of this world is the day that chimney tottered and fell. Signs of its doom had been observed by the policeman on the beat, and the school children were hurried into the street to a safe position, passers-by were warned and everyone waited, breathless. From the steps of my home I saw the chimney sway and fall with a crash into a heap of dusty ruins.

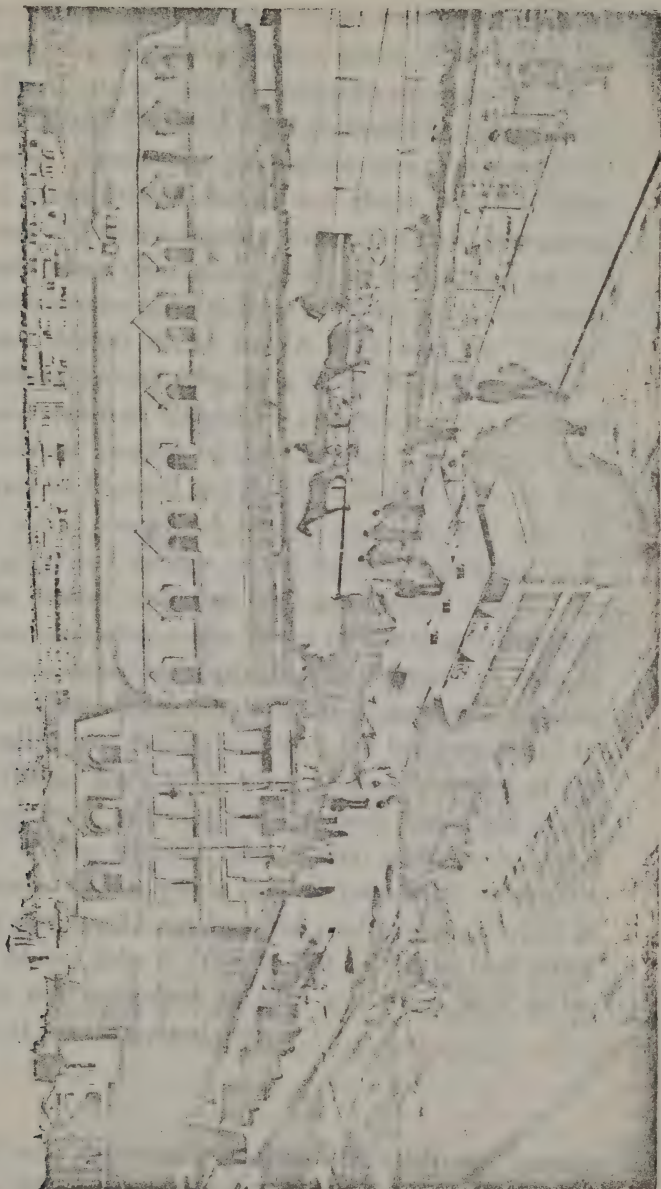
*Early days;
Harry Bash*

Office workers were late in getting home in those days and not until long after dark and after much listening would I hear my father's latch key in the lock. He was one of those old-time bookkeepers and was with the wholesale boot and shoe firm of Patterson & Bash. A son of Mr. Patterson is living in Baltimore and when we see each other we speak of the days when we sometimes met, as little boys at his father's warehouse. Harry Bash, a son of the other partner, Mason Campbell Stryker, Heber H. Stryker, J. Pembroke Thom, "Jim" Lefevre, Hunt Thom and other Baltimore lads attended the boy's school conducted by Dr. Robert Atkinson on the sec-

Harry Bash
Tom Hagner

ond and third floors of the Jordan Stabler building on Madison Street, corner of Garden (as it was then called) now and for years Linden Avenue. I did not attend this school, but on Saturday mornings used to go there with the Strykers to see boys play in the gymnasium. Open air sports and games out of doors were not at all common in the early eighties. Harry Bash was the star performer in the "gym". He excelled on the horizontal bar and the flying rings, on which he did the "double-cut" with the finish and style of a professional. Notwithstanding his short build, he was a remarkable boxer, fast as chain lightning, and put to sleep many a boy twice his size, as some still living may remember. Sometimes at smokers or entertainments Harry Bash cleverly impersonated an old one-armed soldier, reciting "On Linden When the Sun Was Low," bending and posing his right arm into amusing gestures with his other hand as though it was false, imitating with amusing skill the squeakings of a mechanical member. At the end of the poem there was an apparent explosion and the supposed artificial arm dropped lifeless to the reciter's side.

TRAVELERS will recall with pleasure the gateman, Thomas E. Hagner, who punched tickets at Union Station. After welcoming coming and speeding departing guests and residents of this city for nearly forty years he has recently been retired on pension (1927). When "Tom" Hagner was a young man he taught mathematics at Dr. Atkinson's school. He was a great hunter and on holidays would often take my friend Heber Stryker and me out gunning. We roamed the woods on the outskirts of the city, around old Highland Park Hotel and along the Liberty road which led to Wetheredsville or Franklintown. What is now Liberty Heights Avenue in 1883 was a plain dirt road, heavily timbered on both sides. So great have been the changes in all this section that I can scarcely identify the locations of the streams, woods and roads I knew so well as a boy.



UNION STATION

There used to be a country house somewhere back of Mondawmin, the Alexander Brown estate, from which the trains of the Western Maryland could be seen passing over a trestle. The Misses Husband lived there and in summer took paying guests. I remember going there once to dine with my old friend James Stone Reese. It was about 1900. He drove at that time a Stanley steamer automobile, not over-strong always, since when there was a grade to be climbed we had to wait at the bottom of the hill for sufficient steam to accumulate to push the car to the top. A little later on "Jimmy" Reese lumbered around town in a Knox Waterless roadster, a car of about two tons' weight. He also rode a motor cycle and was a prominent member of the Charcoal Club when it was on the corner of Howard and Franklin Streets. Here he drew from life, wrote poems and reviews and shot well with all kinds of pistols as a member of the Baltimore Revolver Club. Jimmy also fenced with foils and broadsword and on one occasion was summoned to the White House to give President Roosevelt demonstrations in single-stick exercises. A man of kind and generous heart, who amused himself with business and with public and private activities. He has been missed by his many friends since 1913, when he died. Another of the original pioneers in motoring was my much missed old friend Osborne I. Yellott who met with a fatal accident in March 1922. Osborne Yellott was a man of remarkable versatility. He always said he did not have the profound legal mind of his father Major John I. Yellott, but he was a very gifted lawyer and was recognized as such and stood high in the estimation of the Maryland Bar.

* * *

Jimmy Reese
Osborne Yellott

PASSING over the years I lived on McCulloh and Lanvale Streets, in 1885 I was abiding with my mother at the home of Miss Jenny Jones, at No. 418 West Biddle Street. A musician named Paine lived on the corner of this street and McCulloh. He played the tuba in the glorious Southern Band,

Biddle Street; a crack organization in its day. Whenever Prof. Paine practiced on his great horn the neighborhood shared in the melodies and concussions it created. Dr. Samuel K. Merrick, a well-known physician then and since, lived next door. Twenty-five years later I met Dr. Merrick again at the University Club. At this time he lived on Park Avenue. McCulloh Street was then not yet cut through, and handsome pressed brick residences stood where today there is a modern thoroughfare. The late Sydney Walzl used to call on a girl in one of these houses occupied by her aunt, Mrs. Boyd, and would drive up with a fine rig on Sunday afternoons to take his pretty friend out for a drive.

At Miss Jenny's were a number of Johns Hopkins students at this time; among them one Hampden Sydney Lewis, of New Orleans; two nice fellows, Abt and Mann, of Chicago; Legh Reid, who hailed from Alexandria, Va., and two twins from Washington, William F. and Westel W. Willoughby, the latter for years a Baltimorean and a professor at the Johns Hopkins University. He acted as constitutional adviser to the Chinese Government some years ago and is one of the best known political economists of the day. W. F. Willoughby is also noted in the same science. He and his brother, with one of the Chicago men and Legh Reid used to play whist for a while after dinner at the old Biddle Street house and I would watch them, being just a few years too young to join in their games. A very different game in 1885!

This house was owned by Mr. Addison K. Foard, a fine old-time gentleman. He was a widower and made his home here. The late Joseph R. Foard was his son. Mr. Foard was an enthusiastic fisherman and brought many a fine batch of gudgeons to the table which he caught at the Relay. He had a son, Talbot Foard, a very popular young man, in the wholesale hardware business, who went to Birmingham for his health in 1885.

At the corner of Biddle Street and Madison Avenue was the office and residence of Dr. P. C. Williams, the father of

the late Dr. J. Whitridge Williams, and Dr. Dudley Wil-
liams. There were a number of boys in this family, and one
summer night one of them was taken ill and soon died. It was
rumored among his playfellows that he had swallowed a
watermelon seed and through it came to his end. However
it may have been, we became the victims of a sort of mob
fright and either ate no more watermelon that summer or
else endeavored to account accurately for every seed we
encountered.

Charles Street
Tom Callum

There were but few lady guests at Miss Jenny's. One very
pretty girl, Miss Virgie Abrams, of Port Deposit, I recall.
Years afterward I happened to meet her brother, Charles H.
Abrams, then a resident of this city.

II

IN THE spring of 1888 I took up my residence at the St.
Charles, 333 North Charles Street, a house of many rooms
and usually thirty or more guests. My tablemates were
Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, then taking his Ph.D. in English
at the Hopkins, eccentric Samuel Hoopman, and "Tom"
Callum, who had such a sweet tenor voice. He fell dead in the
street one night; his sudden death was a surprise and shock
to his many friends who did not know he had a bad heart.
He was a telegraph operator at the Corn and Flour Exchange
in the Chamber of Commerce. Both Callum and Dr. Smith
came from Greensboro, N. C., and were playmates in boy-
hood of William S. Porter (O. Henry). At the time of his
death a few years ago Dr. Smith occupied the chair of English
at the Naval Academy. W. W. Cator was also at 333 North
Charles Street in these years and I am glad to still be able
to see him now and then. Across the street was the curio shop
of Dr. Massamore, who was an expert in old coins and many
kinds of antiques. Next to him was an interesting house set
back a little from the street with patches of grass on each
side of the columned doorway. The two Falconer girls lived
there for a time and a pair of lovely tomboys they were, too.

Night bells They dressed lavishly in complicated white dresses, which
Falconer Girls were changed twice each summer day. In cooler autumn velvet and lace set off admirably the beauty of these girls. They had curly hair in long ringlets and romped with their younger brother "Alec" who would tear along the sidewalk on his velocipede.

The drug store of Dr. N. Hynson Jennings at 336 North Charles Street was a cool haven on the walk up town on hot afternoons. Very likely the kindly and gracious proprietor would be away at his Eastern Shore farm, but the young men in charge, Leo Forster or Frank Powers, would be there to pass the time of the day and draw a thirst quencher from the fountain. I last saw Dr. Forster in Washington twenty years ago, but Dr. Frank J. Powers such a fine man, well known in Baltimore, physician to the City Jail and active in many civic affairs has recently passed away. Many people who went in and out of the Jennings store will recall James Jeffries, a delightful fellow, dubbed "Parson" by Dr. A. P. Krouse. I believe he is in Warrenton, Va. Opposite the drug store was the shop of one Condon, who made men's shoes to order. His prices were reasonable and he had a number of men working for him. Probably this accounted for his standing so much at his open doorway in fine weather.

* * *

IN this neighborhood Dr. Felix X. Jenkins, that fine old-time family doctor, had his office and residence, corner Cathedral and Mulberry Streets. Nearly all physicians lived over their offices in those days. Like druggists, they had night bells and speaking tubes. The bells were old-style, at the end of a curled spring shaped very like an interrogation point. To set the bell in motion you pulled out a silver or china knob from the door frame any distance from three inches to a foot, and once started into its jangling noise the bell would vibrate for a minute or two. With the advent of the telephone all this has changed. When sickness occurs you do not have to jump into your clothes and walk a mile or more through the dark

and deserted streets to secure medical aid. Your physician, half asleep, talks into his bedside telephone and suggests a dose of salts or five grains of aspirin, as he sees fit, and in two minutes is asleep again. But he does not always overlook charging you in his next bill. Perhaps people are not taken sick at night as often as they were once; they use more preventive methods than heretofore and the family medicine chest is better equipped and more intelligently used.

*Mrs. Basil Gordon
A hold up!*

Over on Franklin Street east of Charles the present Margaret Bennett Home was the former residence of Mrs. Basil Gordon the elder. In the large side yard was a narrow board walk of square shape, and around this Mrs. Gordon in her later years used to take her daily constitutional, with an umbrella if necessary for she believed in exercise, rain or shine. Mr. and Mrs. J. Quitman Lovell built and lived in the pretty house next door during the lifetime of Mrs. Gordon who was Mrs. Lovell's mother.

ACROSS from this location in the early 90's there was a vacant lot on the corner of St. Paul Street. I have good cause to remember it. Late one summer night as I walked by it I was held up by two fierce-looking men, whose intentions seemed dark and determined. I had a forty-dollar house rent in my pocket, which I had collected for my employers earlier in the evening and was scared stiff. What the outcome might have been is uncertain, but, luckily for me, as I was planning a way to duck and run the roundsman came along and the men ran off in different directions. This policeman "Mike", I called him, was afterward traffic officer at Charles and Baltimore Streets and for years in passing I hailed him as my "preserver." For quite a while after this event I carried at night a cane weighing more than a pound, but I never had an opportunity to use it.

When I was sixteen years old my first job commenced in a small, dark, back office on the ground floor of No. 26 South Street. The entrance to the banking house of D. Fahnestock

Bain Dukehart; & Co.. was on one side of the narrow covered way which led
His uncle "Tom" to the room, and the office of the late Gustavus Ober was on the other. My boss was a dashing young man about town, T. A. B. Dukehart; his cousin, T. Krebs Dukehart, was his partner. These young men had started in the fall of 1888 a collection agency. As office boy, clerk and collector I soon found many of our claims to be very difficult if not "bomb proof." Bain Dukehart had a very wide acquaintance and some of his friends offered him accounts to be collected in his spare hours. His real all-day occupation was bookkeeper for a then existing and highly esteemed brokerage firm, Thom & Whiteley, whose office was a block away at Calvert and Redwood (then German) Streets. His regular duties usually came to a close by 4 o'clock, after which he would come around to our little office to check up the day's work of his clerk and partner.

Krebs Dukehart who is now living in Luray, Virginia was always a popular fellow whose sweet tenor voice was in frequent request at Easter at many of the old volunteer choirs in the nineties. A great friend and cronic of the Dukeharts was John P. Fleming who hailed from Madison Avenue. Mr. Fleming has been for years a resident of Ardmore, Penna. I am so fortunate as to be able to reproduce among these pages a group picture of these old timers.

EVERY day about noon a one-horse carriage called a jagger drove up to our South Street office and my boss' uncle, Thomas M. Dukehart, and his bookkeeper, Charley Lamar, would get out and come into our little room. They used it as a counting house on their way to make a daily bank deposit. Silver dollars were plentiful and to my young eyes a canvas bag of them represented untold wealth. Mr. "Tom" Dukehart was stout, had a gray mustache and was always kindly and pleasant. He and his bland, smooth-shaved secretary, Mr. Lamar, were always smoking cigars and talking over business



GROUP—OLD TIMERS

Standing: MAYNARD D. THOMSON, T. KREBS DUKEHART

Sitting: GEORGE MILLS, T. A. B. DUKEHART, JOHN P. FLEMING

(Taken February 22, 1890)

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matters. Often I would run to bank for them. Mr. Dukehart *Brokers*
worried about the United States revenue stamps he had to *Gen'l John Gill*
buy for use in his manufacturing business. I wondered why
he did not become used to it, since each week he had to secure
new supplies. At one time he had suffered from having in-
dorsed notes for friends. "Boy" he said to me, "those people
have caused me a terrible amount of trouble because I indorsed
their notes. Never put your name on the back of anyone's
note—not even your own."

The brokerage office of J. Harmanus Fisher was slightly
below the level of the sidewalk at South and Redwood streets.
John D. Howard could be seen in there every morning at the
ticker. Mr. Fisher was deaf and was one of the first to wear
ear telephones. He was an enthusiastic amateur in photography
and had at his home the most complete darkroom I ever saw.
Just above this location on Redwood Street was the office of
the late Bartlett S. Johnston and next to him Orrick & May.
With Thom & Whiteley at Calvert and Redwood in the early
nineties there was a young man of marked appearance, the
gracious and clever Randolph Mordecai. I have not seen him
since 1894 when we appeared together in living pictures, then
a fad, at the Academy of Music. He has lived, I believe, in
France for years.

MANY of the younger men of those days were hatted, high
felt or straw, by Horner & Farland. Their store was on the
corner of Baltimore and Calvert. Harry Horner and Eddie
Farland were popular and pleasant fellows and had a large
following. Very small derbies were in style the autumn of
1888, and, aping my employer, my sartorial model, I secured
one. It vaporized three week's pay but I will never again thrill
so over a hat.

In this neighborhood the financial giants of the time were
to be seen daily. Michael Jenkins, J. Wm. Middendorf, Gen-
eral John Gill, B. F. Newcomer and Douglas H. Thomas to
mention a few. All of them did stable, constructive work in

the making of Baltimore's financial institutions.

I recall a vivid picture of Gen. John Gill. On a late summer evening he drove a two-horse vehicle into Overhills, Mr. Norman James' country place on the Rolling Road. I was on the lawn where I had been making photographs of Macgill James, then seven or eight years old. General Gill stopped his handsome team with a flourish and said, "Now, sir, take one of us!" His old friends can imagine how his eyes twinkled and how fine he looked.

III

MY recollections of West Baltimore are limited mainly to parts of Baltimore Street, Pennsylvania Avenue and adjacent neighborhoods. A recent walk through these sections showed great changes in the character of the houses, stores and atmosphere. The old locations are altered almost beyond recognition. Where there was pleasing diversity forty years ago there is now a common sameness in the exterior of shops and show windows. Even until the early nineties there was a large store on Pennsylvania Avenue somewhere above Greenwillow Street kept by a green grocer named Bailey. He had a considerable trade and served customers as far away as Linden Avenue and the Boundary near John Street. One old landmark I was glad to find: the lumber yard of Theodore Mottu remains today just where it was when I was a small boy. This yard runs through from Pennsylvania Avenue to Argyle, where my old friend Paul Coriell lived in the eighties. I used to walk through the sweet smelling stacks of timber to see him. His father was short and handsome and his mother was tall and beautiful, so Paul's pretty sister came honestly by her good looks.

Nearly opposite the lumber yard was a toy and magazine shop of intense fascination for boys. It was kept by one Le Fevre. His tops, balls, cap pistols, transfer pictures and Beadle & Adams and other dime novels were in great demand. Many a dime did I squander there from time to time. But Beadle's

Dime and Half-Dime Novels oddly enough cannot today be secured for such small coins. We old timers used to fold them up, carry them in the hip pocket for surreptitious reading in attic, barn or cellar, lend and borrow until the filmy paper disintegrated. Now these thrillers of the seventies and through the nineties are collected and are placed in permanent collections both public and private. For the amusement of those who have not seen an old "dimer" for years I reproduce the covers of three specimens.

*St. Barnabas
Cigar critics*

LOWER down Pennsylvania Avenue on the way to Biddle Street an old man had a gunsmith's shop. I think his name was Ball. The father of my boyhood's friend was the Rev. A. P. Stryker, rector of St. Barnabas' Protestant Episcopal Church, Biddle and Argyle Avenue. Therefore, I spent many Saturdays and holidays in this neighborhood. Before going on a walk or hunt into the country we would stop at the old gunsmith's to stock up with powder, shot and caps for an old horse pistol, a foot and a half long, which we had. It was usually carried, more or less painfully, down the pants leg until we reached our hunting ground: the woods along the Western Maryland Railroad near the old Highland Park Hotel.

On the corner of Biddle Street and Pennsylvania Avenue in the eighties was the fine old-time apothecary Dr. Keller, with his dark beard; he was succeeded for a time by Dr. Hasenbalg, with a light beard, who in turn gave place to one John Herr. Here Heber Stryker and I would purchase liquorice in wooden sticks which we chewed, and colt's foot lozenges, which we doubtless called "lozengers." There is still a drug store at this corner, probably in its fiftieth year in business.

Once each month, generally on a Saturday night, my chum's father would send us with a \$5 bill to Sturm's, a cigarmaker on Pennsylvania Avenue, where we purchased, after much senseless sniffing and examination, a box of hand-made cigars. Inasmuch as we always got the same brand,

Sebastopols according to instructions, our critical consideration of the
Boys' books. goods was mere show-off, as neither of us smoked at the time. Next to Sturm's shop was an old-time roadhouse, or tavern, the "Blackhorse" probably, a two-story, weather-boarded structure. Neither it nor the cigar store is there now.

ACROSS the street a bushy-bearded, mysterious-looking man named Smith conducted a pawnbroker's shop. His window was always full of revolvers, brass knuckles, slungshots and loaded canes. Every weapon of offense and defense, murder and sudden death was in that shop. Boys would stand and gaze transfixed into this window as ardent souls might gaze into Heaven, until Smith with dark looks would come to his door and gruffly suggest that they move on.

In these eighties boys playing in the streets about September 20th would spot some place where building operations were in progress. From the sand so found large, often pretentious and cleverly planned forts in terraces were constructed. Paper flags, made of any sort of paper, were stuck here and there. These were called "Sebastopols" in memory of the capture of the town of that name in 1855. At night these little fortresses were illuminated with candles and the effect was very pretty. Some serious historian of this period may explain the origin of this celebration by Baltimore boys of a British and French victory twenty-five or more years after the Crimean War. Boys of English and French descent doubtless first suggested these "Sebastopols", but I do not remember any similar demonstrations with reference to American Revolutionary or Civil War battles.

ON Baltimore Street, near Pine, there used to be a circulating library which catered especially to the needs of the small boy. Here, for a few cents a day, we rented the story books and romances of W. H. Thomes, who wrote *A Bushranger's*

Adventures in Australia and similar romances; the works of Harry Castlemon, *The Boy Trapper*, *Don Gordon's Shooting Box*, *Frank On A Gunboat*, and many other stories; also those old-time favorite authors, Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, some of whose titles were *Luck And Pluck*, *Rufus And Rose*, *Mark*, *the Match Boy*, and others by the score.

*Madison Avenue
Pretty Girls*

Many will also recall the circulating library which was on Madison Avenue, near Biddle Street. Originally operated by a Miss Fothergill, an English lady, an aunt of Jessie Fothergill the author, it was later conducted by the two Misses Harmon. The best sellers of the eighties and nineties, by such authors as Mrs. Alexander, the "Duchess", Miss Braddon, Mrs Southworth, E. P. Roe and famous writers of the time were secured from this library.

Madison Avenue was a fine street in these days and I knew it well. Dr. William T. Howard's residence was opposite Mount Calvary Church; at the corner of Dolphin Street lived a very pretty girl, Anna Gillingham; her brother George was a friend of Bain Dukehart's. Dr T. A. Ashby a distinguished physician lived nearby, a fine pharmacy was next door to the old residence of the Protestant Episcopal Bishops. As a child I was taken to visit the Littell family on Madison Avenue and Hoffman Street. Two noted women physicians Drs. Flora A. and Cora Belle Brewster were in the block below, and Harry Dickson who went to No 19 School was nearly opposite. He was a phenomenal jumper at the leap-frog game we called "par" which I never see played nowadays.

There were too, many belles and beauties in this part of town in the nineties. The lovely Florence Ward who sang so well and was an accomplished reader. The Misses Shryock, the elder of whom married Gen. A. E. Booth, Edwina Sears and her sister, and May Warner.

Away out at the end of west Baltimore Street on one of those country places in the city, lived the charming Frances Harmison, she had a sweet soprano voice and was glad to sing for her friends.

Over on Baltimore Street again, in the long block from Pine to Pearl Street, was the office and laboratory of Dr. William Radam, where he made and sold his famous microbe killer, a much advertised remedy, warranted to destroy the microbes of all human ills and diseases. Large and highly realistic drawings in the Doré manner decorated the windows. They represented giants, armed with huge clubs, fiercely assaulting and putting to rout microbes of all shapes and sizes and all degrees of ugliness.

Many residents of West Baltimore will doubtless remember the genial house painter, A. M. Trumbo, whose store was near Fremont Avenue, on Baltimore Street. He had a kind face, with cheeks like ripe apples and a heavy mustache. The library, Mr. Trumbo and Dr. Radam all seem to have disappeared and this part of the city now looks totally different.

FEWER changes seem to have taken place in the streets near the Washington Monument, within a short distance of which I lived for nearly forty years. The house at the corner of Hamilton and Cathedral Streets, until comparatively recently was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beacham; before them it was the home of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Goldsborough. The Beachams were fine neighbors and their children unusually interesting; the pretty Priscilla, a wise little lady, the handsome Broughton and the adventurous Francis. Long ago they moved away and I have always missed them. I lived next door on Hamilton Street and remember being awakened late one summer night by a knocking on the door. I looked out and there in the light of a street lamp I saw the tall figure of Mrs. Goldsborough leaning on her cane. She asked me to come down and try to find a telephone in the neighborhood and call her physician, Dr. S. T. Earle, of Linden Avenue, as Mr. Goldsborough was ill. Telephones, even in the nineties, outnumbered automobiles, but I had to walk a block or two to find one at that hour of the night.

Prior to the Goldsboroughs Mrs. John M. Robinson, herself a great belle, and her bevy of beautiful daughters—Lota, Champe, Nellie and Mary Washington—lived in this house, which is now an office building. Little Miss Dorothy Tait was the fairy of Hamilton Street in the late nineties. Her flower-like grace and delicate coloring suggested a petite beauty of an old French regime.

*Dorothy Tait;
Bonaparte House*

AROUND on Park Avenue at Centre Street there were three notable residences, two of which are still standing, that of the late Hollins McKim on the west side of the street and James Hodges, one-time Mayor of Baltimore, on the east. Everyone remembers the Bonaparte mansion, with its many rooms, alcoves and *cul de sac* hallways, as it was recently razed. I was sorry to see it come down, as it was a particularly interesting landmark. A city of homes we may, indeed, have here in Baltimore, but within the town itself not so much a city of residences as in the past.

THERE is yet time, perhaps, for some features and reminders of the older days to be observed by the younger generation, but prompt action is advised, as the old order is changing rapidly. The small corner grocery shops and other similar stores owned by individuals are steadily decreasing in number as modern methods of selling expand. These characteristic tradesmen sold a considerable variety of wares as well as food of all kinds; bundles of short-length kindling wood with varnished ends, or some anointment thereon intended to hasten ignition, blue hen sulphur matches which workmen struck on their trousers, also called "eight-day" matches, and big round and horse-shaped, thick ginger cakes—a penny apiece. Such shops were not rushed all day with business, and many kept open long after dark; very often the proprietors lived over and back of the store, and those on guard were warned

Corner Stores

of the advent of customers by a large bell depending from a spring shaped like an interrogation point. This bell was violently agitated by a trigger or trip on the door; it jangled as one entered and quivered again like the proverbial aspen as the door was closed. If a child of few years appeared at the door leading to the regions beyond, it would call out "Store!" at the top of its voice to summon a middle-aged coatless man or a buxom housekeeper redolent of the kitchen. My recollection of these quaint and altogether delightful little stores goes to cash registerless-days, when after a sale was made the shopkeeper pressed a button or something under the counter, a bell rang and he pulled out his money drawer, or maybe change was made and your payment taken care of by the production of a money bag which was often made of bedticking. My friend, Mr. Henry H. Wiegand, who knows this city well, tells me that not many of these old-time corner stores are now in existence in Baltimore. There are a few left certainly, and I hope some will continue, as they are places where I like to drop in to make a purchase and pass the time of day with the boss. The owners of the older stores were usually much more than minor merchants; they were kind-hearted folk, much too kind-hearted sometimes, I fear, and that among other plainly manifest reasons accounts in part for their passing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I

THE character of several street corners in the neighborhood of the Washington Monument has changed considerably in the last forty years or so. For a long time there was a ladies' shoe store at the northeast intersection of Madison and Howard Streets. It was kept by the two Misses Russell. As a side line bottles labeled "Russell's Cough Syrup" were always on view amid the high-buttoned boots in the windows. Directly opposite was Henderson's book shop, presided over by its poet owner. A drug store was for years at the southwest corner and afterward a harness maker, who in turn has disappeared. Crump's grocery store and oyster bay was across from this point on the site of the Commonwealth Bank, which stands there now. Oyster bays were mainly for the sale of these edibles in the shell or shucked and were conducted usually in cellars; one entered by descending a precipitous stairway. Being much lower than the street a reasonably cool temperature was maintained even in the ever fickle weather of Baltimore's early spring. Like the colored man and his painted tin buckets who cried oysters on the streets, most of them are a thing of the past. Down Madison Street, on the south side at Tyson alley, was a typical old-time grocery—Rinehart's. I well remember the jovial, plump-cheeked proprietor and his good wife. They sold many things, but ginger cakes cut in the shape of a horse were mostly called for by boys. For these horse-cakes I bartered many a large copper two-cent piece. Around the corner from Rine-

*Howard and
Madison Streets*

hart's on Tyson Street (or alley) was "Patsy" Gaierty's livery stable. "Patsy" was an Irishman of the finest type. He wore a close-cropped beard and spoke kindly with a delightful brogue. His word was as good as his bond, and if he promised to meet you at a wharf or railroad station, he was sure to be there. In his day "Patsy" served with his coaches and well-groomed horses the best people in Baltimore.

Over on the northeast corner of Madison and Tyson Streets is the Gordon Hayes residence. Mr. Hayes was a handsome man and in looks his children took after him. Members of the family still live there, the house being one of the relatively few in this part of town which has remained unchanged for over fifty years in ownership and appearance. Next door on Madison Street were Doctor and Mrs. Alfred Powell and their daughter. He was a bland and affable gentleman of the old school. The Shirley, over the way, in the eighties and later was under the management of a Mrs. Lee. Her sweet face is one of the pleasantest memories of my youth.

BOOK lovers will recall Jacob Smith and his old book store on Howard Street, above Madison. Smith was very bald and had more gold teeth than were often seen in these old days. He has long since gone, but his interesting shop, with all the charm of fifty years in the same location, remains. Happily, too, at least one drug store exists today and though modernized is much as it was in the eighties. It is at Park and Madison. Originally founded by Croft & Conlyn over fifty years ago, it remains practically unchanged, but under a newer management. Here many beaux and belles quaffed their first glass of soda-water. The first telephone I ever saw was in this store.

The old Mount Vernon Hotel, on West Monument Street, was a handsome, rather exclusive hostelry in the eighties. I do not recall just when it went out of business (about 1895, I believe). Edwin Booth, the famous actor,

often stopped there when he played in Baltimore. The house next door to the east was for years the residence of the late Dr. George Reuling. It has one of the finest staircases in Baltimore. On the Park Avenue side of Grace Church there is a gutter in the sidewalk, at the iron railing, covered with a sheet of cast iron which slopes at one end. In my childhood boys would stand on this and perform a diminutive seesaw sort of exercise. This iron plate is there today, just as it was in 1883, and you can still seesaw on it; I did so this morning for a moment.

*Park Avenue;
Roller skates*

BACK in those times the children of the well-to-do often had velocipedes. They were heavy, clumsy, three-wheeled affairs, made of wood and iron, with carpet-covered seats. The pedals of the front wheel were equipped with wooden spools on which the feet rested while the rider's feet and legs propelled the vehicle. Misnamed, indeed, they were, as but little speed, as we understand it today, was possible, and that mainly down hill.

What a furor visited the children when roller skates first made their appearance! The rollers were close together directly under the foot, and there were no ballbearings, but the fun with them was the same. With my first pair the toy man threw in, according to his advertisement, a small bow and arrow, quite a good one, too. You could shoot the arrow through both sides of a tin can or a window pane! The cat and rat rifle came soon after. The use of these small-bore firearms was, of course, illegal, but thousands of them were sold and their popping was heard on back lots and alleys continually. After Hon. William F. Cody's first visit to Baltimore the "Buffalo Bill" gun, which worked with rubber bands and fired a pointless dart, proved a much safer plaything.

Opposite Grace Church a pretty house stood, with a small yard around it. With its stable it took up the space now

Park Avenue; occupied by the Winona. This was the home of Dr. St.
A clubhouse George Teackle, a fine-looking and well-known physician of the eighties. I recall his dark-eyed little daughter. The distinguished jurist, the late John Thomas Morris, lived in this part of Park Avenue and on the other side of the street, were the Wymans, Foards, Earlys and Baldwins.

There used to be at the corner of Cathedral and Eager Streets a very small toy and refreshment shop maintained mostly for children. It was presided over by a good old soul the kids called "Minnie". Many of the rising generation will remember making delightful investments in toys, cakes and candies twenty-five years ago at "Minnie's."

AMONG the clergymen here who were noted public speakers was Wayland D. Ball; he was logical and direct. The eloquent Dr. W. U. Murkland I used to often hear on summer evenings when all the windows were open, not even having to go into the church, as I lived across the street from the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, where the doctor preached in the nineties. Dr. A. T. Leftwich was at the First Church, that handsome edifice, corner Park Avenue and Madison Street. As a child I saw Dr. John Backus, who had charge of this church for many years. His old residence still adjoins the church on the Madison Street side. Dr. Backus' grandson, J. C. B. Pendleton, and his friend, the late Henry ("Chuck") Wilson, made a nice little private clubhouse by painting and decorating very cleverly a sort of high-legged, over-size chicken coop. With Spencer Davidson, who lived at the Shirley opposite, I was often admitted to this club. There was just room inside for a few small boys to sit on bricks, which were upholstered in bright carpet. Light was supplied by candles set in cigar boxes with glass fronts. Here we smoked a casual cigarette and laid elaborate plans for future adventures. Needless to state, few of these plans materialized. Dr. Leftwich was succeeded at First Church

by the Rev. Jere Witherspoon, a man of much charm and distinction. *Dr. Eccleston;
Harry Martin*

A few blocks away at Emmanuel for many years Dr. J. Houston Eccleston was one of the most beloved and widely known rectors. He was a man of parts and of unsurpassed geniality and kindness. He was a teller of good stories. I knew him quite well and recall one of his best. The doctor told me he had heard of a couple being united in marriage whose Christian names were Benjamin and Annie. On being asked by a friend how the pair had looked during the ceremony the officiating parson replied that "they appeared Annie-mated and Bennyfitted."

THE recently deceased and much lamented Harold Randolph was organist at Emmanuel in the late nineties and in the summer a musician friend of mine, the late Harry G. Martin, substituted for Mr. Randolph. Sometimes I would attend the morning service and sit in the organ loft. The choir was for the most part on vacation, but a Mr. Webb, the tenor, would be there. When the sermon commenced Martin and the rest of us would hurry around to the St. Paul Street residence of John Curlett, who was Harry's grandfather. Here Martin, who was always composing, would play for twenty minutes on his mother's superb grand piano, his watch on the music rest before him. Then we would all rush back to the church. Our time margin was very narrow on one occasion. I remember when Martin composed his opera, "The Twentieth Century Girl", I believe was the title. Hot summer as it was, he would pull down the windows for fear some passing musician would appropriate his themes. He would then pound out his excellent waltz which was the keynote to the opera. It was produced by amateurs at the Academy of Music later.

Old St. Paul's I knew very well in the days of Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, whose son, Roland, was such a clever wit. My

Father Whelan; old friend, Frank Mellier, was closely identified with work in
The Peabody this church, where he was usher. With him I went in some private coach or other to the railroad stations to meet and fetch to St. Paul's Bishop Paret or some other well-known divine who was to preach at the church.

I KNEW many clergymen of different denominations and remember with pleasure long conversations with the delightful and brilliant Father Walter Drum, S. J., of Woodstock College. And I used to see, too, Father Whelan, for so long at St. Mary's Star of the Sea. A truly wonderful man. In his earlier days of service at his church, Locust Point parish, with its seafaring element from the ports of the world, housed at times a rather rowdy crowd. It was often said of Father John Whelan that his presence in that locality did far more to insure peace and order than twenty policemen would have done. His kindness, tact and knowledge of his brother man enabled him to meet every emergency. Father Whelan told me some amusing stories. Here is one with the point in Latin: A gentleman at dinner requested his neighbor to help him to a baked potato, which was passed to him with the remark: "I think you will find this a mealy one." "Thanks", quoth the other, "it could not be *melior*."

II

IN THE middle eighties with my old friend, Andrew Ellicott Maccoun, I used to attend lectures and concerts at the Peabody Institute. In those days N. H. Morrison, Esq., was the provost, as the executive director was then called, and he lived on the northeast corner of Madison and Cathedral Streets. He had a son, a nice quiet, red-headed boy, called "Nat" by his friends. I recall an early director, the eminent Carl Faelten, who went from the Peabody to Boston; also the famous Sir Asger Hamerick, and the orches-

tra which he often led in the eighties, but the person who seemed to interest Maccoun and me most was old "Tony" Comello, the janitor and major-domo of the Peabody. He was a very good-natured man, bald headed and wore a heavy gray mustache. A few minutes before lecture or concert time he would come into the partly lighted hall and proudly wind the spark coil which ignited the gas chandelier. Then he would bow and speak to early comers, many of whom knew him well. He died over twenty years ago.

*Peabody lectures;
Cardinal Gibbons*

Baltimoreans will remember, along with other lectures, a pleasant series delivered one winter on travel in foreign lands by C. H. Bolton. They were illustrated with colored lantern slides projected by the newest thing in dissolving view stereopticons. Moving pictures were not dreamed of in these times. During the same season a well-known authority of the day—Garrett P. Serviss—discoursed on popular astronomy. At the end of the lecture as the audience left the building it was met on the sidewalk by an astronomical fanatic, one "Professor" William Carpenter, who vociferously offered for sale, at a quarter a copy, his pamphlet "One Hundred Proofs that the Earth is not a Globe." This book was quite a curiosity.

AT FIVE o'clock on crisp autumn evenings, cane in hand, Cardinal Gibbons used to walk up Cathedral or Charles Street. His strong yet gentle face lighted with its charming smile when he recognized his many friends. His Eminence could walk scarcely a score of yards before being joined by perhaps James Gustavus Whitely, the late Hammond J. Dugan, or in still older times by his warm friend, Michael Mullin. Mr. Mullin was a lawyer and fine gentleman of the old school. Cardinal Gibbons liked to have company on his daily constitutional and those who walked and chatted with him on these occasions will always recall them with pleasure.

Comparatively few notables stroll down town in the mornings or up town toward dusk nowadays, but I used to often

Charles Street greet in passing Judge Walter Dawkins, Gen. Lawrason Riggs, Walter DeC. Poultney and my old friends, William F. and J. Carrell Lucas. And in the winter a touch of color was given whenever Frank Harvey, Charles Andrew McCann, Donnell Swan, Ral Parr and George May were seen on Charles Street. How different all this was before the fire, when all the world and his wife could be seen from hour to hour sauntering up and down town on the main thoroughfares!

AND Charles Street, too, has altered and with the pedestrians of former years many of the old landmarks have disappeared, or become "improved" past all recognition. A few changes between the Monument and Saratoga Street are worth noting. On the west side of the street near Centre, where the Walters Art Gallery now stands, was the exclusive boarding house of a Miss Battaile, next door at the corner was the residence of Mr. Orville Horwitz. Across the square was the office of Dr. Nicholas W. Kneass, a fine looking man and a kind one; Dr. John M. Mackenzie was next door. He was a noted throat specialist and people came to him from far and near. I remember when Thomas Daubigny, then a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, came to consult him. At Centre and Charles the Langham was run as a private hotel by Miss Tripp, a remarkable woman. Her house was almost always crowded. This building was the old Thomas Buckler residence. It is standing today, and looks the same as it did, and Dr. George Walker still has his office on the lower floor.

Over the way from the Langham a score or more years ago the old St. James Hotel was managed by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Samanni. Many theatrical folk stopped there, for Mrs. Samanni was an ideal hostess. She was, indeed, fascinating with her bright eyes and dazzling smile. "Jess" Giesendaffer officiated gracefully at the bar on the Centre Street side, and there was, as now, a drug store at the hotel corner in the nineties with the imperturbable Gallagher as clerk in charge.

An efficient and courteous fellow, I often wonder what became of him.

*Worthy men;
Leeches*

Many will recall a character who served housekeepers and offices with ice in the part of the city I am now describing. John Finley, first with the old Cochran and Oler companies, later with their successors, made his daily rounds in the neighborhood of Charles, Franklin, St. Paul and nearby streets day after day for over forty years; he sometimes was obliged to be late, but he never forgot a patron. This fine old man retired on a well-merited pension some years ago. Another good man will be pleasantly remembered. George W. Hall, who was for fifty years with the Adams Express Company and covered the same section with his horse and high wagon. Early and late in summer rains and winter snows George Hall withstood all weathers and all the peculiarities of human nature with a philosophic calm. Nothing disturbed his equanimity even at the busy Christmas time. He would smoke his all-tobacco cigarette and be agreeable to everyone. He is also retired on pension.

PASSING on down to Hamilton Street, named for Alexander Hamilton, with its quaint little houses, we would have found, thirty years ago, the old-time grocer, the late R. F. H. Lawson, just back of the Athenæum Club, which stood until recently at Charles and Franklin Streets. Next door to Lawson's and under the club was the famous barber shop of the late Emile Cayé. He afterward moved downtown. When I was a boy barbers, many of them at least, still did a great deal more for suffering mankind than the laying on of hot cloths for headaches. Some of them were experts in cupping and leeching. In their windows could often be seen dishes with the small dark aquatic worms resting between their doubtless pleasant labors. With the steady increase of physicians the cupper and leecher's services were less called for, and so far as I know, there are no tonsorialists now practicing the art. The last printed sign advertising this

Teackle Wallis; profession was in a shop on Park Avenue near Saratoga
The Dorseys Street. It has not been there for a number of years.

Opposite the Unitarian Church was the fine mansion where Sir William Osler made his home during the years he resided in Baltimore. And over on the other side of Charles, at Franklin, was the green grocery shop of Miss A. Page Reid, above which were the offices of Dr. C. G. Grindall, who owned the building. Miss Reid commenced her career with the firm of Horn & Co., who had a provision store on Charles Street, below Mulberry, where she was the bookkeeper. A man named Sheehan was the meat clerk. There is a story to the effect that one day Mr. S. Teackle-Wallis called to make a purchase. Sheehan was busy, and Miss Reid left her high stool to wait on the distinguished customer, at which Mr. Wallis called out: "Ha-ha, I see you have two she-hands today."

* *

FINE old residences filled the east side of Charles Street from Franklin to Mulberry. Mr. Mendes Cohen, an esteemed and representative citizen, lived in one of them. Members of his family, until a few years ago, made their home there. The old brick house is gone now and in its place is a fine modern business building.

In the nineties there was a Mr. John W. Dorsey and his delightful family living at 407 North Charles Street. His charming wife had been a Miss Harrison; his boys, John and Charlie, were bright fellows, and the quaint little eight-year-old daughter, Comfort, "comprised", as she said a poem that ran something like this:

*"I don't care to be great or famous,
Or travel all over the world,
But stay quietly at home with my mother,
And have my hair peacefully curled."*

Mr. Dorsey was a man of wide learning and strong character. He did not mind, indeed, he seemed never to

notice the weather. Heat and cold were very much alike to him, and he wore the same lightweight clothing at all seasons. After the hottest nights in July he would greet me in the morning, saying, with his contagious smile:

*John W. Dorsey;
Dr. Shearer*

"Hot? Not a bit of it, my dear fellow. I slept like a top." And on raw, wintry days when I met him scurrying down the street, no overcoat, of course, there would be his merry smile again and a cordial clasp of the hand: "A fine, bracing day, sir. I tell you I do enjoy such weather." Truly a rare soul.

III

THE old Thomas Reese grocery store which was for such a long time at the corner of Charles and Mulberry Streets, with its friendly cat, barrels with handled tops and fixtures of the period, removed from their location some years ago and is no longer in business. The building it occupied, now modified and used by other interests, is still there, and Waldemar Dieterich works in the same studio upstairs as his father, the late Louis P. Dieterich, used to work for many years. Next door on Charles Street were the offices of Dr. Thomas L. Shearer, the elder, and his son, called in his father's lifetime "Young Dr. Tom", who was probably the first man in Baltimore to walk abroad hatless. Dr. "Tom" Shearer adopted this habit twenty-five years ago, but now when the custom is common, especially with the younger men, Dr. Shearer again wears his hat much of the time. In summer the blinds of the Shearer offices were often but half drawn and the passer-by could look all the way through the lower rooms into a pretty green yard at the back. I lived in this block at the corner of Pleasant Street and could set my timepiece by the doctor's leaving his office each morning to be driven by his English groom on his rounds. His carriage horses were notably handsome and always beautifully kept. Opposite was the home of Dr. A. J. Volck, and the office of Dr. William Lee.

In former chapters I have described many of the shops

Col. Tompkins; and houses on Charles Street between Mulberry and Saratoga as they existed in the nineties, but no mention was made of the old Wilson building, formerly at Charles and Saratoga Streets. Here Col. John A. Tompkins, managing trustee of the Thomas Wilson Sanatorium, had his office. He was an erect, fine-looking man, who walked briskly and had a charming manner. Among the various tenants in this building, which was for years without an elevator, were "Billy" Hodges, an architect, and my old friends, J. Carrell Lucas and the late Irving Ward. It was quite a climb to the fourth floor, where these artists had their studios, but if they were not out or "engaged" a warm welcome and cordial hospitality awaited the panting visitor.

ON THE ground floor of the Wilson Building was the Fairall Company, specialists in rare wines and liqueurs. Many will recall the little bronze Chinaman, with a cigarette held tightly between his lips, which was always in the window. The old Mercantile Library, which was next door, removed several years ago to Centre Street east of Charles, and I regret to record is now out of existence. Those who frequented the library and others who walked by it will remember the two pleasant ladies who were in charge. They were well acquainted with good literature and gave valuable advice to readers. One of them, Miss Stewart, is still in the city, I believe.

Next door to the library was Mrs. Silver's. With the assistance of her daughter, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Silver maintained a truly festive board. I lived with these excellent people for some time and remember with a glow of pleasure the daily feasts of wit and the flow of repartee which took place at her table. Only the dozen or more guests were ever present, the waiter, black William, being the presiding genius at mealtime. Silent, attentive and efficient was this honest Negro boy and so thoughtful of the comfort and satisfaction of Mrs. Silver's boarders that it was said, seriously, that if one of

them had irregular teeth William would place a corrugated Mrs. Silver's
sugar spoon at his place. Symposium

HERE gathered in the middle nineties many well-known men, some of whom are still living and in Baltimore. Such a symposium where all questions of the hour were discussed, arguments and opinions exchanged, will probably never again exist in this city. Among those at these daily occasions were A. Bernard Chancellor, Frank and Harry Hayward, Dr. Alexander D. McConachie, Ernest Sadtler, Harry Snowden Stabler, Edward H. Martin, Col. Washington Bowie, Jr., and others. Mr. Martin was assistant to Governor Edwin Warfield at the newly finished building of the Fidelity Company. He was a particularly genial, pleasant fellow, greatly liked by everyone. He had lived in Washington when secretary to Senator Wilson, of the Eastern Shore, whose daughter he afterward married. Through his experience in Washington he was especially well versed in the political matters of the day. Raleigh Smith was also in this group. He was a feature writer on the staff of a local paper, and it could be truly said to know him was to love him.

In 1895 baseball was, of course, a topic for fiery debate and argument. I recall vividly the hot enthusiasm—misplaced, many at the Silver table thought—with which Harry Stabler championed the old Oriole team when Ned Hanlon was manager and Gleason, Kelly, Keeler, Jennings, Robinson and McGraw were shining lights. He backed these wonderful players at any and all odds to win the pennant and his insight and understanding of the merits of the Baltimore team enabled him to gain his wagers, as the Orioles did win the pennant for three or more years in succession.

TWO men of exceptional personality and character "sat in" with us for dinner at various times. One was Col. Alexander Helper, a pioneer in modern methods of advertising in

Several Characters Baltimore. Frequently when argument flared and the air became almost incandescent and some decided statement was made, Colonel Helper would challenge the maker in this manner:

"Impossible. I defy you to prove what you say, and if you do I shall donate to any orphan asylum you may designate a full box of cigars."

And a little later he would issue another of his challenges and promise another "full" box of cigars, this time to the Aged Women's Home or some similar institution. The group at the table would have been better pleased had he passed around even a partly filled box.

Then there was a Mr. Forest, a man of mystery, as we styled him, since it was never known whence he came nor whither he went nor what was his occupation. He was short and thick set, with clean-cut features and a very small gray mustache. His knowledge and information was encyclopædic. Bristling with facts and figures on every possible subject, he was particularly alert and interested in politics and statecraft. For some reason he seemed to bear a burning grudge against Grover Cleveland, then President of the country.

"Why, the man never wrote a state paper," Mr. Forest would declare in stentorian tones and the combined argumentative efforts of a room largely filled with loyal Democrats could not convince him otherwise.

A LAWYER, publicist and interesting character of this period and until after the fire was John Henry Keene, Esq. He wielded, indeed, a trenchant pen, which, on occasion, when John Henry was aroused over a matter of civic importance, flashed, sparkled and spit forth veritable forked lightning. Mr. Keene resembled Bismarck in the face to a certain degree, but was better looking. He wore English walking suits in large plaids and checks, usually a soft hat, multi-colored jeweled rings, and carried from day to day a variety of unique canes.

He showed me one time a formidable walking stick, gnarled and heavy, which had been presented to him during one of his many European tours by a Russian grand duke. He gave me a realistic account of his collision with a fierce boarhound while he was walking through an Austrian forest. The huge dog charged with wide open jaws and Mr. Keene struck the beast a crushing blow on the head with the self-same cane that he showed me.

*Mr. Keene's canes;
Capt. Cassell*

FOR many years Capt. William H. Cassell was superintendent of Druid Hill Park. He was a fine old man in the nineties burly in form with heavy eyebrows and a close-cut beard. He had a wonderfully kind and gentle nature and was beloved by everyone, especially by the scores of children who played daily in the park. During a severe thunder storm he bravely drove through his domain, of which he was, in fact, a part, checking up the damage done and to assure himself that the sheep and other animals were as safe as possible. His grandson, Mr. John Cassell, told me that as a boy he used to ride around the park with the captain, in his topless buggy, drawn by an old white horse. Once the buggy was hurriedly driven off the road over the grass, his grandfather jumped out and stamping with his foot killed a ground mole. His keen eyes had seen the turf moving and to think was to act with him always.

In the old days, just as now, the park was always full of fine fat squirrels and it used to be said that Captain Cassell would permit the shooting of one if a physician's certificate proved it was for an invalid, the meat of a squirrel in a Brunswick stew being reputed to be the most easily digested of all meats.

As an example of Captain Cassell's continual vigilance and almost omnipresence throughout the broad acres of Druid Hill's lawns and woods I can tell a little story. I was with a few friends late one summer afternoon eating lunch on the grass near Edmund's Well. One of the party inflated a large

Improved paper bag and popped it with a great noise. On the instant
By-ways Captain Cassell hove in sight in his buggy and stopping near us asked us if we had heard a "shot."

"I am sure there has been a gun or pistol discharged," he said. "Are you certain you did not hear a shot?" We explained the origin of the report and showed him the paper bag. He laughed heartily and wishing us a pleasant evening drove on.

IV

THE alleys I ran through when I was a boy, in making short cuts and in evading various kinds of pursuers, were paved with rough cobble stones, often sadly in need of repair; sluggish surface drains coursed down the middle, trash and cast-off household goods and gods were piled anyhow, anywhere, and garbage boxes of many shapes and sizes stacked one upon another. Dead cats and rats lay around conveniently at hand for Peck's bad boy and his cohorts to grab up for use as ammunition in back lot battles or for unrefined practical jokes, while living marauders of these predatory tribes were often seen scurrying over and among the conglomerated masses of refuse. Heavy board fences, some listing this way and that in structural weakness and in varying stages of age and dilapidation, separated the yards. On these fences the neighborhood boys would walk tight-rope performer style and climb down into other yards than their own to "borrow" clothes lines for the making of lassoes and soap boxes for election night bonfires and for the manufacture of wagon bodies.

But lately I walked into what seemed as I entered to be an alley in the rear of houses in a Baltimore suburb. It was a moonlight night in August and I was prepared to encounter the sights and smells of the back alleys of my youth. None such were present. I wandered down a smooth concrete pavement clean enough for one to sit down on and eat a sandwich. The leafy foliage of shrubs and luxurious plants overhung the

low wire partitions and private hedges which formed almost invisible lines between property owners, seeming not to be fences in either office or appearance. No mine or thine whatever in green grass and sweet flowers, but all of the gardens were free for the enjoyment of every one. The night was filled with the pleasant scent of many blossoms and the sounds on the air were soft and musical.

*Alleys and
Arc lights*

NO magician's art has brought about these changes and they did not come all at once. The development of block after block of new houses in the suburbs of Baltimore, including wholly detached and duplex types of modern homes has been one of the principal causes of the removal and the non-existence of the old-time alley in scores of new localities. Civic organizations headed by energetic and capable women, supported by city ordinances, long since instituted house and back-yard cleaning days at periodic intervals which have made remarkable improvements throughout the central and older parts of this city. With the installation of the first electric arc lamps for street lighting some of the evils and unsanitary conditions of alley ways commenced to disappear.

The early arc lights, many of them put into service by the old Brush Electric Company, were not as steady in burning as the lamps of today. They were at times intermittent and often flickered, dying down to a glowing coal, suddenly to leap up into blue-white light of dazzling intensity. But the erratic action of these arcs made artistic effects in contrasts of light and shade upon the pavements, the nearby trees became mysterious and threw shadows in fantastic traceries wherever they chanced to fall. How often on hot summer evenings I stood at some street corner under the old lamps whose occasional hissing and snapping punctuated the silent night while I waited for the inspiration to go home and the belated "last car" to take me there!

CERTAINLY, no class of business men would have been more interested in the new order of sanitary methods, modern paving and present-day homes than many I remember who were agents for and developers of real estate in the nineties: That handsome old gentleman, well on in years when I knew him, the late Hiram Woods, Sr. His calm, serene face reminded one of the poet Robert Browning as painted by the English artist, Sir W. B. Richmond. Then there was George H. Sargent, of Sargent & Tinges, with his red-gray beard and charming manners; Pierre C. Dugan, a small man with bright eyes and glasses half way down his nose. His nephew and partner, the late Hammond J. Dugan, was young and active in those days.

J. B. Chastain will be recalled by many, with his clear-cut classical features and gray moustache. He was a specialist in down-town warehouse property and used a horse and buggy in visiting property, as did many of the real-estate men of the time. One broker whose name I do not remember, a cripple, in fact, conducted his business largely in a jagger usually parked on Lexington Street near St. Paul. Boston Fear, with his rugged countenance and thick-set frame, I saw frequently. He was a land operator and builder very much in and out of the Law Building, where the well-groomed and suave "Charley" Spalding had his office. "Charley" was for years paying teller at the Drovers and Mechanics Bank, and at the next window was that very popular fellow, Stocksdales, called "Stocksy" by his intimates.

Francis E. Yewell, with blue eyes and ministerial clean-shaven face, I remember also, and Joseph Cone, who built the Law Building at Lexington and St. Paul Streets, on the site of a still older Law Building, a squat affair in the eighties of but two or three stories. Mr. Cone later on built the first modern apartments, the Severn, which was a subject of controversy for a time as to height. The tall and kindly Samuel P. Morton was a real-estate man of the old school, as was George

W. Lindsay, who in his later years was for long a member of the Orphans' Court.

*Old school
Gentlemen*

IN 1893 my office was at No. 10 East Lexington Street, on the ground floor of which was John G. Dillehunt, whose pleasant smile often helped me to start the day. With him was Mr. H. C. Bevan, who is still living and looks just about the way he did thirty years ago. I also had the privilege of knowing Alexander Yearley, Jr., whose ancestors founded his firm in 1808, and Lennox Birkhead, both charming gentlemen. Perhaps I saw him oftener, perhaps it was a sort of special light which sparkled in his eyes, but I recall no one of this period of my life more vividly than my old friend William Martien. Father of James Carey Martien, he was the logical dean of his profession and one of the finest men of his day.

The late Francis White, a large property owner, was, through his agents, a landlord of such a generous and thoughtful disposition that it was said there was always a waiting list of would-be tenants for his houses wherever located, as people were always ready to move into one of his houses the very day it became vacant.

How pleasant and kind these old-time business men were to the boys and young fellows who called on them even in small matters. Their courtesy and geniality will always be a happy memory to those who knew them.

SEATED at a desk piled high with a chaos of papers, letters and packages of printed matter, I one day found Gen. Murray Vandiver, then treasurer of the State of Maryland. His office was for years at the Democratic headquarters on the second floor of the old Eutaw House, at Baltimore and Eutaw Streets. Enlarged photographs of Barnes Compton, Arthur Pue Gorman and other party leaders and statesmen of that day and a day before, hung on the walls. In the middle of our

Murray Vandiver; conversation the General turned to me abruptly: "Do you like
J. F. C. Talbot canvas-back ducks?" and awaiting no reply—"I'll send you a pair at Christmas." He did indeed, and many other pairs he sent to his numerous friends. Such a memory for people and faces had Murray Vandiver that it was estimated that he knew and could call by name, often the given name as well as the last, more individuals than any other man in the State of Maryland; they ran into thousands.

This talent is a very real gift for a public man. J. Fred C. Talbot ("Uncle Fred") had it also and commenced his acquaintance with future voters even at the cradle's side. This old-time Congressman probably dandled and kissed in his time more Maryland babies than any other man in or out of politics. These old leaders in their party wore distinctive hats, as will be remembered. "Uncle Fred's" was a light-colored, flat-topped felt, with a dark band, and General Vandiver wore very often a flat-topped derby. When Murray Vandiver went to Union Station to take his train for his home at Havre de Grace, if the station happened to be crowded he was stopped so often to speak to people and shake hands that sometimes the train had to be held for a moment or two until he could get aboard.

CHAPTER NINE

I

EARLY in the nineties a new Governor entered into office in Maryland. Lloyd Lowndes was a Republican and many of the old officeholders realized they would be dispossessed. I was just a little past my majority and through the friendly interest of the late Frank S. Strobridge, at the time a State Senator, I received an appointment as one of twelve notaries public for the city of Baltimore. This was fine, for in those days every bank held many notes and drafts which went to protest daily, far more than nowadays, I imagine, in proportion to the volume of trade. The notary received \$2 net for each protest form he filled out and for his duties in connection therewith, so his income was excellent as incomes went then. My dream, however, was soon dissipated, in two days to be exact, as the Legislature passed after that interval an act creating about thirty additional notaries. Aided by this new law, all the older officials secured promptly the appointments they had feared were lost, and continued without any interruption whatever to act for their respective banks as they had been doing for years.

*Notaries
Public*

The newly appointed notaries therefore, had for the most part only such minor work, mainly acknowledgments and affidavits, as they could secure. The late G. Evett Reardon, then a commissioner of deeds for almost every State in the Union and a justice of the peace, reassured me with the remark that by attention to business I might secure a following. I well

Herald Building: remember this affable gentlemen's bold signature; next to the
Neighbors proverbial John Hancock's, it was one of the largest and most impressive extant.

MY office was with a well-known legal firm, Niles & Wolff, where I was studying law, in the Herald Building, which stood before the fire at the northwest corner of Fayette and St. Paul Streets upon the site of the old Mansion House. On the stairs and in the elevators of this building I used to see every day many well-known men, some of them veritable characters, and of whom few are now alive. On Saturday afternoons representing his father the publisher "Eddie" Curlander, in short pants, used to call at our office with the new edition of the Laws of Maryland under his arm. The pants have long since grown up or "down," and Mr. Curlander is still with us. The late Max Ways, with his made-to-order, long-pointed, turned-down collars and very individual hair cut then city editor of the *Herald*; Col. A. B. Cunningham, his cigar tightly held in the corner of his mouth; he was a typical old-time newspaper man and a mighty fine fellow. George P. Gardner, a Scotsman, a pioneer in modern advertising in this city, had his offices across the hall from me; his room was equipped very simply—a desk almost empty, with a dictionary on its top, and an ice water cooler which usually contained ice and all that properly should go with it. Alexander Bechhofer, manager of the *Herald*, a man small in stature, perhaps, but aggressive and efficient in the newspaper world of his day; F. F. Peard, a great big fine man, who later became manager; he used to visit the tenants to see how they were getting along—"pastoral calls" Mr. Peard termed them. The late Thomas H. Gaither, Jr., and his handsome partner, Frederick H. Bailliere, and many others, one of whom was that distinguished lawyer and gentleman of the old school the late Moses R. Walter.

An old friend Clarence A. Tucker was also associated with Niles & Wolff in these days. He had always a keen appreciation for fine points of law and an excellent, workable

philosophy and I profited greatly by being in the same office with him.

*Sydney Nyburg
Expeditions*

In the *Herald* Building I often caught a glimpse of the then young Sydney Nyburg, too hurried to await the elevator, skipping up the stairs to the fourth floor to see his friend the late Archie Sykes who was then reading law in Mr. Walter's office. Since those days Mr. Nyburg has not only become a well known lawyer himself, but a graceful writer and novelist as well.

I also recall some of the old-time notaries of those days: Murray Hanson, T. Kell Bradford, W. H. H. Rawleigh and Philemon H. Tuck. Out of the number in business when there were twelve in the city, so far as I know, my old friend Felix R. Sullivan was the last one in office.

THE first official act I executed was the taking of an acknowledgment for the late Richard Bernard, who sent for me to come to his office in the Central Savings Bank Building. He was a very kindly man and friendly indeed to young lawyers. Being young and active, I made a special enterprise of accompanying attorneys to various parts of the city and other places within the State to take affidavits, evidence and to act as witness. These expeditions were made to the residences of persons who were either willingly confined by indisposition or laziness, or to yet other places of sojourn where the individuals were unwillingly confined, jails, the Penitentiary, hospitals and the like. Also I often went to convents, insane asylums and monasteries. Naturally, several years of this sort of thing brought me into contact with many prominent professional and business men and gave me opportunities for the observation of people in all walks of life and various conditions of existence. My experiences were interesting, sometimes amusing, often sad and depressing.

The late William Colton, a well-known lawyer whose technique at the trial table in a certain class of cases was

well-nigh flawless, drove a jagger with a speedy horse. He used to take me with him often in the night-time to remote and frequently desolate parts of the city, where I took the depositions and affidavits of witnesses in his court cases, generally damage suits against corporations. In those days I was thin, pale-faced, and on chilly nights wore a long dark rain-coat which fell in straight lines. I probably looked the part of the legendary notary of the drama and, being more than a little stagestruck and a frequent theatergoer, I doubtless at times tinged my official conduct with a theatrical touch.

ON a gloomy November afternoon I accompanied Mr. B. P. Moore, a gray-bearded attorney of the nineties, to a house at the corner of Charles and Biddle Streets to take the acknowledgment of an invalid, a Mr. King. Mr. Moore's face was rather grave and I shaped my own expression to be in keeping. We were admitted to the lower hall by a sedate Negro butler and passed on upward to the second floor, where we found Mr. King in his library. He was clad in a floreated dressing gown, with tasseled cords, and his neck was swathed with a silk scarf. He appeared to be weak and feeble and after signing the document while he conferred with his lawyer I noticed a superb guitar resting on a table near by. Observing my interest in the instrument, Mr. King directed me to hand it to him and to my delight he commenced to play exquisite harmonies. But his music was like none I ever listened to and I left the house feeling that I had heard the weird playing of Roderick Usher, whose eerie improvisations on the guitar are described so hauntingly by Edgar Allan Poe in one of his most famous stories.

ON one occasion depositions were taken before me in a case pending in a Western court of a witness residing in Baltimore. Two Chicago attorneys examined this man. To all questions

propounded by the lawyer for the defendant, the plaintiff's attorney entered the same objection, which he repeated more than a score of times during the examination: "Objected to, as irresponsible, irrelevant, incompetent and inadmissible." These words and the tone in which they were uttered remained fixed in my memory for thirty-five years. Whenever I am wakeful at night I often put myself to sleep by repeating them over and over. They prove a far better soporific than counting the time honored sheep leaping over their fence.

Sedative words
An anecdote

IN the following reminiscence the facts are real but the names employed are not. One pleasant spring day I was called on by a well-known lawyer to go with him and his client, a man of prominence, to a country place ten or twelve miles from the city, where the owner lay ill in bed. Papers were to be signed deeding the place to its new owner, a Mr. Brown. This gentleman drove us out in a new French car, one of the very few automobiles then in the State of Maryland. It was a novel experience for me, it being, I believe, my first ride in a horseless carriage, and I enjoyed it. We arrived at our destination in what seemed to be an incredibly short space of time. The documents were executed in the sick room of Mr. Smith, who was selling his old home. He was propped up in bed and, after blotting his signature to the deed, called an attendant to whom he gave some instructions in a low tone. The servant left the room to return in a few minutes carrying a large bouquet of lovely roses which had just been cut in the hot-house. Mr. Smith handed the flowers to the new owner's lawyer, saying with a smile: "Here are some of Mr. Brown's roses; take them to your wife with his compliments."

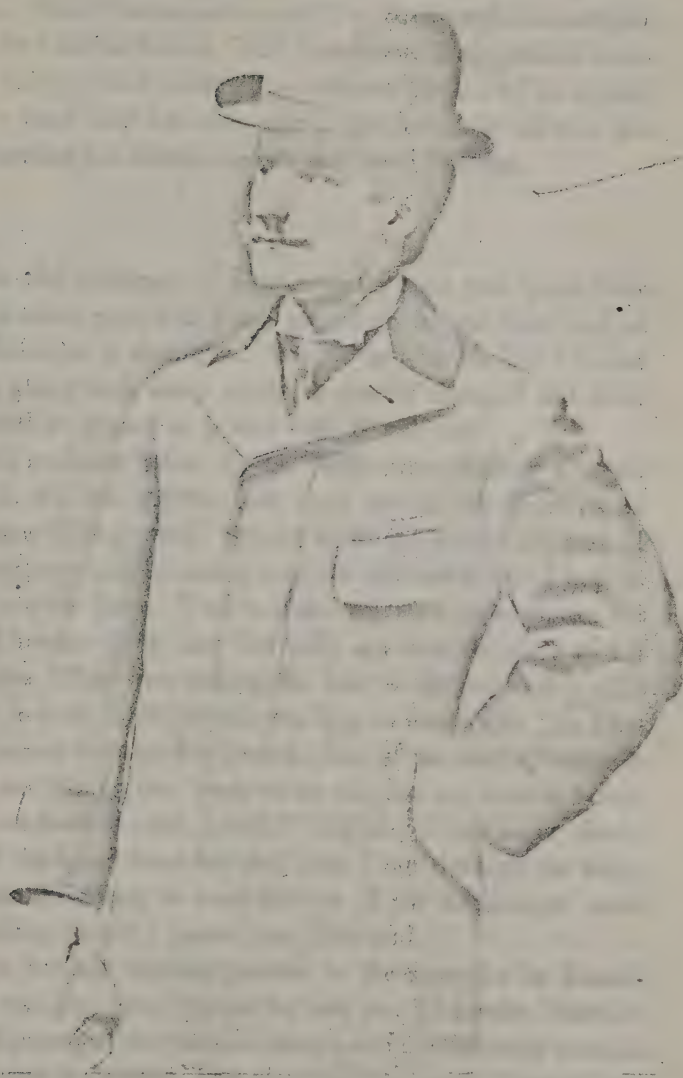
It cut the old gentleman keenly to part with his country place and the gesture of the roses was an unusual application of the slogan used by present-day florists.

THE very recent opening of a moving-picture palace on the former site of the old Academy of Music turns my own thoughts back, a shade sadly perhaps, to the memory of other and older days when I lived quite near this theater and knew it well. Especially at this time do I muse on the past, for within seven days of September 26th three well-known Baltimoreans, all constant attendants at the theaters, answered their last call—Charles Andrew McCann, Edwin Litchfield Turnbull and James Swan Frick. Probably in no similar period of time—one little week—have three men of such pronounced individuality died in this city, and each of them having been a regular attendant for years at the play and opera. (1927).

As divinity doth hedge a king, so in their day each of these three radiated definite and admirable personality. Charley McCann had the perfect gift of fellowship and adaptability and was ever at full ease in castle or cottage. He could sit on a gilded chair in patrician parlors, or on a bench among the lowly with equal grace. As a public and private entertainer, comic or serious actor, and as agreeable guest he had no superior in Maryland, if anywhere. It is said that he had not had a disengaged evening for ten years.

• •

EDWIN Litchfield Turnbull I knew for thirty years. Nearly that long ago he organized the Beethoven Terrace Orchestra, a company of youthful amateurs, and conducted it on many occasions. In 1906, when Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was produced by a company of talented amateurs, he labored vigorously and was largely responsible for details in the staging, incidental music and general management which gave fine finish to those delightful open-air performances at the Buckler estate, Evergreen, on West North Avenue. His was a rare nature, charming, versatile and gracious, and withal thoroughly practical.



THE AUTHOR IN 1893

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Mr. James Swan Frick I used often to see in the days when he lived on Franklin Street near Park Avenue in his beautiful house which was torn down several years ago to make room for the new building of the Young Women's Christian Association. With what an air he would walk through the sunlight across to Charles Street! Tall, handsome, distinguished looking in carriage and dress, he was almost the last of his special type, a man who not only was a gentleman in all that the word implies but always looked and acted like one.

*Swan Frick;
A door check*

SO the old Academy of Music would have seen these three men no more even had it not passed on before them and all is doubtless as it should be. But for us who are left Howard Street, along with many others, is greatly changed and looks very little as it used to at any hour of the day.

As I meditate before the fire there comes to mind a winter night in the late eighties, not quite ten by the clock and a light snow falling softly. I stood under the roofed doorway of the Academy and enviously read the billboards, for I had no ticket nor its price. Two well-dressed men in overcoats cut Lord Chumley style came hurriedly out into the glare of the gas lights. They were among the first of the crowd that used always to rush forth between the acts to Beach's or The Diamond across the way for bracers. One of the men, spying me, called out "Here, boy, want to see the last act, here is a door check, we have to catch a train?" and they strode away. Shaking off the snow from hat and coat I ran through the lobby and scarcely daring to meet the eye of the doorkeeper, amid the jostling crowd, I passed into fairyland.

The fine old curtain painted in the seventies by Russell Smith was just going up on the last act. The quiet Venetian scene depicted on this famous curtain is a picture many persons will always remember. The play, part of which I was to see, was "Michael Strogoff," by Jules Verne, a big spectacular production noted in its day as staged by Imre and Bolossy

A Kiralfy show; Kiralfy, of "Black Crook" fame. The warmth of the theater,
Bearded men the rare luxury of the velvet-covered orchestra seat were entrancing to a boy of my age, who was doing the thing on his own and at no cost. Colorful, with a Spanish setting, the stage was full of dancing women, the leading characters, travelers and bandits, sat at a table to the right plotting and dangling a bottle of wine. I well recall it all, the spirited music, the appearance and make-ups of the actors, the voluptuous dancers, not the show girls and slender sylphs of today, but the heavier German and Italian type of coryphées more popular in their time, opulently bosomed and with sixteen-inch calves in silk clocked hose. Better dancers we may have nowadays and bare chorus legs a-plenty, but they are not any easier to look at than those chorus girls of the Kiralfy extravaganzas.

THE time draws near when whiskers will no more be seen in the land. But in my day many men, young and old, wore facial adornment to greater or lesser degree. An attorney, one Parry Lee Downs, sported a mustache and imperial of the Buffalo Bill type, which, of course, Colonel Cody copied from Emperor Napoleon III. Sol Frank, that glass of fashion and mold of form, cut the air of Eutaw Place and Charles Street with a straw-colored Van Dyke, as did Philip de Boileau, the painter, also Tunis F. Dean, this type being much affected by the artistically inclined.

But the full-blown beard was manifested in all its varying forms of elegance and perfection in those worn by such prominent men in Baltimore as the late John M. Carter, Esq., whose mutton-chop whiskers were an absolute classic, long, silky, evenly matched in size and just the right shade of gray to give distinction without anticipating venerability. Mr. Carter was a lawyer and gentleman of what is termed the old school. His was the blandest voice I ever heard.

Then there was the noble full beard of Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, of Moses-like proportions; others of notable importance were

the flowing whiskers, of one style or another, of Capt. W. H. Meigs, William H. Scarlett, Gaun M. Hutton, Louis P. Hennighausen; E. H. Penniman, of the Marine Bank; Louis Schneider, the art dealer; Barthold Meyer, who conducted a music school at Charles and Lanvale Streets; one Theodore Horn, a corset manufacturer on Lexington Street near Charles; E. Madison Mitchell; Henry M. Bankard, of the Real Estate Exchange; John Turnbull and Henry Seim, all well-bearded men. Among the physicians with whiskers of especial interest were Drs. Samuel C. Chew, William Green, J. Edwin Michael and W. L. Morgan. Many fine examples were to be found scattered through the clergy—for instance, those of the Rev. William M. Dame; Father Paine, of Mount Calvary; Dr. Eccleston and the Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, in whose case while the man, we are glad to say, is still with us, his beard is now no more.

Others I recall well worthy of mention were the close-cropped, rounded beard of Major R. M. Venable, the one worn with such kindly dignity by Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve; S. S. Ely, of Gay Street; Charles H. Stanley, the Towson lawyer; C. Morton Stewart, R. W. Templeman; Messrs. Houlton and Brand, who were conveyancers, and Dr. H. E. Shepherd, I was told by Mr. Thomas H. Disney, wore the same beard for well over half a century.

OF ACTUAL casualties among the beards I knew or heard of in my youth the most dramatic and the saddest is the tale of a gentleman who resided in this city. He was past 70 and his patriarchal whiskers were of such length and beauty that they alone sufficed for his bounty and afforded him in his latter days his sole career and amusement. This old fellow's better-half conducted a select boarding house and her ancient husband did naught but pose with his Mosaic beard and idle around the halls and drawing room from day to day. He fondled and stroked his truly wonderful appendage with hand

*A burnt beard;
Charles Street* and comb for the delight and admiration of the boarders. But on a dreary afternoon, possibly when he lacked an audience for his customary parades, he consented to descend to the cellar to fetch a bucket of coal for the range.

Cellars were not then electrically illuminated by the pressing of a button, and this bearded old beau went down the dark steps with a candle. As he toiled upward with his heavy burden and paused to rest his candlestick upon the step above him, a sudden draft of air fanned his long and diaphanous whiskers into the flame. A blaze of sizzling fire engulfed his face and with shouts of "Fire!" he rushed to the kitchen sink for water. But too late; his glory had departed forever, since beards, like great oaks, require years in which to mature, and only a charred and singed stubble was left him. Never again was this old gentleman seen in front hall or parlor, but, like some poor shamed creature, he skulked outside in the woodshed and in back entries for the remainder of his days.

III

NEARLY every day shortly before five in the afternoon I walk down Charles Street to Pleasant to its junction with Hillen and Holliday, where I secure a window seat in the trolley car which takes me out into the country to the foot of the hill on top of which I live. In this short stroll I pass by a score of old landmarks among which I grew up over forty years ago. The Woman's Industrial Exchange was once in the narrow building at the southeast corner of Charles and Pleasant Streets, whence it removed to its present location just over the way. Samuel Feast, the florist who had been in the nineties on Charles near Clay Street, then moved to this corner, but for quite a time had been further up on Charles Street. John Cook, also a florist, has been in the same block on Charles Street, between Saratoga and Pleasant, for forty-odd years. Another florist, James Pentland, was along here, too, in the nineties, and many will recall the pleasant girl who was usually in charge of the store which has long been gone.

In 1894 I lived at the corner of Pleasant and St. Paul Streets, on the northwest corner, in which building I believe the Baltimore Club first saw the light of day, and over on the southwest corner the Misses Wroth had their boarding house, I was a frequent visitor there, calling to see a number of young men friends who were fortunate enough to make their home with these ladies. "Alec" Barnett, Albert Rhett Walker, then with the Wenstroem Electric Company, long since out of business. Rhett Walker has lived in St. Louis for many years. His sister, May, married Gen. Joseph B. Seth, a well known Marylander. There was also "Ed" Smart, who lives in Richmond; he married the lovely Miss Alice Bell; his brother, Carter, was a fine amateur horseman; Frank Mellier, who has passed on; "Fred" Stone, whom I saw some time ago for the first time in over twenty years, and John Fort. The last mentioned good fellows are perhaps the only ones of the old coterie still living in this city. This old house, the southwest corner of St. Paul and Pleasant Streets, is a fine example of city Colonial architecture and during the late war and after was the headquarters of the Red Cross Society. Walter De Curzon Poultney lived in his wonderfully furnished and picture-hung house at St. Paul and Mulberry Streets for very many years, being at the time of his death the only old time resident left in the neighborhood. I remember meeting Mr. Poultney at Charles and Madison Streets one Easter Sunday. The gala parade was passing. He had two children with him and one of them asked "Cousin Walter, why are we standing here?" "Sir" Walter, whose raiment was particularly resplendent that Easter, replied with his charming smile, "To take the air my dears and to give the people pleasure!"

*Miss Wroth's;
Walter Poultney*

THE east side of Courtland Street remains much as it was in 1895, and No. 343 is a house well known to me as it was owned in the old days by the late Lewis Baker, the actor, whose sister married John Drew. I was Mr. Baker's agent and have delightful recollections of calling at 343 once every

Ellen Martin; month for the rent from Mrs. Ellen Martin, that lovable
Chew Snebly soul who dispensed such homelike hospitality to visiting actors and actresses at this house before she moved to Liberty Street above Lexington. She was the personal friend of many of the great stars of that period, who often stopped with her during their Baltimore engagements.

Down Courtland Street near Saratoga was the Manual Training School, as the Polytechnic was then called. The boys made this part of town lively and colorful before and after class hours. This building was at one time an annex of the City Hall and housed the Health Department and Electrical Commission. A little further on across Saratoga Street there was a little cake and bun shop—No. 229, I believe—and the building is still there. I seem to remember, too, an old-time volunteer fire engine house along here with its quaint hand power apparatus, but it has disappeared.

In this block of Courtland Street, where there now stands a modern office building, there used to be in the nineties a large rooming house called the Hotel Baltimore. A certain Chew Snebly was much in talkative evidence in the office and at the door of this establishment, acting, he claimed, as agent for the owner, one Jenny Myers. But this state of affairs was questioned by a New York creditor of Mr. Snebly and from this question arose a legal proceeding quite famous at the time. It was the case of Williams vs. Snebly et al. The suit was pending in the Baltimore equity court for a long time. Chew Snebly was some sort of a lawyer and undertook to conduct his case himself, but as the clouds gathered and the title claimed to be vested in Miss Myers was vigorously assailed, Major James W. Denny was taken in and acted as counsel for the defendants. Major Denny was a Confederate officer on the staff of General R. E. Lee for the whole period of the Civil War. He used to sometimes ride down town to his office mounted on a fine horse of milk-and-cider hue. The documents which Snebly prepared in almost illegible writing were curious examples, as many lawyers now living may recall.

GREAT changes have taken place in the character of the property on Pleasant, Davis and Holliday Streets and Guilford Avenue, formerly called North Street. The erection of the elevated railway marked the commencement of the passing of the former houses, many of them once fine private residences which in the eighties were occupied by a shady and disreputable class of tenants. At North and Pleasant was John Farber's saloon, with its bright metal sign. A "keying-up" station it was for hackmen and their fares at night as well as for the early morning risers who quitted the streets hereabout at the first streaks of dawn. Tall factory buildings, machine shops and warehouses have supplanted the old residences and boarding houses which were here thirty-odd years ago.

*North Street;
Latimer Hoffman*

SOMETIMES I walk east along Franklin Street from Charles, always with a twinge of sadness as I recall the way this street looked in the old days. The houses of the 100 block are all gone, having made way for the sunken gardens, and not one stone remains to show where No. 122, the home of my old friend, the late J. Latimer Hoffman, Jr., used to be. He was one of the most remarkable characters I ever knew. When I first met him in 1895 he was in his genial prime and with Henry Clayton Hopkins and Latrobe Weston I often dined with him in a delightful manner, for Mr. Hoffman was a charming host. His house was full of beautiful furniture, wonderful old prints, silver and cut glass far beyond count. Maggie, his housekeeper, a talented kitchen queen, had been in the Hoffman family for forty and more years, and her bright-eyed, red-cheeked niece Nora, just over from across the sea, was an ideal assistant in the hospitality Mr. Hoffman provided for his friends.

ON Calvert Street, south of Franklin, Dr. Robinson had a drug store, now gone for a long time, and along both sides of

Calvert Street; the street, from here to Pleasant, there used to be excellent
Overhead wires fruit, fish and game and grocery stores. Maynadier's is the only name I remember, but the choice array of edibles set out on the sidewalk made a pretty display; scarcely one is left now of the former character. Time was when scores of sauntering citizens passed this way in going from Calvert Station to their down-town offices. They came, many of them, to the city from their suburban homes in the Green Spring Valley and outlying districts of the nearby country. Helpful husbands would leave their market lists with these merchants in the morning, to find their baskets and boxes of provender and household supplies in the baggage cars for the homeward trip in the evening. But the automobile, improved telephone and delivery systems, also well equipped and attractive suburban shops in every settled locality, have changed all this. Calvert Station, once such a busy place, is now almost deserted much of the time and the stores of twenty years ago have disappeared.

/ /

PRESENT-DAY methods of supplying the frequent and insistent demands of the inner man have wrought many changes in the lunching system. I remember when the first important dairy lunch was opened on Baltimore Street by George W. Hyde. Here I made first acquaintance with a mug of milk and the chair arm especially made to hold it. The old Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Building was at the corner of Calvert Street, and Mason Campbell Stryker, then with the railroad, took me at the rush hour for milk and sandwiches. Hyde's is now closed after its long career. The old Baltimore and Ohio Building was destroyed in the fire of 1904. The network of telegraph wires overhead at Calvert and Baltimore was like a black cloud in the eighties, as the Western Union office and battery rooms were in the Brown Bank Building opposite.

Many will recall the two efficient ticket agents at the old Pennsylvania office, also at Baltimore and Calvert. One had

a dark mustache, and the other a sandy beard. In these times there were cut-rate ticket agencies—"scalpers" they were called—who sold the return coupons of round-trip tickets at a less cost than straight tickets. The system was more or less complicated and dealt with drummers for the most part and those traveling a great deal. I often got tickets and mileage books from Upton W. Dorsey, a genial gentleman, or his clerk, who wore a long, stringy mustache and a diamond stud. This ticket scalping business was legislated out of existence in all the States a number of years ago.

*Ticket scalpers;
David Bendann*

IV

JUST as in walking around the city streets one passes and notes buildings of varying size, form and color, so must these recollections drift, touching now this and then that, as the writer rambles among the memories of years gone by.

Letters which I receive from local readers and former Baltimoreans from far away often ask: "How do you manage to remember so much of the past?" Well, it would be a long and another story to tell all of my method, but it may be said that ideas seem to come just as I fall asleep at night, also in walking up the hill to my house on going home in the evening and in descending the same next morning. This bit of road is a fifth of a mile and is usually good for the keynotes of two themes when thoughts are flowing. I might write more, or if encouragement continues I may go up and down my hill a few extra times.

• •

ON many a rainy day in the nineties I used to see the late David Bendann standing with folded arms gazing intently from his art gallery window into Baltimore Street. He looked more like the Emperor Napoleon, according to well-known portraits, than any man I ever saw. Save one, possibly, who shall be nameless here. Mr. Bendann and the late William E. Jones, who was associated with him for many years, appre-

Etchings; Gallagher ciated fine etchings and they interested art lovers and collectors in these artistic expressions. For years Baltimore was a center of the etching market, and thousands of remarkably fine and rare examples of the most famous artists are still owned here in portfolios and framed in offices and homes.

SVENGALI-LIKE with his long matted beard and wild eyes Charles Gallagher was, I think, the most eccentric and mysterious character who ever hung about the streets of Baltimore. He died within the last few years, but my own recollection of him is as of the nineties, when he was reputed to be well off and could be seen daily in the vicinity of the Courthouse. In winter, spring and fall he always wore what was called a "storm" overcoat. It was a heavy, double-breasted affair with pockets cut slantwise, a little below the level of the arm pits. This type of overcoat has been made more or less immortal by Frederick Oppen in his world-known Happy Hooligan caricatures, for in many of the scenes "Gloomy Gus" (of St. Louis) is depicted wearing a storm overcoat, usually with both hands thrust into the breast pockets.

Towards his last and very wretched days, Gallagher carried a much repaired satchel when he went abroad, but when I knew him first it was an oversized reticule; in this handbag he was supposed customarily to carry at least three hundred dollars in bills and a quantity of real estate advertisement clippings, these and the money all jumbled up together.

ON Baltimore Street, near North, was Brawner's celebrated restaurant, afterward Ganzhorn's Hotel. The original proprietor was a round-faced, well-dressed man, with clean-shaven cheeks and he wore a bright blond wig. I was a boy then and usually had youth's keen appetite, but the planked steaks and shad served at Ganzhorn's, in my judgment, have scarcely

been equaled since those times. Many other places catered to the hungry, among them Wagner's Green House on Pratt Street, above the old Maltby House, where seafaring men and boat travelers stopped and were to be seen riding their chairs in the large doorway or on the piazza.

*Restaurants—
Wine rooms*

Then there was Kelly's on Eutaw Street above Baltimore, where oysters were a specialty; it was also known as Wolle's at one time. Mullin's excellent restaurant, fifteen north Liberty, near Fayette, was a popular place for midday refreshment, as was Charles Schneider's around the corner on Fayette Street. I recall the dutch toast and blind rabbit here. In his latter days Mr. Schneider walked on crutches, but was generally around the place greeting his many friends, a cigar usually between his teeth.

Further uptown on Lexington Street, near Eutaw, was the Fox Hole, (spell it German if you prefer!), a place where the finest imported beer was to be had; it was a busy place day and night and in all weathers. On Saratoga Street, near Eutaw, Neiderhoffer's was presided over by a bustling, bright-eyed kindly fellow, imported beer was also dispensed here. The Breves Hotel on Liberty below Baltimore, where I sometimes ate lunch, was, I think, the last of the old restaurants to close; and only one of those I have mentioned is still operated.

In Wine Alley, somewhere back of the old auction rooms of Buchanan Merryman, was Murray's cozy retreat, where a bite and a good glass of wine could be had in the long ago. Still farther uptown on Madison Street near Garden (now Linden Avenue) Russell had a restaurant famed for its oysters. Later this was known as Montgomery's and finally as Gordon's, after which ownership it disappeared. There were, of course, many other places more or less well known in the downtown section and throughout the city, but I have mentioned a few which stood out and will be recalled with a mixture of pleasure and regret—regret because they are no more.

△ △

THE canary bird in its gilded cage and the mad whirl of the

Tinsmiths; squirrel on its circular treadmill, forever traveling but never
Alienists arriving, have both supplied writers with genuine similes. Canaries and other pretty birds will continue to be confined as pets, but the squirrel nowadays is allowed its freedom. Time was when the town abounded with tinsmiths at whose shops pans, kettles, buckets and many other things useful about the home were made, often to order. As a high sample of what he could do in fine work the tinner displayed in his crowded shop window a squirrel cage made wholly of tin in the shape of a church, with steeple, windows and door, the round runway being attached to the body of the little building, the sleeping quarters and rest room being under the miniature steeple.

In addition to tin utensils the workers in this trade made by hand an assortment of large and small tin horns for use at Christmas, by garbage cart drivers, teamsters who handled long strings of horses for the shifting of freight cars, and for fish peddlers. The old-time tinsmith, with his cages for parrots and squirrels, has practically disappeared, and my friend Herman Frederick tells me that only the exceptional and elderly mechanics are clever enough today to make by hand with celerity and finish so simple a thing as a tin cup.

IN the celebrated R. Kemp Payne case, which was pending some thirty-six years ago in the Baltimore courts, many distinguished alienists testified for Mr. E. Scott Payne. Among them were Dr. George J. Preston, son of the poetess, Margaret Preston; Dr. Charles G. Hill, both of them now dead; Dr. Henry J. Berkley, and Dr. Edward N. Brush, who died early this year.

I recall an exciting story told me by Dr. Hill. When he was visiting in the country home of friends a member of whose household was weak-minded, and an occasion when the family were all absent the defective was left in the care of the future alienist, "He will be quiet as a lamb," they told the doctor,

"so long as it does not thunder, in which case do not let the poor fellow think you are afraid of him." With these reassuring words they left. The day wore along and everything was quite all right, but after nightfall, while the two young men were seated at the dining-room table, it did happen to thunder and Dr. Hill was terrified on looking up to see his patient flourishing a large carving knife and staring at him with a ferocious look. "It is a fine night for a murder," muttered the lunatic, and proceeded to chase the doctor around the room and out of the house into the grounds, where fortunately they ran into the family, who were just returning home.

*Dr. Brush;
South Baltimore*

Dr. Edward N. Brush told me from time to time a number of his experiences with the insane, but the one which impressed me most was his recollection of an occasion when he was in his library. A "trusty" whom he had trained to work in the reading room was perched one day on top of a high ladder arranging and dusting books. Something caused the doctor to look upward and to his alarm he saw the insane assistant poising to throw down on him a large and heavy volume, which had been taken from the top shelf. Those who work with demented patients are trained in quick thinking and with a grave manner and steady voice Dr. Brush said to the man: "Yes, that is the very book I wanted: hand it to me carefully." On which the fellow seemed to come to himself and meekly did as he was ordered.

V

SOUTH Baltimore I knew well in certain parts. From 1890 until 1900 I made weekly tours through a district west of Charles Street. My walk took me down Hanover Street, where at the corner of Barre lived for many years Dr. Richard C. Lee, a fine old-time family physician and a man of many friends in his day. He first practiced with a Dr. Bull as his partner. Partnerships in medicine and surgery have never been as numerous in this country as in England. Dr. Lee's son, the late Calvin C. Lee, a very popular fellow, was in my class

The Peach Alley in law at the University of Maryland, but his elder brother,
Soothsayer Richard Laws Lee, who is still living, was some years ahead of us. Dr. Bernhard Myer and a Dr. Burch also lived on Hanover Street then.

At Henrietta Street I would turn across to Leadenhall, where I collected the weekly rents of a half dozen small three-story houses. These were occupied for the most part by colored washer-women and a midwife or two. One of the latter profession, a "Mother" Williams, had a good practice mainly among her own race. Hers were the lightest blue eyes I ever saw in a human face. I recall, too, a steadily flowing spring in her cellar which eventually had to be taken care of with an automatic pump. These houses are still standing and look to me just about as they did forty-three years ago. But the old Thomas planing mill which was down there in those days is now a modern structure and still under the original ownership.

Around the corner from Leadenhall and Henrietta Streets on Peach Alley I had charge of some more small houses, and in one of them dwelt in these old times "Mother" Jones, a West Indian darky, with small features and hands. She was a sort of soothsayer and herb doctor and dealt in rabbit feet and other more or less potent charms. When she was not on the lower floor, through indisposition, her husband *pro tem*, a giant of a man with gold-ringed ears, would invite me to the "throne" room above to collect the rent. Here I would find the priestess in bed. Chickens of several breeds, two crows, several rabbits (whose feet were doubtless in danger) and a parrot were all in the small space. Dust and dirt of long accumulation were on the floor, and had seed been dropped there it would assuredly have taken root and grown.

FROM these alley houses my path led to Warner Street, and thence to Lee, where Police Officer Ledley lived. He bore a very good name on the force in those days and was credited with several important arrests. Next door was the Hutchinson

family, the head of which was a famous railroad detective. In all my calls at this house, to my boyish sorrow, I never once saw him, but Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughters were very pleasant people.

*Cake and wine;
Jake Kilrain*

There was something about South Baltimore I always liked. It seemed detached from the rest of the city somehow, older, of course, and it had a certain air of quiet and security. Then there was a fine hospitality at all times. On the days following Christmas a caller even the rent collector, was asked to have a chair while cake and wine were set before him. The wines were often home-made—cherry, blackberry and the like—but excellent, and the generous slices of pound cake seem now in retrospection to have been the best ever tasted and, above all, the spirit of heartiness was genuine.

Among many South Baltimoreans I knew in the past and for many years since were Mr. August Becker, who lived for over forty years on Hamburg Street; the Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, both old friends, and perhaps the oldest of all Mr. John C. Reisinger, a fine man, whose friends are legion. He has been in business longer than any merchant in South Baltimore and at well over eighty looked to me the other day almost the same as he did when I first knew him many years ago.

NORTHBOUND after my tour of the Lee Street neighborhood, my return was via Eutaw Street, where on the northwest corner of Pratt, I one time saw Jake Kilrain sitting at a first floor window. He was in his shirt sleeves and I noted the ham-like forearms covered with dark hair. He looked gloomy, the time being probably not long after his gladiatorial combat with Sullivan in the South. Years after at a burlesque show I saw both of these old sluggers meet on the stage in a friendly and rather perfunctory sparring exhibition. After the boxing, Sullivan, in a loose ill-fitting dress suit came out and told some stories. One brought a lot of laughs. It seems a Boston friend

John L. Sullivan; of John L.'s had recently buried his wife. Sullivan called on
Hack stands him at his house next day.

"Well Bill," said John, "you look all broke up, why you are still moaning." And Bill blurts back:

"You call this moaning? You ought to have seen me at the grave! I raised hell there."

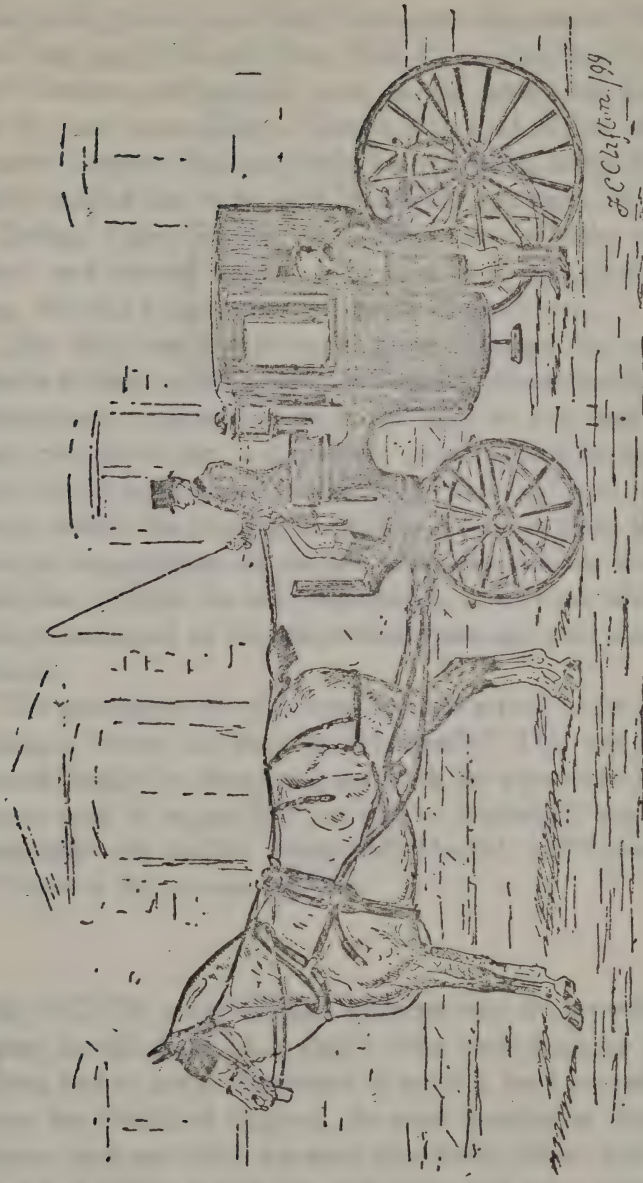
IN the nineties when the streets were dusty before and muddy after showers, fastidious persons and those in special haste sent for a hack or, because cheaper, one of the vehicles of the old Standard Cab Company. These conveyances had two wheels and were entered at the back, the driver closing the doors after the passenger by pulling a pair of straps.

There was a stand for hacks and cabs in front of the Eutaw House, near Baltimore Street, and another I remember was on Calvert Street in front of Guy's Hotel, which in its latter days was managed by a Mr. Duffy and called the Imperial. It was torn down in the early nineties to make room for the new Courthouse. Hansom cabs came later, but this type was heavy and hard on the horse in Baltimore, where the grades are heavy and numerous. However, they endured in considerable numbers until the advent of the taxi.

At least one privately owned hansom was in use in this city. It belonged, I believe to a member of the firm of McKim & Co.; at least I often saw it standing (no "parking" then) outside of the offices of that firm at St. Paul and Baltimore Streets. It was a fine looking vehicle, trimmed with highly polished metal, and the man on the box was a dignified fellow, with a gray mustache and a cloth high hat.

RECEPTION nights at the old Neptune Boat Club at Ferry Bar were events of lively interest. We used to ride down on the Blue Line horse cars. I recall one in particular when

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COUPE, 1899 — WITH DRIVER AND GROOM

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among those present were Harry Stevenson, who went to New York long ago; Will and Harry Reid, Harry Brogden, Maynard Thomson and probably some of the Ariel Club from near by came over; George Turner, who used to live with his pretty sisters on Pleasant Street; Harry Mudge, whose light weight enabled him to be such an efficient coxswain; Dr. E. R. Owings, Harry Sutton, the Montell twins, Charley and Albert, and my old friends, John Lane Beck and Nevison Long. We had a big spread and plenty of good beer.

*John Lane Beck;
Joe Darby*

John Beck was the all-round State champion in track athletics in those golden nineties, and among other outstanding performances made a running broad jump at one meet of nearly twenty-two feet, a remarkable record. About the same time Claude Leatherbury was a noted "scorcher" and won several medals for fast bicycle riding. Many of these men were the incorporators of the old Maryland Athletic Club, which was probably the only organization of its kind, which, when it terminated its existence several years ago, paid a cash dividend.

The grounds of the club were opposite a road house and restaurant known for years as "Halstead's." This was frequented largely by the driving public in the days when fast trotters were in vogue. My last visit to Halstead's was by automobile with the late Alonzo M. Hurlock and Osborne I. Yellott in the autumn of 1904.

^ ^

SAM PATCH, a mythological character who did marvelous leaping in the pages of a child's color plate book of the eighties, had no actual counterpart in real life, but I remember seeing Joe Darby, of England, do some jumping at Ford's Theater years ago which was most remarkable. After clearing tables and chairs, a man standing erect, and other objects, Darby then proceeded to perform two feats I have never since seen equaled. He powdered the soles of his shoes with lamp black, his assistant lay down on the stage and, standing at

Darby's jumping a distance of about six feet, the jumper took off from a small stool, his leap carrying him to a point two or three feet beyond his helper, and as he passed over him Darby left two black marks on the prostrate man's face. Whether he bent his toes down or actually landed lightly on the fellow's face, jumping off a second time, I do not know. It may have been a trick but it was a good one.

Next Darby placed a very thin board painted white on the surface of water in a tub filled to its level, and springing, this time from a somewhat higher stool, jumped on this board and off again before he sank into or disturbed the water, the black marks left on the white board proving that his feet actually touched it. This athlete was a well-built man of good weight, with well developed thighs, and did most of his jumping with a light iron dumb-bell in each hand, these he cast behind him as he left the ground.

CHAPTER TEN

I

NOVEMBER days with their crispness, warm sunlight and cool shade take me back to the late eighties when on Saturdays, with Arthur Robinson, Heber H. Stryker and his cousin Dr. C. W. Stryker, we used to go down to Ferry Bar. At the foot of Hanover Street there was a wharf owned by a boat builder named Duim, whose descendants are still in the same business. From him we hired for the day—only a half dollar—a heavy rowboat, and with much labor pulled it up the Patapsco. As we went along a sharp lookout was kept for an attractive place to pitch camp, which was usually found on the west bank of the river. *Ferry Bar;
A ducking*

Clarence Stryker owned a Rushton canoe, and I well recall one fall day when Arthur Robinson and H. H. Stryker shot reed birds from this fragile craft. The canoe was light and in their excitement both boys fired from the same side. The double recoil capsized the little boat and, with all equipment, the occupants found themselves in over three feet of water. Fortunately it was no deeper and by persistent, if very chilly, diving most of the things were recovered. The boys dried themselves at the camp fire and no bad effects resulted, but the episode was a topic of conversation for years afterwards.

Sometimes in the spring I used to row with the late Charles ("Buck") Corning on these pleasant waters. The river in the days of Acton's, Meeter's and other shore resorts

of the eighties, with their live pigeon shoots, music, dancing and beer, seems to have had an atmosphere of romance and a spirit of adventure which I doubt greatly to be there now.

FORT McHENRY I often visited as a small lad; my mother took me there once in a while as a special treat. It was a whole day's excursion, as the journey was a long and tedious ride on the small horse cars of the Druid Hill Avenue line. I remember digging soft lead Springfield rifle bullets from the wooden butts, where they had been fired at long-range target practice by the soldiers quartered there.

In later years I went to the fort as a member of the Baltimore Revolver Club. "Jimmie" Reese would drive a crowd of us down in his car. Among others were Sergeant Ranahan, Dr. E. A. Smith, Dr. Otto Schaefer, Edwin Cugle, Dr. R. J. Mullikin, Eugene Rodgers, McKee and Tom Barclay, Jos. W. Shirley, "Sam" Wilmer, Dr. S. J. Fort, Major Rawlins, my old friend Dr. Wilbur M. Stubbs and Capt. Yates, the chaplain at the Fort, who took care of our targets for us at his house. Many of these men were and are expert shots. We practiced with .38-caliber revolvers at fifty-yard range. These outings were made on many Saturday afternoons in summer and fall, and in looking backward I recall very few occasions equal to them in fun and enjoyment.

FEDERAL HILL always held a fascination for me and until a decade or so ago I at times went there to view the harbor, as it reminded me of a Saturday morning in the early eighties when Harry Knight a schoolmate, took me on board his father's brig then lying at anchor. Captain Knight showed us all over his ship; he was a fine and hearty deep-sea sailor. We climbed the rigging with delight and were wild over the wonders around us. Even the dry hardtack which we munched for lunch seemed delicious.

In an interview with Mr. Richard H. Edmonds I learned a great deal of interest about Federal Hill in the days when he was an office boy with the old *Journal of Commerce*. This was owned half a century ago by George U. Porter and William P. Hamilton. Mr. Porter owned the Merchants' Exchange reading room, and, also, with Marcus L. Dudley, the observatory on Federal Hill. The arrival and departure of vessels were reported to the exchange by a watcher in the observatory, who would see the ships with a spyglass as they came into the river. Old shipping days

Most of the boats in those times, especially those owned in Baltimore, had individual flags or signals and were thus distinguished and reported. Thornton Rollins, C. Morton Stewart, W. W. Spence and other exporters and importers owned ships engaged in foreign trade. The Merchants' Exchange was constantly frequented by a stream of shipping men all day. Early in the eighties there commenced enormous shipments of grain through Baltimore to foreign ports, and heavy importations of pig iron and iron ore, the latter coming mainly from the Mediterranean. Baltimore became known for its grain trade and attracted large firms such as Milmine, Bodman & Co., of Ohio; David Dows & Co., of New York, and many others who operated here for some years.

The large imports of ore, scrap and pig iron and the exports of grain induced a number of English ship agents and owners to locate in Baltimore. J. M. Brown was the first of these to have an office on South Gay Street and he did a large business. He was followed by Patterson & Ramsay, who established the Johnston Line of steamers. Mr. Robert Ramsay was burned to death in his Roland Park home only a few years ago. Gill & Fisher, then composed of Charles D. Fisher and John Gill, became an outstanding grain firm and was considered by many to be the heaviest exporter in this line in the United States.

IN THOSE days the Board of Trade made many appeals

Johns Hopkins; to Congress to secure a depth of eighteen feet in the Patapsco
Merchant's Bank channel. That was thought to be an ample depth for the needs
of the times. Today the depth is from thirty-five to forty-
five feet.

The old Merchants' Exchange, where the great shipping merchants constantly congregated, was built between 1830 and 1840 at a cost of a half million dollars, important money then, and it occupied the present site of the Custom House. In the original building was the home of the Merchants' Bank, which had a long line of distinguished presidents. Johns Hopkins was president during the panicky days of 1873. At that time, as the story goes, when it looked like almost complete failure of some of the merchants of Baltimore and many were rushing to the bank seeking financial aid, the directors remained in session all day and some of them began to question the wisdom of Johns Hopkins in agreeing to discount their paper. Mr. Hopkins then took every piece of accepted paper that came in, indorsed it and said to the directors: "You will probably now be willing to acknowledge the fact that these notes are good."

In later years Douglas H. Thomas was advanced from a minor position to that of president and held that post until his death. He was a royal man, devoted especially to helping young men and none such often went to Mr. Thomas for credit in the bank without in some way securing his cooperation. The late E. H. Thomsen was for many years the cashier and close associate of Douglas H. Thomas. It was said that even when Mr. Thomsen had to decline to make a loan he could do it with such courtesy that it made the would-be borrower feel that a distinct service had been rendered to him.

COMPARATIVELY few of the great leaders of those early days are now living. Joshua Levering, Commodore Thornton Rollins and perhaps a few others survive.

In my boyhood that part of Baltimore known as Canton

was felt to be very far away, so much so that at night when the fire bells were ringing if the counted bell strokes, as indicated by the guidebook, which householders kept handy, showed the fire was down in Canton, everybody in my part of town merely turned over and went to sleep again.

*Canton;
Window shopping*

An old story, which may be correct, had it that when Peter Cooper and his associates of New York organized the Canton Company, of which Mr. Walter Brooks is now president, Wall Street, which has been reputed to "know the price of everything and the value of nothing," supposed that the company was in some way connected with commercial operations in Canton, China, traded in the stock and quite a time passed before it learned that it was a company operating in real estate near Baltimore.

II

PROBABLY most schoolboys of the eighties and nineties spent their Saturday mornings at play in the streets and on back lots, but it was often my custom, especially in the spring and winter when the weather was fine, to take a walk down town on my holiday and gaze into the store windows. I was one of the original window shoppers of Baltimore and recall many displays, arranged long before the day of the expert window dresser, which seem in retrospect to have been particularly fascinating. Boylike, I had no set plan of march and walked down one street and up another, cutting corners and "jay walking" amidst horse cars, wagons and carriages with all the recklessness of my twelve or fourteen years.

There was a cutler's shop on Baltimore Street, west of St. Paul, kept, I think, by one Pletscher. His window was a glorious glitter of knives of every size and shape from the idolized Barlows to the possibly immortal "IXL's". I once had one of these; it was iron-handled, and, fearing its too early loss, a kindly blacksmith drilled a hole through it and with a stout cord my precious two-blader was securely attached to my person. At Pletscher's the objects most coveted in this

boys' fairyland were the knives with many blades and various useful, and (like enough) useless tools incorporated between the handles, while hanging in the center of the window was a veritable centipede of a knife with literally uncountable blades open fanwise at every angle.

From knives my interest carried me logically to the store of the late A. G. Alford, a man with smiling eyes and a brown beard. His place was on the south side of Baltimore Street, near South. A short, thick-set man with a small light mustache was always back of the counter loading shotgun shells. While Mr. Alford's double-barreled Greeners and Richards breechloaders were far beyond my means, I often secured powder, bullets and caps from him for my old muzzle-loading horse pistol. In his window there was on show one of Colt's army revolvers, gold plated and pearl handled. It had a cork in the barrel—to keep out the dust, I always fancied.

Another firm of gunsmiths, Marriott & Barstow, was on Charles Street, just below Baltimore. I know of no happier day in my life than the one on which I purchased, with long-accumulated savings, a pretty Flobert .22-caliber rifle from this firm. Curly walnut was common in the eighties, for even my inexpensive little rifle had a pistol-grip stock of remarkable beauty.

THE old *Sun* Iron Building stands out in my memory and the faces, too, of some of the counter clerks when the paper was published at the corner of Baltimore and South Streets. There was a magazine and news agency next door to the office which at Christmas time filled its windows with the special numbers of English and other illustrated weeklies. In the sidewalk there were gratings through which ascended the delightful smell of printers' ink and steam. On cold days with newsboys and the bootblacks of those old days I would warm myself on these iron grills before starting off again along East Baltimore Street on my rambles.

I rarely went farther than Dr. Becker's Museum of Anat-

omy, which was a bit beyond Harrison. His windows were full of wax heads and other ghastly promises of the gruesome exhibits within. In the vestibule there stood, for years, one of the earliest automobiles, a roadster, a curiosity then on account of there being so few in existence, whereas today its interest would center in its age. In this immediate vicinity there were for years several shooting galleries, but in a recent walk I found them all departed. In fact, all this part of Baltimore has changed greatly.

*Volunteer
Firemen*

AT THE old Volunteer Fire Engine House, 9 North Harrison Street, there used to be a jolly ancient in charge to welcome visitors and I used sometimes to enter and look at the old handpower engine and the colored prints on the walls which showed scenes from the "Life of a Fireman." These were published in 1854 by N. Currier, whose lithographs are now rare and valuable. A sort of warehouse is there today, and the doorway still has the metal-bound wooden bumpers which in bygone years protected the door frame from the wheels of engine and hose cart when the willing hands of the laddies and "Buffs" rushed them forth to fires. The old engine house ceased to be even a museum about twenty years ago, but one of the original Volunteers, Mr. John Hedeman, now ninety-three years old, is still living and resides with Dr. G. C. McCormick, his son-in-law, at Sparrows Point. Mr. Hedeman gets out and around on fine days and is very fond of talking about old times when he was a valiant fire fighter.

The west side of Harrison Street still has its romantic-looking second-hand shops, and I was glad to see in their windows recently, as I did in my boyhood, brass knuckles, blackjacks and other thug and bandit repulsers. These, I lately noticed, keep company, as of yore, with accordions, travelers' requisites and every sort of trade tool, implement and professional instrument. But the opposite side, where the

Herzog's Bazaar engine house used to be, is now colorless and with none of
Hartogensis' its former character.

Herzog's Bazaar was on Baltimore Street in this neighborhood thirty-five years ago and its windows presented a remarkable array of mechanical toys and "novelties" of one kind or another, many of which were intended by their unrefined inventors to perplex and enrage cleanly housewives and to add rough touches to the broader humor of those old days. Cast-iron hats resembling silk for use as cuspidors or to entice vigorous kicks from the uninitiated, "diamond" studs and bouquets which squirted water or cologne into the face of the examiner; puzzles of many kinds and nationalities were all displayed in these windows.

AT THE corner of Baltimore and Frederick Streets I used to frequently visit my now departed friends, Henry S. and Moses Hartogensis. I knew them well in the nineties. They were experts in firearms and always had a showcase full of old and rare pistols and sidearms. I often secured some irresistible bargain in a Sharp's four-shot repeater, Colt's Clover Leaf, also a four-shot, or a pair of Derringers.

On Fayette Street, near Harrison, years ago, there was a taxidermist's emporium. Into its internal mysteries I never penetrated, but its windows, though small, were literally stuffed with stuffed birds and beasts; interesting indeed to the youthful Nimrod. A magnificent eagle, a fox, squirrels, snakes and mounted heads are some of the items I recall. In those days laws affecting game birds were not so strict as now and a tobacco then on the market called Bob White was kept before the public by mounted partridges in small glass cases on cigar-store counters. The trapping or killing of birds for such purposes would not be permitted today.

At Charles and Fayette I used occasionally to purchase a shirt or two from John Ringgold. His specialty was unlaunched white shirts such as most men and half-grown boys wore

in the eighties. Entered at the back they were solid in front; usually a single pleat ran down the middle, which had a couple of eyelets for diamond studs, real or imitation. There was a flap, too, at the bottom which buttoned to an undergarment to hold the shirt down and the garment up. These shirts when boiled and heavily starched were often very uncomfortable and, of course, dreadfully hot in summer. Attachable cuffs, single and reversible, went with them. This was also the day of the celluloid collar with its sickly blue-white color, readily laundered, however, with a moist rag or sponge and much affected by mechanics and car conductors. Paper collars, too, were much in vogue, being largely used by waiters and drummers.

*Hard shirts;
Stage folk*

Over on the southwest corner of Charles and Fayette was Courtney's grocery store, which moved away about 1890, but even after this date Randall's grocery was on Baltimore Street, near Holliday. Both of these had old-time characteristics, now possibly not to be found anywhere in the city.

MY morning walk, toward its end, would take me uptown by way of Lexington and Liberty Streets, where at the northwest corner was a stationery shop kept by Frederick D. Hall. In its windows there was often a display of cabinet photographs of stage favorites of the day. These were in the old-style finish, highly glossed and mounted on beveled cards of the same size as the pictures. It was the custom then for people to collect the photographs of their theatrical idols. James K. Hackett, Kyrle Bellew, Harry Woodruff, Henry E. Dixey and others were in demand by the girls while masculine taste ran toward Lillian Russell, Fannie Rice, Marie Jansen, Pauline Hall, Cora Tanner and other popular beauties. Nowadays the rotogravure cuts which appear in the newspapers and magazines probably in a measure supply the needs of the public and window space formerly given to stage and movie

Sam Fabian stars is now filled with remembrance cards, which are made
W. G. Owst for every conceivable purpose and for every season.

III

WHENEVER, as often happens, the somber chords of "The Erl King" come over the radio, I think of Samuel Monroe Fabian, an old friend of mine of the nineties. This composition was one of his favorites, and under his hands it received a fine interpretation. Fabian was an interesting man and an accomplished pianist. I frequently heard him play when he lived at 728 West Lexington Street. When asked at what hour to visit him to hear his music, he invariably replied "Seven two eight," as this answer gave both his street number and the hour when he preferred company.

In his music room, among many pleasant people, I met Edward Ziegler, then a resident of Baltimore. He was fond of music, studied it in his spare time and now and for years has been connected with the Metropolitan Opera House and lives in New York. Fabian was a linguist, and, as is sometimes the case with musicians, an expert mathematician. I missed him when he left Baltimore for Washington, where he died some years ago.

Another musician I knew in those days, when we had a friend in common and who has just passed was W. G. Owst. I remember his telling me how his family had intended him to be a barrister, but the very day he was admitted to the bar in London he left England for the Continent, where he took up his musical studies. Whatever the law lost by this move it is certain that music gained a sincere and distinguished follower.

SOMETIMES I used to wonder what had become of Le Roy Oldham, a remarkably good amateur reader and impersonator of the nineties. I was glad to see him lately and to find him as merry as a cricket and as spry as a spring. And Jean

Fishach, who was always so irreproachably attired; he's gone, I'm told. Reese Cassard, one of the old guard and a star dancer of the original Paint and Powder Club, is still in town, as is the genial Sydney Manning, who used to be such a "buff" when fires were frequent and exciting. Harry Lehr I saw for a last time in 1927. It may not be generally known that in the whirling nineties Harry packed a robust punch, but a sidewalk full of people saw him administer a potential haymaker to a hansom cab driver with whom he had an altercation one night outside the old Academy of Music.

J. H. Adams

Howard Sill

In addition to several well-known men already mentioned in these article who have died during the last few years must now be added my late friends, Howard Sill and J. H. Adams. I knew them both for twenty-five years. Adams and I sat side by side twice a week at the lecture on art delivered, in the winter of 1902, I think it was, by Dr. Alfred Vance Churchill, of New York. These lectures were given at the old McCoy Hall on Monument Street. Mr. Adams was greatly interested in all artistic matters and being an adept in short hand took down many of Dr. Churchill's remarks. Talks with "Hass" Adams afterward were fully as illuminating as the lectures themselves.

Howard Sill was an artist in all that the word can imply. An expert and authority in most forms of art, his diversified knowledge of painting, engraving, etching, sculpture, silver and furniture was so wide and deep that I doubt if any other one man knew quite as much as he about them all.

From year to year I miss friends and faces I have known, from the street and theatre without having always heard directly of their passing, but at Christmas and Easter when I stroll among the headstones at Greenmount and Loudon Park I realize where they are.

MANY people will remember the "busybody," an arrangement of three mirrors set in metal and usually placed at the second-story window immediately over the front-door steps.

Busybodies With this clever optical device the stay-at-home, the aged or
Battery men the merely idle curious could sit by the window and watch the goings and comings on the sidewalk in both directions, and also identify those who rang the door bell.

I recall the location of several houses which were equipped with busybodies. Some on Madison Avenue and Eutaw Place, one on Lanvale Street, near Fremont, and another on Monument, between Park and Howard. Doubtless these instruments are still to be had, but people of this day have little time for such indoor sports; invalids go to the hospital, the idle curious go to the movies and there are no "old" people any more to sit by the window to look out into the street, where, as a matter of fact, things go by so rapidly you can hardly see them. The only busybody that I know of is on the side of the house at the corner of Calhoun and Fayette Streets.

What has become of the street battery man? He had a showy electric machine, resplendent with nickel and mirrors. You held on to two handles while the tingling current roamed like a million pins and needles throughout the "realms" of your body. If you could hold on long enough the indicator would point to 360 degrees and a bell would ring, but unlike the shooting gallery this display of vital strength did not win you a cigar. Then there was the respirator, and you blew through a nozzle until you became another kind of blue in the face. This form of lung tester has properly been discountenanced as inimical to correct sanitary rules, but such charges could not be brought against the electric machine. The last time I saw one of these was on Baltimore and Holliday Streets.

HAMILTON Terrace formerly wore an exclusive, detached air and was an interesting block of residences in the days when Father Paine was rector of Mount Calvary Church. Dr. Alfred Wanstall lived in the early nineties on the west side of the terrace, quite near the church. I knew him well later on

when he had removed to Cathedral Street, near Eager. He was a fine fellow and a man of strong personality. His collection of American prints, Mississippi River steamers racing and Indian subjects was notable. On the east side among other residents were Dr. F. J. S. Gorgas, Dr. Keech, the Abercrombies, Mr. and Mrs. William Holland and Doctor and Mrs. Terrence W. Coyle. Dr. Coyle was one of the older dentists and one of the first perhaps to keep accurate charts of his work. I remember his telling me how he had identified for the authorities a dead body, which had been found after being in the water a long time, by the condition of the teeth.

*Hamilton Terrace;
Moving men*

On old-time summer nights families and visiting friends would sit on the front steps on straw mats and cushions, each with a palm-leaf fan, there was little or no passing traffic after dark, well-leafed trees were numerous and Hamilton Terrace at such times was very pleasant. Houses were not generally screened in those days, and linen-covered lower floors showed through open doors, each picture was carefully covered in white cheesecloth, while on upper stories the cool smell of matting acted as a gentle soporific on retirement when the sleepers crawled under mosquito canopies.

UNTIL the coming of the motor van the transfer of household goods from old homes to new was attended to in spring and autumn, largely by middle-aged or ancient colored men who owned moving wagons. They were built high and customarily drawn by one horse whose anatomical frame was more or less visible without an X-ray. The leaves of the springs of these wagons were often in the sere and rusty period which preceded their fall, and were repaired with wire, rubber and leather in the effort to defer threatened disintegration. These movers did a great deal of baggage hauling to and from railroad stations and boat wharves. The charges in the old days for such service were very reasonable. Charles Hawkins, a Hercules of a man, who owned one of these high wagons and

Teamsters— a sturdy well-fed horse, would meet me at Union Station,
Wagon stands waiting half an hour if need be for the train, then take the heavy trunk to my house and carry it unaided to the third floor. For this his price was a quarter.

In the 400 block on Franklin Street Sam Silversand used to stand ever ready to do a hauling job. He always had a white horse hitched to his wagon and as soon as one wore out he got another.

I recall, too, Harry Burgess a gigantic colored teamster whose mustache must have been of phenomenal length, since he wore it tied in knots on each end. I saw this fellow many a time in the vicinity of Paca and Franklin Streets.

WHAT a pleasant walk it used to be over a score of years ago along the south side of Franklin from Eutaw to Paca Street. For here were to be enjoyed the delicious smells which emanated from a number of wholesale liquor warehouses in this block, where wines and stronger distillations could then be had from the wood.

In the downtown section, and doubtless elsewhere, wagon stands were many and convenient. There was one on Pearl Street, near Mulberry, and another on Fremont, near German, or Redwood, as it is now, which I think existed in 1928, made up in part, however, of modern motor trucks. In the nineties and probably afterward a now obsolete two-wheeled hauling vehicle known as a dray was in daily use. It was of heavy construction built very low to the ground with two metal-shod parallel prongs at the back by means of which barrels, bales and boxes were readily loaded. These were privately owned for the most part by drivers of middle age, as I recall them, who always wore canvas aprons.

These old-time wagon and dray drivers had one advantage over motor-truck chauffeurs, for when some hard-hearted bystander or pedestrian gave the despised warning "Whip behind", the whip-armed jehus could take a crack with their

lashes at the street urchins who stole rides. "On behind," *Edwin Booth*
however, was the term which was usually employed in America. *Henry Irving*

IN THE month of November, 1890, the celebrated tragedians Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett presented several Shakespearean plays at the Lyceum Theatre on Charles Street. I attended a number of these notable performances and one evening long before curtain time I haunted the alley back of the theatre near the stage door in hope to catch a glimpse of my heroes, for I was thoroughly inflamed with admiration for these distinguished actors. At 7 o'clock, rewarding my patience and enterprise, the veterans arrived, arm in arm, walking slowly with canes and wearing long paddock coats, a style much used in those days. Surprised, indeed, was I to observe how old and almost feeble the actors appeared. But an hour later when I saw them from the front of the theatre on the stage they seemed, under the stimulation of lights, music and the large audience, to have undergone complete rejuvenation.

The play was "Othello," Booth as Iago and Barrett in the title role. The clarity and beauty of Barrett's voice was a delight, silvery and yet stentorian on occasion. I hardly think I have ever heard its equal. After nearly forty years I still seem to hear Barrett when, as Cassius in Julius Cæsar, he poured forth:

*"Come, Anthony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius . . ."* etc.

ANOTHER night some years afterward I was standing near the Stafford Hotel, in front of which was a carriage about to drive away. The light of the street lamp shone brightly on the fine, clear-cut face of an elderly man on the back seat; it was Sir Henry Irving. This impressive picture seems to be unforgettable.

"Robespierre";
Dogs and dogs

The famous actor-manager was playing an engagement at the old Academy of Music at the time. "Robespierre," an Irving play of great power and superb mounting, was one of those produced. Of all Sir Henry's work in it no scene nor spoken words affected me as did his first entrance, when he walked slowly from the left side of the stage across a small bridge with hand rails and paused for a moment in deep thought. There was an eloquence and dignity in this which would have been marred had he spoken until after a few moments had passed.

IN THE old days of which I write when crimes were committed around Baltimore, murder or worse, it was a custom to send to Norfolk, Va., or near that place, for one Hurricane Branch and his pack of bloodhounds. I can recall several instances when this then famous dog trainer-sleuth was commissioned to come here and put his pack on the scent, which was doubtless more often cold than fresh, but I do not seem to remember any cases in which the criminals were actually treed and caught. Nowadays the modern police dog has taken the place of bloodhounds as an assistant to the officers of the law.

Mouse-colored, painfully thin, gray hounds slinking sedately along Baltimore thoroughfares with their girl owners were more often seen in these days; and coach dogs, now again in vogue as Dalmatians, did actually run behind or beneath carriages. There was a story of such a white dog with black spots or *vice versa*, which was sold, but on a rainy day his spots washed off, and when the new owner complained he was told that an umbrella should have gone with the animal as part of the bargain, but it had been overlooked.

THE city and suburbs were infested years ago with stray dogs, and mongrel puppy, whelp and hound and curs of low degree ran wild. Dog catchers there were, indeed, and a dog

pound, but no organization such as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or the Animal Refuge took any particular interest in lost pets. Public and wild dogs and even many privately owned wore no license tags and strayed and stolen canines were in those times far more lost than gone before.

*Dog story;
Annunciator*

A friend of mine, a long-time lover of dogs, tells me that when she lived on a large estate near Walbrook her father harbored at one time no less than fourteen dogs which had drifted to the house. One of them had evidently been beaten off many a back porch with brooms, so that the mere sight of this household utensil threw him into a fury. Whenever he had a chance he would attack a broom and tear it to bits. He was soon trained away from this hatred and later on allowed snow or dirt to be brushed off his coat with his former enemy when it was in the hands of his mistress.

* * *

EVEN as late as the year 1900 telephones from hotel rooms to the office were not common and customary as they are now. I remember seeing in a hotel, about the date mentioned, a very elaborate device invented by that versatile physician and artist, the late Dr. F. Benedict Herzog, of New York. It was a large semi-circular dial operated by electricity. An arrow-shaped indicator could be set at any one of a score or more of printed suggestions and on pressing the button you either got what you wanted or you just paced the floor and waited, in or out of patience according to your emergency and the weather. The possible needs of guests were anticipated, in part at least, by such words as hot water, cold water, soda water, maid, porter, messenger, house detective, physician, trained nurse, barwaiter, laundry agent, etc., but even with all the assortment of requirements I much doubt if the actual wants of the average guest were included in the list.

The district messenger boy of forty years ago worked in a somewhat broader field than at present. He was called on

Cobblers; more often to deliver letters and parcels, to take bouquets of
Trick pictures flowers to private addresses and to stage favorites. Also, and somewhat shyly, perhaps, he acted as night escort to ladies young and old, when males were lacking, to concerts, lectures or an evening call.

COBBLERS of the first class are fast disappearing and where there were formerly a hundred fine custom shoemakers, who took your measure and made you an elegant pair of boots; today only a few remain.

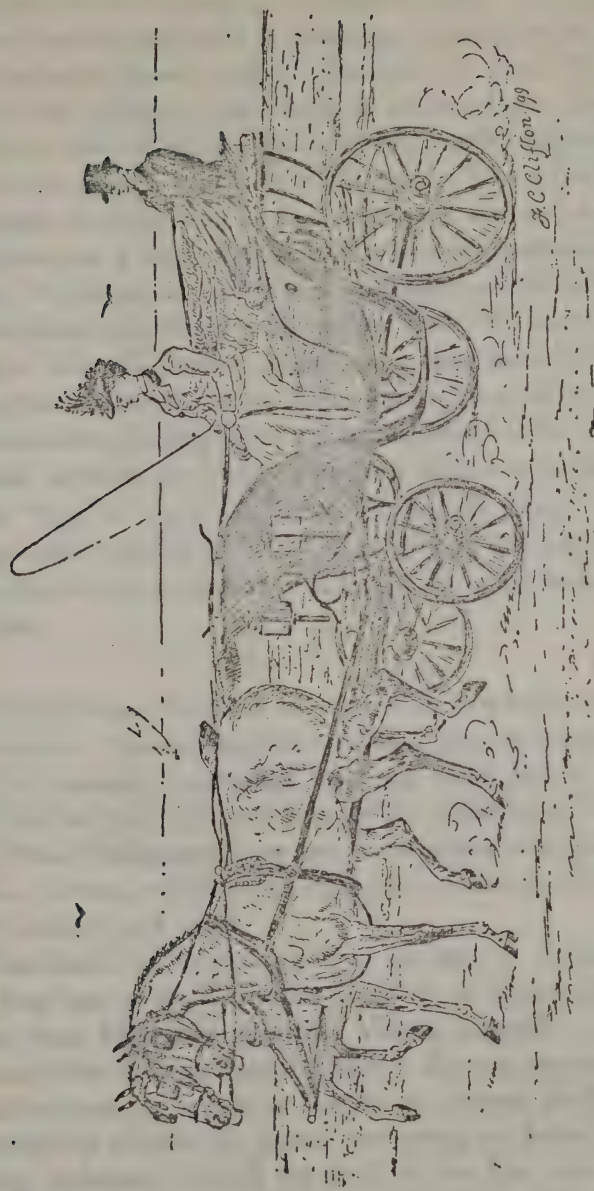
I remember Clogg, who was for years on Baltimore Street next door to the Carrollton Hotel entrance; Cullen, of Calvert Street; also Mrs. Coles, of Pearl Street, and the Russell sisters, of Madison and Howard, who specialized in footwear to order for ladies. Then there was one Gerken, on Park Avenue, who worked for me thirty-five years ago, but went back to the old country soon after the war. In the past when men wore top boots the bootjack, with either a V-shaped or rounded clutch, was a necessary part of the household equipment, and doubtless in times of marital stress proved as effective a weapon in the hands of the Maggies of the period as the rolling-pin of our own time.

IV

WHAT has become of those art collectors of old who seemed to limit their collections to one painting at a time which they carried about the country, exhibiting it in ground-floor rooms of buildings not permanently tenanted in the business section?

There was one of these paintings which I first saw, I think, in Chicago. "Nana" it was called. A few years later it appeared in the back of a store on Baltimore Street, and was shown again, I believe, in this city on Charles Street near Fayette early in the nineteen hundreds. I saw "Nana" for the fourth and probably last time a year or so ago here in Baltimore.

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VICTORIA OF THE NINETIES

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The picture is the work of a Russian artist. His name would be hard to spell, hard to pronounce and almost impossible to remember, hence I omit it. But under the special lights by which the painting was shown it presented an almost superhuman effect of realism. A voluptuous nude female was shown reclining on a couch; in her hand she held a mirror, rich damask draperies were in the background, and on a table to one side was a bowl of fruit and a vase of multicolored flowers. No frame was to be seen at all, but actual fabrics were used instead to increase the realistic spell. To carry the illusion of life still further, it being the chief merit of the picture, the lecturer in charge would direct the attention of his audience to a looking glass which was placed at the right angle and in which the lifelike effect was indeed remarkable.

The "Sign of the Cross," the "Blacksmith Shop," and doubtless other realistic or "trick" pictures were also exhibited in this city, but for some years this sort of thing has been but little done.

ANOTHER form of art was in vogue in the late eighties and early nineties. Cycloramas were enormous circular paintings, housed in specially constructed buildings which looked precisely like the gas tanks one sees on the outskirts of cities today. Paul Phillipoteaux was one of the artists who worked on these pictures, which represented great events in history, mainly military and naval.

"The Battle of Gettysburg" was on view in Baltimore for a long time at the Cyclorama Building, on Mount Royal Avenue near Maryland Avenue. Visitors entered a small door and after walking forward quite a distance ascended a circular staircase to emerge at last on an elevated platform, from which on all sides the picture was spread out before you. Looking backward, I recall the thrill of the first view, the silence of the gallery and then the almost unnecessary voice of the lecturer. This painting, as many know, is now at the Gettysburg Battlefield.

*Cycloramas;
Characters*

The canvas in these cycloramas extended downward to a madeup foreground, which was arranged with real earth and actual materials built into the scene of the painting, all of which was calculated to increase the realism. Thus a part of a cannon would be painted and the rest genuine; a dead soldier's boots were real, and the stock of the pictured gun was wood, and so on.

In Philadelphia the canvas on exhibition for some time was "Jerusalem and the Crucifixion." This painting today is permanently housed in a building at St. Anne's, Quebec. In the old days the "Battle of Bull Run" was stationed at Washington, other pictures including, I think, the "Battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor," were shown in other cities and interchanges took place after considerable lapses of time. I often wonder if all of these great canvasses are still in existence, stored perhaps and almost forgotten. Now that moving pictures so amply represent battle scenes, the cyclorama will never again be seen.

EVERY large city has, at some time in its history, several quaint and interesting characters engaged in the old book business. There was, several years ago, a tall, thin, heavily whiskered man named Alexander, whose shop was on North Howard Street. Clad in a long wrapper or robe much of the time, his appearance was so patriarchal that it created quite a bit of sympathy and much of his stock was at times donated by ladies whose libraries were overstocked. Hence probably his very reasonable prices for many of his books.

"Old Man Alexander," as the trade called him, had very exact ideas as to his business hours, and on winter evenings if any browsers showed an inclination to linger after 6 o'clock, when it was his custom to close up for the day, he had a cunning trick; he would open first the street entrance and then the back door to his shop. The chill draft of night air which instantly blew by the legs of the loiterers invariably

cleared the place in a few minutes. It always started me on my way, I know.

*Leon Lazarus;
Blue glass*

Then there was one Leon, whose last name was possibly Lazarus, who had a book shop on North Eutaw Street. It was crammed with books of many kinds and the proprietor had a rather surprising knowledge of literature. Not so surprising after all, perhaps, when it is remembered that Leon seemed to spend his entire time in reading. A freckle-faced, sandy haired and bearded, medium-sized man he was. All day he would sit in a rocking chair to the left of the door reading through gold spectacles and smoking one cigarette after another.

The floor was so cluttered with books, large and small, in every sort of binding, that to walk to the stove in the approximate center of the room was a feat equal to negotiating a mountain pass. Everywhere dust, cigarette and coal ashes had fallen undisturbed, apparently, for years. My occasional visits to Leon's were encouraged by his oft-repeated promises to show me a large portfolio which he claimed was richly stocked with wonderful prints and engravings; but each time I called he put me off with ever the same reply, "I have not been able to find it," and waving his hands, "you see how my stock is."

UNTIL comparatively recent years if an examination had been made by anyone sauntering along the streets of the glass in the windows of many of the larger residences in Baltimore, and in greenhouses, too, a large number of panes of a blue color would have been noticed: I used to see them in a house at the corner of Hamilton and Charles Streets and also in a circular bay window at the back of a house on Monument Street, near Park Avenue. Where a few of these are yet to be found they represent all that remains of the blue glass craze of the late sixties and seventies. In the years following the Civil War, once the notion had taken hold of the public, blue

Blue glass; panes were not only put into window frames but blue bell
Tallow plasters glasses were placed over growing plants out of doors.

The theory, originally advanced by an American physician, was that the rays of the sun shining through blue glass possessed medicinal healing and stimulating qualities. A book on the subject covering a multitude of applications of blue glass, blue underwear, blue wall paper, blue sun shades, etc., was published, printed on blue paper, of course, in Philadelphia in 1877. Statements and figures were tabulated at length, but, as a matter of fact, there was nothing whatever in any of it. But in our time by totally different methods, blue rays have been devised which by special electrical apparatus do, indeed, benefit human ills and stimulate plant and animal development when scientifically utilized, accomplishing much that the blue glass and blue clothing was only supposed to do.

IN MY childhood, a half century ago, in spite of reports to the contrary, the old wives and good mothers treated colds in the head and on the chest with doses of stewed honey and horehound. Goose grease was rubbed well into the shoulder blades, and a mutton tallow plaster was scientifically constructed. On a good-sized piece of flannel was carefully spread a mixture of tallow, pepper and nutmeg. This was well heated and pressed against the sufferer's bared chest, being held in place by a tape around the neck. It stuck nice and tight, as the natural body heat kept the tallow sticky.

After being applied it was allowed to remain even after the patient's cold was a thing of the past, since to remove it all at once would be certain to cause a new cold. As spring warmth approached the feel of the plaster was an irritating annoyance; nay, more, it was a sort of penance. However, relief was at hand. On Saturday night at bath time it was permissible to cut off a bit, an inch of length at a time, until after a while only the tape necklace and the last bit of plaster remained, when all was discarded.

IN THE many years that the late Mrs. Rebecca M. Dukehart conducted the St. Charles, at Pleasant and Charles Streets, a large number of people, Baltimoreans and others, were her guests and forty or more persons often sat down to excellent meals in her dining room. Mrs. Dukehart rarely appeared on the scene; possibly when nearly everyone had left the room she would slip in and sit at a corner table with her son, who like as not was late. She had a first-class major domo in the person of one William Butler, well named, indeed, for his post, William had but one expression for almost all sorts of weather: "It is a fine day after the rain."

Another faithful old servant at the St. Charles was Sam Boston, the colored fireman. In cold weather some of the rooms were heated solely by open grates and small stoves; Sam would come into your room rather early to make up the fire and soon after he left you would have to get up and take the blower off the grate or open the stove door.

Among those who lived at Mrs. Dukehart's I well remember two men of the same name, but not related, who were distinguished as "light-haired" and "dark-haired" Keene; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Nimmo and their little boy; W. W. Cator, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Pope, Miss Rose Flanigan and her sister, Miss Needles, a sister of John J. Needles, whose linen store was so well known; Samuel H. Hoopman, the late C. Alphonso Smith, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Herman and their son, Irving; Mr. and Mrs. George Chase, a Miss Stocksdales, Will Merryman, Dr. A. B. Bibbins, then lecturing at Woman's College, soon after known as Goucher; a Mr. Jory and his two nice boys, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, Hector McNeal, a handsome fellow, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Barnett, the former a pioneer in his day in business college work; their pretty daughter Elizabeth was with them.

Among us for some years was my old chum, Thomas Dotterer who came from Charleston, S. C. to attend college.

"Jim" Murray; We worked in the old "Y" gym together daily. He was the
After-pieces only boy who could throw a forward somersault and do a
body spring like a professional.

Then there was a Mrs. Reid and her two sons, Will and Harry, both clever wits and fine story tellers; Mrs. Reid's charming niece, Miss Grace Eden, was sometimes a visitor; Louis Sprengel and his lovely wife stopped at the St. Charles for a time. Many transients came and went whose names I never knew, but I recall the opera singer, Annis Montague, who stayed here during her engagement at the Academy. Of all these people whom I knew in the very early nineties I have recently been glad to see again W. W. Cator and B. F. Pope. After over forty years they both look, I am glad to say pretty much as they did in those old and happy days when we lived at Mrs. Dukehart's. She was a remarkable woman, kind, generous and highly efficient in her business.

While living at the St. Charles I attended the University of Maryland. But since I was quite daft over gymnastics it was necessary for me to cram or "bone" for the law exams. One night when my fellow student James Spicer Murray was helping me in this worthy work our powers of concentration gave out and we improvised a two-man minstrel show, to the great excitement and discomfort of the other guests on my floor, also above and below.

WHEN I was young there used to be seen in at least one of the Baltimore theaters a type of drama now, unfortunately, a thing of the past. This was the "after piece" which followed the "olio" at a popular variety theater, the old Monumental, known to its steady patrons as the "Bridge."

After the sentimental ballad singer had wrung our hearts with "The Picture That Is Turned To The Wall." "A Picture No Artist Can Paint" or something about a picture, and after the contortionist the ventriloquist, a Dutch, Jew and Irish comedians and the equilibrist, usually a Mexican or

Japanese, had each and all offered their sometimes contributory negligence to make the olio performance what it was, they would all unite in a fast and furious one act play. The text of these very tepid, often eighteenth century flavored dramas was usually written by one of the comedians or the manager of the company and in any case large drafts were made on the Ethiopian and comic dramas of the school made famous by that old master, Frank Dumont.

*After-pieces;
Parades*

The degree of hilarity that these after pieces invariably produced on the pleasantly mellow audience can scarcely be imagined in these days. Costuming was not deemed especially important and the part of a traveler, satchel in hand, like as not was taken by the horizontal bar performer, still in his tights, covered by the hasty assumption of a silk hat and raincoat. Scenes in hotels and courtrooms predominated and I recall among other recollections of these times, with what roars of laughter red-headed Tom Coyne was always greeted when, as judge, he hammered with a large mallet bellowing "Less order in the Court!"

STREET parades, of military, political, circus and social organizations are less and less seen nowadays. Traffic of all kinds has literally crowded the parades from the steets. They used to be frequent and often pleasant incidents in the day or night, demoralizing, of course, to some degree to children, house servants and even office workers; hence those who believe in modern efficiency and concentrated effort doubtless feel better off in the absence of parades. But when the nineties were young and even until the last few years processions marched through the main streets of Baltimore from time to time, accompanied usually by one or more bands of music.

In fellowship with street urchins, ragamuffins, loafers and ne'er-do-wells of both sexes and all colors, a shouting, dancing, care-free-for-the-moment mob, when I was a boy, I used to follow along as near as I could to the bass drum and its fat

Bands and red-faced belaborer. How we envied the sweaty boy who
Waltzes awkwardly aided in "toting" this instrument of divine noise, as well, too, the colored youth who bore mid sun and heat the water bucket full of ice.

The obvious advantage of keeping up with the band was that then it could be heard every time it played. For if by maternal command I was obliged to watch a parade from a window or stoop it always seemed that when the band passed me it never played—utterly silent at such times, or else the mere step tap on the drum. This once gave me the idea for a bit of verse, but not being in any wise a poet I pass this on to my friend Folger McKinsey or to Mr. Clark S. Hobbs:

*The band never plays as it passes me,
So gay and bright in the morn,
But just keeps step, some one calls "Hep!"
And it marches on and on,
With nary a toot from the shiny snoot
Of the big or the little horn.*

AND how memories crowd around when some band or orchestra plays the melodies we used to hear in our youth, some of which come easily to mind, such as "Dreamland Faces," a waltz popular in the eighties; "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh," from, I think, "The Little Tycoon," in which Bob Graham played; "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," a waltz song which I seem not to have heard for years. But the "Skaters' Waltz" and "Jolly Fellows" I do hear now and again over the radio, but not "My Queen" Waltz, and a song, "Golden Moon," De Lara's "Garden of Sleep" nor yet "My Lady's Bower," by Hope Temple. Yet these three are beautiful songs.

Scarcely a beginner on the piano of the old days was spared practicing a sugary refrain, "Monastery Bells," which, as a matter of fact, I could stand hearing again. It seems odd to me

that old song albums are not more intently consulted by those who are reviving the music of other days. I recall a number of excellent compositions in addition to those mentioned, all popular thirty and more years ago. "The Message," by Adelaide Anne Proctor, and the "Bells of St. Anne," in which song the church bells were cast into cannon, and they were afterward heard in "the battles roar on a rockbound shore," and "The Postillion," with his "Ho la, ho la, who's for a ride tonight? Its many a mile to Brighton, but we'll be there by candlelight."

*Old Songs;
Gentry's Circus*

On an August night a few years ago I heard the excellent Baltimore Municipal Band play the waltz "Over the Waves," to which softly flowing measures acrobats, wire walkers, trapeze artists and other gymnasts have entered ring, arena and stage for many years and in many lands. It recalled to my mind a very small band with Gentry's Pony and Dog Circus, when it showed on a lot at Druid Hill and North Avenues thirty years ago. The leader was a young fellow with only one arm, his musicians were rough, nay, even raw, but they meant business. In his only hand this leader held a cornet upon which he blew a few piercing notes and then marked time for his fellows, using his instrument instead of a baton. His eyes glowed, he bent and twisted and sawed the air now thus, now so, with intricate shades of intended delicacy, for his heart was in his work, totally unmindful of the results, which were indeed terrible.

The waltz this band tried to play was "Over the Waves," the ponies danced and a tent full of happy children laughed and cheered, so who can say this inspired musician was, after all, a failure.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I

Tintypes

PORTRAITURE whereby present and future generations may be able to realize something of what their forefathers of several past generations looked like has been mainly in the form of photographs. I do not of course, remember the actual making of dauguerreotypes, not even *carte-de-visites*, small pictures not much larger than a visiting card, which may have been sometimes left on the card receiver when those called on were not at home. But I do recall the tintypes of forty-odd years ago, and one Robinson's gallery, where they were a specialty, near the large store of the old dry goods firm of Hamilton Easter & Sons on Baltimore Street. Profeser Robinson made nine counterfeit presentments of the same small size and identical expression for ten cents.

On entering the office the sitter was met by the proprietor. He was sad of face and wore black Dundreary whiskers and his expression grew a shade or two sadder when you selected from his samples the nine for ten cents, rather than his four full lengths for a half dollar. However, he took your dime and passed you into the "operating" room, where another sad-faced man fastened your head in a vise, bid you fix your gaze on a card stuck in the split end of a broomstick for a full half-minute while he uncovered by removing a cloth the nine separate and distinct lenses of his camera. These tintypes measured about an inch each way and were taken on a single sheet of tin used as a wet plate. When you returned

to the office Mr. Robinson was snipping them apart with shears, having anointed the plate with varnish and dried it over a gas flame before you. The types were rarely very good, being more or less dark and everything reversed, and you left the place already planning a pose and expression for use the next time you came.

*Old-time studios;
Kodak comes*

THE studio tintype artist has gone, although a very few of his descendants perhaps may yet be seen on circus lots and fair grounds working their cameras with modern improvements right out in the open air. And many other old-time photographic studios and those who conducted them have vanished. There was Bersch, of Charles Street, near Fayette who took my picture in 1876; Holyland, who was at Baltimore and Charles Streets until some time in the late nineties; N. H. Busey, also on Charles Street until succeeded at the same location by Cummins, who was noted in his day and at whose studio the first Kodak magazine camera made its Baltimore appearance. This snapshot device made a round picture and one hundred exposures had to be made before any were developed.

Around on Lexington Street, west of Charles, that fine fellow, the late Will Ashman, had his studio, and on the same street near Liberty was Russell's. One Shorey, prior to the fire, was on Baltimore Street, near Calvert. Over the art galleries of Myers & Hedian on North Charles Street Blessing & Co. operated a large studio. I remember the large portrait of the late John Walter Smith which hung in their showcase years ago. Henry Fenge succeeded Blessing at the same location. Just below this place was the Getz studio. Many will recall the excellent picture of the late William F. Lucas, Jr., in hat and overcoat which, with a study of a girl holding a small dog, hung in Getz's showcase twenty-odd years ago. Then there was the Walzl White Palace for portraiture at Franklin Street and Eutaw, the only uptown studio in its day.

Daniel Bendann; Two well-known East Baltimore artists no longer at work were
Colored citizens Betz, of Washington Street, and Hebbel, of Gay Street. Probably the most interesting character among the old-time photographers of this city, and a man of great originality and skill, was the late Daniel Bendann. In my youth he had a studio on the north side of Baltimore Street not far from Charles. His work even at the time of the Civil War was broad and artistic. In those days and in the seventies he was working in a style at least forty years ahead of his time. He died, I think, shortly after the 1904 fire.

IN Baltimore there were always a number of interesting characters and useful citizens among the Negro race. My own recollection brings to mind two remarkable cooks and old retainers in the family of the late Rev. Augustus P. Stryker, rector in all of the eighties and the first half of the nineties of St. Barnabas Protestant Episcopal Church at Biddie Street and Argyle Avenue. "Aunt" Rachel was the elder. I recall her gray hair, thin face and high cheekbones when I was a child. She was succeeded by "Aunt" Susan, whose lightbread in an oversized loaf was better than most cakes. At St. Barnabas there was for years a solitary colored member of the congregation, Myra Harris, a good and highly esteemed woman. Faith without works was not Myra's idea and at night in her off time she carried the church basket, stocked with crochet work, iron-holders and the many useful and fancy articles dear to housekeepers, to the homes of the parishioners. From her sales she realized tidy sums which were turned over to the church funds at regular intervals.

Years after when the flock of St. Barnabas became scattered and the congregation had combined with another parish I attended an evening service at the new place of worship, at the close of which I tarried a while to see who might be present that I had known in my younger days. But of those who passed me I saw only one familiar face—Myra Harris,

now grown old, but vigorous still, and it was a pleasure to see her kindly face among so many strange ones.

*Colored folks
In the Nineties*

MANY persons who used to visit the upper floors of a building formerly on the corner of Baltimore and Calvert Streets, and also the old *Herald* Building before the fire at Fayette and St. Paul Streets, will recall old "Archie," the elevator man. He worked in both of these buildings in the nineties. He had a game leg, a pointed gray beard and wore a fancy skull cap. He was a fine old man, indeed.

Possibly the most dignified and best mannered colored man I knew in those days was Grafton Gale. He was, I believe, interested in North Baltimore real estate. His dark, smooth skin and gray beard of formal cut gave him the appearance of some Moorish potentate.

Nearly thirty years ago when I was having some work done I engaged one Harrison Pegée, a colored carpenter. He was then about sixty years old, had mutton-chop whiskers, was energetic and a very fair workman. His young assistant showed a tendency to lean on door frames and side walls and otherwise loaf on his job. Suddenly Pegée would turn on him explosively and say, "Boy, what you doing standing still? If you can't find nothing to do jump up and down, 'cause you got to keep a-moving when you are working for me." This same Harrison Pegée was a most adaptable man, for at lunch time when asked what he would like to drink with his sandwiches his reply was: "Coffee if you got coffee; if you ain't, then I'll take some tea, and if you ain't got tea, give me a cup of hot water."

Amelia Barnes was my cook in those far-away nineties, short and slim, a mere handful of a woman; she was a veritable queen of the kitchen whose Sunday morning waffles, made no one ever did know how, literally melted in the mouth. Then there was Dr. N. Hynson Jennings' John, whose duty, among many, at the drug store, then at 336

Shipley's dogs; North Charles Street, was to charge the gas tank for soda
Memory methods water. But John did not drink much of the soda he helped to make, and on hot days would go to sleep in the cool and damp of the cellar, whereby he contracted pneumonia and died.

IN THE middle eighties, the boys who lived in the center of the city were always glad when Shipley, the dog trainer, hove into sight. Shipley was a colored man, his side whiskers were rather long and he wore a drooping felt hat. Around his neck were several small chains from which depended silver whistles. When he sounded his whistles beautiful white and black setters, pointers and other hunting dogs would run to him, coming from alleys and side streets where they had wandered. It was a pretty sight and the boys would stop their play to fondle the animals.

Familiar, too, in the Park Avenue and Madison Street neighborhood in those days was Charles ("Hop") Boston, a one-legged colored youth. I met him on the street in 1928 and was glad to find him then alive, moving along in years as are we all, but in the old days with his single crutch "Hop" could hotfoot it at incredible speed for a one-legged man and was always among the first engine fans to reach a fire or to see an officer make an arrest.

II

SOMETIMES the writer of these reminiscences is asked how it can be possible for him to recall in a fairly methodical manner such a wide range of memories, especially when it is a fact that no diaries or memoranda have been referred to. At least one explanation is found in an examination of the localities in the various parts of the city where I have lived, and it may prove interesting to summarize most of these briefly.

In 1874, when I was about 2 years old, I lived with my parents on the southwest side of George Street above Pearl.

Of this house I have, of course, no personal recollection, but our next home, on Argyle Avenue (then Walsh Street), near Lanvale, was the birthplace of my conscious memory. This house is still standing. From it in 1877 we moved to Lanvale and Division Streets, and from thence in a year or so to McCulloh, near Hoffman Street. This small house stood back and had a small lawn in front. No trace of this building can be found now.

*Argyle to
North Avenue*

THE year 1879 found me living with my aunt, the late Mrs. Alexander Wolff, old No. 197 Linden Avenue, near Dolphin Street. Dr. Isham R. Page had a fine house across the street, and his son Robert was a playmate of mine, as was "Tommy" Lloyd, who lived in the block above. The latter owned an elegant wagon and a powerful goat with which he generously gave his friends short rides on the sidewalk. This Linden Avenue house had a large back yard with pear trees, a grape arbor and a small hothouse. Many Baltimore homes in those days had similar seasonably useful adjuncts. My pretty cousin, Alice Meredith, was also one of the family, and on many an autumn afternoon we looted these trees and vines of their fruit. For the next year and a half I lived away from the city, returning to rejoin my aunt in a new home she had acquired at 606 West North Avenue, on the county side of the street, which was then known as the Boundary. It was an unpaved road and in dry weather clouds of dust almost obscured the other side when vehicles drove by. This was the year 1882 and from my window I used to see the spray ascending from the fountain of the old Mount Royal Reservoir. I regretted exceedingly to see it demolished a few years ago.

While living with my aunt she asked me one time, after dark, to get her a loaf of bread. Her house was one of three all identical in their exteriors, and on my return I ran up the steps, back along a hallway into a dining room, where I deposited my parcel on the table with the exclamation "Here's your bread!" My surprise was great when I suddenly realized

"Muff" the cat; I was in a room full of strangers. My relatives told this little Harry Hopkins story on me for years.

When this chapter was printed in the *Evening Sun* a letter was received by the editor from Miss Mary L. Wilson. She wrote she had lived in the early eighties in the same row of houses on the Boundary and that she remembered me "even if he did overlook me for my schoolmate, who was pretty. Well, he did not impress me either, as I remember more distinctly, the lovely Maltese cat called 'Muff' which lived in the house where he stayed."

However, time heals all, and if Miss Wilson will absolve the boy that was for his lack of appreciation, the "boy" will forgive her for having seen more in "Muff" than in him in those old Boundary days. ♦ ♦

IN THE year 1883 I was a member of the household of the late Adeline L. Egerton at the corner of Madison and Tyson Streets (old No. 132), and went with her when she removed about 1885 to No. 86 West Monument Street, which was its old number. From here my peregrinations took me in a year or two to 418 West Biddle Street, where, as a guest of Miss Jennie Jones, I met several Johns Hopkins men, one at least of whom has become world known.

After this I spent a year with a Mrs. A. J. Cairnes at 1119 Madison Avenue, opposite the Protestant Episcopal Bishop's former residence. There was a fine-looking drug store there, too, forty-odd years ago, of which no trace can now be seen. From this address I removed in 1888 to the St. Charles, Pleasant and Charles Street, which was kept by Mrs. Dukehart and has been dealt with in a recent section. ♦ ♦

IN 1893 I went to live with the late Mrs. Mary Hopkins and her son, Henry Clayton Hopkins, in their quaint old house on the northwest corner of St. Paul and Pleasant Streets. Here I spent enjoyable years. Harry Hopkins, a versatile man skilled in writing, art and music, knew many charming people to whom he introduced me in his own home and at the

Charcoal Club, of which he was a member when it was at the corner of Howard and Franklin Streets. The coterie of wits, musicians and writers which Harry Hopkins gathered around himself in the nineties was extraordinary. There was Dr. John J. Mills, a brilliant debater; Myers Clark Conwell, who later founded the *Elston Press* at New Rochelle, N. Y.; Latrobe Weston and his brother Harry; Samuel Monroe Fabian, the California pianist; Harry Patterson Hopkins, an organist and composer; R. L. ("Dick") Britton; Albert Hopkins, son of Dr. Hershey Hopkins, of Goucher College; the late Charles Peale Didier, artist and author, and my old-time friends Irving Ward and James Stone Reese. It was here that I met the late Archibald H. Taylor, who was in his prime in those days and put life into everyone with whom he came into contact. McKee and the late "Tom" Barclay were also at the Hopkins house when I was there, as was the distinguished Continental painter, William A. Sherwood, who now resides in Belgium.

*Harry Hopkins
His friends*

Also visiting from time to time the "salon" of Mrs. Hopkins and to hold symposiums with Harry were art connoisseurs like Faris C. Pitt, Dr. Alfred Wanstall and Latimer Hoffman; the handsome Louis Bologne of Paris, Reginald Sappington, a true lover of music, and many others prominent in the art and music life of the city.

McKee Barclay tells a story on me of the time we lived together. In 1894 I was doing Sandow exercises and cultivating my muscles. Among other utensils for my work I had an old cast-iron sash weight of about twenty pounds. In the dead vast and middle of the night one summer, when all in the house were sleeping soundly, a commotion occurred in the street; an overladen wayfarer, no doubt, was being helped homeward by friends, and his struggles and language were both violent. Lights in our house were lit and Barclay and his brother Tom rushed into the hallway, where, it is said, I suddenly appeared, batting my sleepy eyes, swinging my iron sashweight wildly and calling out, "What's to be hit? What's to be hit?"

Hamilton Street;
Dr. Salzer IT THUS appears that while I never went far at a time I traveled much around the city, and so turned up in the winter of 1895 at Mr. John Dorsey's, 407 North Charles Street, where I lingered with brief absences until the spring of 1897, when I took up my residence in Hamilton Street, where I remained continuously for over twenty-five years, and where I still spend all my days. Altogether since my earliest childhood I have had upward of twenty abiding places in Baltimore and it may be but natural that these fluctuations in residence, the incidental vicissitudes of changing surroundings and the contact with many different persons, all combined with a habit of observation, have helped to make the variety of these recollections possible. If, as has been said, a man is known by the company he keeps, and that if we know what he eats we can tell what he is, it may be added that if we know where he has lived the nature and amount of his memories may be fairly well measured.

* *

AN apple a day may keep the doctor away, but in the nineties I knew a physician who saw to it that those of his patients who had indigestion not only had the apple a day but the doctor along with it. Henry Salzer, M.D., was an interesting character, small in stature, wiry in build, with a thin and bristling beard; his eyes twinkled and he was all life and movement. When I knew him his office was on Madison near Cathedral. His theory was that if he could determine the precise kind of apple his patient's symptoms called for and persuade the sufferer to eat a number of them every day a cure would follow. That his own buoyancy and personal magnetism aided greatly in some of his cures is certain.

* *

IT IS quite possible that there are persons still living who will remember a short, stocky man with a bushy dark beard, who even on hot summer days wore a large black felt hat, and in

the eighties was a gardener on Eutaw Place in the section near Lafayette Avenue, then Townsend Street. One day when I was quite a small boy my mother and I were sauntering through the square, stopping now and again to admire the flowers for which this part of Baltimore was always noted—as, indeed, it is today—when the gardener referred to, on seeing us, came forward, took off his hat with an Old World flourish and bowed to my mother, who instantly recognised him. It was one Daniel Lindmann. Nearly twenty years before he had been my grandfather's gardener in Albemarle County, Virginia. After the Civil War Daniel had come to Baltimore, and being a first-class man with flowers had secured a position with the city. We saw him at work in the square from time to time, but after a few years we moved from the neighborhood and so lost sight of him.

*The old gardener;
Pratt Library*

III

WHEN the Enoch Pratt Free Library first opened its doors in 1886 I was among the first two thousand borrowers to receive a numbered card which entitled me to draw books, one at a time. My application for membership was indorsed by an old friend of the first librarian, the late Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, to whom I was introduced on this, to me, great occasion. Bernard C. Steiner, who followed his father, was librarian until his recent death and was one of the last persons of mature years finally to give up bicycle riding on the streets of Baltimore.

In the late eighties when I was an almost daily visitor at the Pratt I knew most of the original staff of attendants. There was Mr. Reese, a small man with a diminutive blond mustache and smiling eyes, who received the books as they were returned; he alternated with Mr. J. V. Smith, whose mustache was dark and who wore glasses. The counter with its metal grating was still in the west room, but shelves of files almost obscured it during the last years of the old building. Forty years ago borrowers made out slips for the books they desired

after selecting numbers from a printed catalogue, which was chained to the narrow side counters, then they stood in line in the east room, along a broad counter and one of several young ladies took these slips with the members' cards and went off to the stacks to look up the books. There were then engaged in this department Miss Doerksen, Miss Stoner, Miss Eysmans, Miss Perry, Miss Hopkins and Miss French, with all of whom I had in those days a pleasant book-interest acquaintance. Particularly with Miss Agnes French, who was a lovely blonde, and who knew good books thoroughly.

The reading room on the second floor, at the time of which I write, was in the joint charge of Miss Magruder and Miss Mahool. I fancy I can hear the former cautioning juvenile readers of *Puck*, *Golden Days*, and *Harper's Young People*: "You mustn't talk!"

TWO interesting characters were permanent fixtures, apparently, in the Pratt reading room in those old times. One was a little, happy-faced woman with graying hair and the other a short, round-shouldered, bald-headed man who sported long, pointed iron-gray side whiskers. I do not think either of these persons was ever absent from the place whenever I was there in the day time, and even after dark if I again happened in certainly the man was still engrossed in his magazines. In 1886 the number of periodicals was small compared to what it is now, so doubtless the monthly and weekly issues scarcely appeared fast enough for these voracious readers. But today the publishers could very readily take care of such demands.

For some reason or other my calls at the Pratt Library ceased in 1900 and after the lapse of nearly thirty years I went to the old building a few years ago to secure a new card. I found that extensive and delightful changes had taken place and an almost totally different system was at work in every direction. Now, in the beautiful new library, all is energetic efficiency and modern in method, more readers are everywhere present and one can make a personal selection, have the proper

records made and be out in the street in two or three minutes. I looked into the reading room, too, and, while not surprised, I was sorry not to see the two high-power magazine readers in their accustomed places. However, I was very glad to find one of my friends of the early staff still at work, Miss Hopkins, with whom I exchanged pleasant reminiscences.

*Strasburg clock;
Midgets*

A TREAT I had as a child was to be taken to the Masonic Temple to see the great Strasburg clock. It was a large and complicated piece of mechanism; articulated, toylike figures, about six inches high, moved in and out of the clock in the neighborhood of the dial every quarter of an hour in a representation of religious scenes with the twelve Apostles as the actors. This was many years ago, and my clearest memory of the occasion is the crowing of the cock and the character of Judas Iscariot. It seems to me that before the Temple was remodeled there was a huge eyeball carved in the stone at the topmost part of the front of the building. It is not there now.

GENERAL and Mrs. Tom Thumb, otherwise Charles S. Stratton and Lavinia Warren Stratton, his wife, I saw in a hall which was over the old Marsh Market on East Baltimore Street. This was prior to 1880. The little people left the hall for their hotel in a tiny carriage drawn by Lilliputian ponies. No midgets of the nineteenth nor twentieth centuries were ever so deservedly well known as these, for General and Mrs. Tom Thumb were well formed, quite intelligent and numbered their friends among the great of the world.

A dwarf often seen in this city was a member of the street cleaning force who worked much of the time with a push broom in the downtown section. He had a head of normal size with a projecting forehead, and was about four feet tall. In bad weather he was frequently seen leaning on the City

Loofahs; Hall near the doorway to the Water Department, waiting,
Spring tonics with others, for pay day, perhaps. In those times these walls up to a point shoulder high were blackened with dirt and highly polished by those who gained or sought to gain their support by and from this edifice.

IV

LOOFAHS, or vegetable washrags, were much in vogue when I was young and were to be found in most well-equipped bathrooms in the days of boxed-in tin tubs and thoroughly concealed plumbing. Stimulating to the skin they may have been, but very likely far from sanitary and certainly are no more to be seen in these days when so many things are defilmed, deodorized and denatured. Then, too, at an even earlier period many people filled a quassia cup with water at night for drinking purposes in the morning as a spring tonic. These cups were made, I believe, from the wood of the West India ash tree, and in six or eight hours the water in the cup drew from the wood a bitter draft which may have been mildly beneficial. In the rural districts where the quassia cups were not much known the bark of the wild cherry tree was steeped in a tumbler and the children were dosed with the drink thus made. I recall, too, a time when rusty iron nails and bits of horseshoes were used to make a so-called iron tonic. Commercial rejuvenators, sarsaparillas and other nostrums so much used in the nineties, contained heavy percentages of alcohol and these were very popular, especially with the farmer element which lived unhappily far from saloons and road houses. Back of many a barn could often be seen lofty pyramids of empty tonic bottles, high proof of the worthy efforts of "Rube" and "Silas" to combat the run-down and tired feeling which has never yet failed to afflict the children of men when the year is young.

PERSONS who were either raised in the country or visited

farms in their youth in the summer time will recognize a picture of the old-time thrashing machine. The neighboring farmer whose wheat and oats had just been thrashed hauled the engine, water wagon and thrasher to its next location; horses and yokes of oxen did the work, as the traction engine which now draws everything was unknown in the eighties. The arrival of the machine was eagerly awaited by young and old, it being the one particular excitement of the year, and there was often much anxiety for fear of rain. The owner of the outfit was usually the engineer and was regarded by the children as a veritable god, and his youthful son, who was generally along, was greatly envied. My own memory of a thrashing machine at work is made up in the main of sounds. There was the steady hum of the engine, with its fast revolving governors and bright flywheel, a liquid swish, with an occasional flopping, of the seventy feet of belting, the drone of the drum, varying from time to time as larger or smaller sheaves of wheat were put into it by the feeder, a dexterous man always a part of the owner's crew. He wore glass goggles with wire sides and was a highly esteemed official by all present. Then there were the shuffling, rattling noises of the straw carrier and the steadier, more regular racket from the chaff shaker, and the swift sound as of soft rain, audible only to the measurers of the grain as it poured from a metal nozzle into half-bushel measures. My duty on these gala days was to aid in holding the bag, not in this connection a phrase of contumely. But mostly, with other boys, I made tunnels in the shiny hot straw or watched the engine, with a great yearning to be allowed at dinner time to blow the whistle. And when the wheat was all thrashed, the straw rick topped and the belt removed from the silent wheels, if it was a Saturday the engineer would blow off steam from the exhaust, and into it the boys would throw their hats and sticks of wood to see the outburst carry them by its force, creating meantime a big hole in the ground which was the sign by which we knew this sort of fun was over for another year.

*The thrashing
machine*

REAR-VISION mirrors are not even comparatively new, and they were not invented for automobiles and trucks. The old horse cars had them long ago. Many horse lines operated cars in charge only of a driver; when the car was not overcrowded he could see his passenger step in and then start his team with some degree of safety. If the passenger did not promptly walk to the front of the car and drop his fare into the Slawson box by the door, the driver would jingle a bell in the box whole-heartedly until he heard the responsive clink of your nickel as it fell over and through a series of metal and glass toboggans and filters, out of sight in the depths of the box.

Metal runways were later placed in these one-man cars. They had slots approximately opposite to each seat space, and passengers could send their nickels boxward without rising from their seats. If those riding did not have the 5-cent piece, a conspicuous sign informed them that change to the amount of \$2 would be furnished by the driver, and this he supplied in a sealed envelope, chosen, as a trained bird tells your fortune, from a long narrow tin box hooked to the dashboard of the car. Many readers will recall with what zeal and care the drivers looked after these cash boxes; and whenever the cars were delayed in their progress by derailment, city fires or local excitement on the streets the drivers were to seen wandering around with their boxes of change in one hand and their whips in the other. And when after-the-theater and ball-game crowds swarmed all over these one-man cars no matter how ardently and persistently he agitated his fare-box bell, many people of careless temperament often failed to pay, and while, of course, fair-minded persons attempted to pass their nickels onward from hand to hand, very likely some of such fares failed to reach the company's till. Doubtless the runways with their openings which were later put on the cars were intended as much to facilitate fare paying as to save the passengers a walk up and down the cars.

Years ago when I was a boy I used often to see a certain lame man with short side whiskers sitting on a bench at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert Streets. He would hobble out to meet the cars of the City Passenger Railway Company and take from the conductors their excess of cash. He carried a leather bag on a shoulder strap and wore a heavy cap. From time to time he went into the building at the southeast corner of the streets mentioned, in which were the offices of the railway company and where Governor Bowie, its president, had his headquarters.

*Balloons—
Electric Park*

TODAY airplanes are an almost hourly sight, and dirigibles and other aircraft frequently appear up in the sky; but none of these now, nor do I think at anytime, have ever caused the excitement which was created in the nineties when on summer evenings, especially around the Fourth of July, children raced frantically through the city streets, screaming "Bal-loon Bal-loon!" This they did when those small paper envelopes, with sponges under them soaked with alcohol, floated erratically, the sport of the least wind, over the tops of the houses, falling as their hot air cooled, to set fire as like as not to trash, dried leaves or possibly a shingle roof, of which there were many in those days. These toy balloons were a pretty enough sight appearing as dusk gathered, like moving stars, but owing to the damage they often did were outlawed long since and are rarely seen above the city in these days.

ELECTRIC PARK I used to visit on hot summer nights, the stage show was often excellent. It was here I first saw and met the Great Lafayette. He did a entire play in one act by himself, impersonating five distinct characters. Every time he walked back of a small screen he appeared in a different part, make-up and costume.

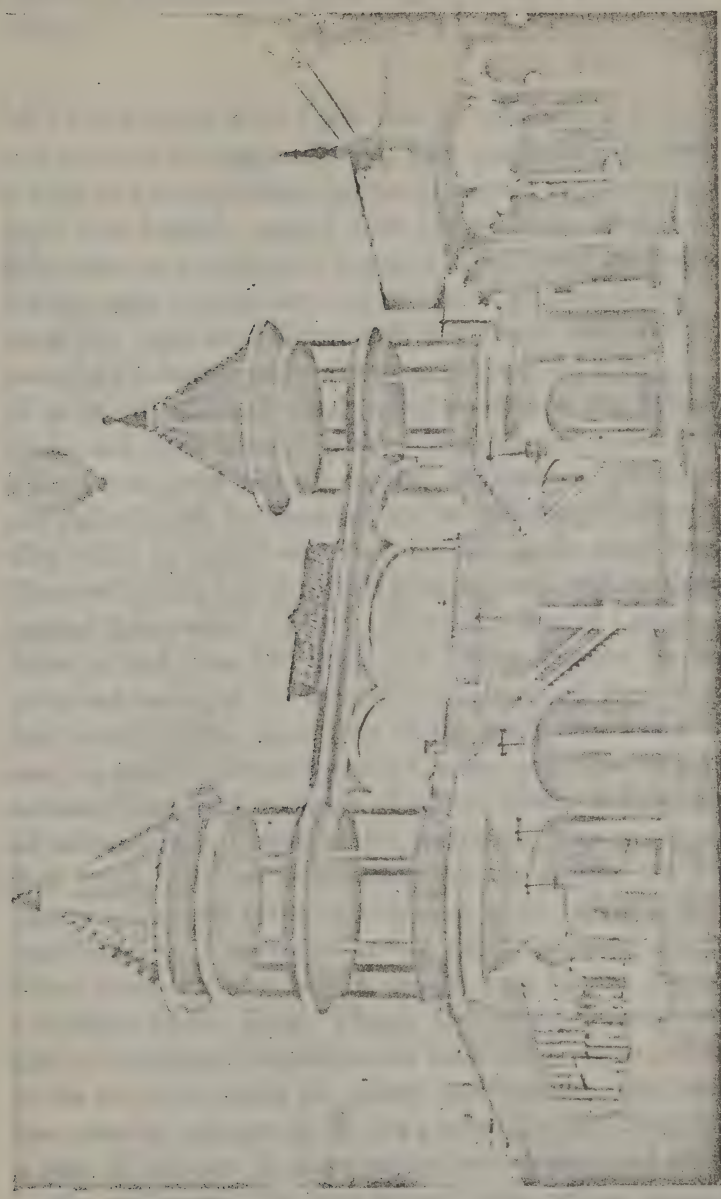
After the performance we would sit on the famous "deck", listening to the music and sipping long cooling drinks. Here one night Jimmy Reese introduced me to one of the celebrities

J. E. Henry; he frequently had in tow George Bronson Howard this time,
Tobacconists a playwright. He seemed young to me to have written, as I first thought, several noted plays and of course turned out not to be the well known playwright at all.

The interesting picture of Electric Park which is reproduced on a nearby page, was taken by my old friend J. E. Henry and the exposure was made at eleven o'clock at night. This was quite a photographic feat in the year 1900. It was only a short time before that Paul Martin exhibited in London pictures he had made long after dark of the Thames Embankment and other nocturnal scenes in that city.

NATURALLY, as one who loves life in all its more attractive colors, I miss the better class of cafes and saloons, where in former times one could relax after the heat and burden of the day, solacing fatigue and stimulating reflection with a tall glass of good beer; but even before the complete transformation of the saloon the tobacconist and his typical cigar store was disappearing from the street corners of this and other cities. With the tobacconist who specialized solely in tobacco products and made cigars himself disappeared also opportunities for social intercourse of a happy, pleasant kind, for the genial old cigar store man gave you more than a smoke. He was a chatty, well-informed man, whose shop was a center where neighborhood men met for convivial talk and probably a game of chess, pinochle or checkers in that little back room with its never-absent fumes and other odors from open boxes of chewing tobacco. Snuff, too, was sold, much more than now, but while not so often "snuffed" in my time it was chewed by many, working women in particular. No special reference do I make to the wooden Indians of other graven images, such as "Sailor Jacks," which marked the location of these shrines of Lady Nicotine, for with barber poles and bottles of colored water once used by druggists, they have been adequately dealt with by others. But, of course, I was well

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ELECTRIC PARK
NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH, 1900 — BY J. E. HENRY

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acquainted with many of those brightly painted and warlike statues. *Hamilton Street;
Old Hotels*

IN THE nineties, when I first took up what was to prove a long residence in Hamilton Street, there was little or no traffic at night on Cathedral Street hill; an occasional hack or carriage might pass leisurely upward from Center Street on its way down town, or a physician's buggy at higher speed, but in the daytime many wagons, carts and vehicles of all kinds lumbered along this much-used highway. A heavy coal cart, with its powerful Clydesdale or Percheron, could be heard a long way off as its tall steelshod wheels rolled slowly over the Belgian blocks, and it made a still louder rumble when it turned into a side street paved with the rougher cobblestones. The teamster walked beside his horse and the mean-looking blacksnake whip which he carried was much coveted by the small boys. Many will recall, too, the Hotel Rennert coach with its dark-bearded driver which made regular trips by way of Cathedral Street to and from Mt. Royal and Union Stations. By the going and coming of this bus you could almost tell the time of day. In still earlier times most of the hotels sent busses to meet the more important trains at Camden and other railroad stations. These were in charge of colored drivers and porters, all enterprisingly clamorous for patronage. The names of their hotels were not only painted on the vehicles but the porters wore metal plates on their hats which indicated their establishments. I remember among these omnibuses several whose hotels are now only a memory—the Maltby House, Carrollton Hotel, Eutaw House, the Mount Vernon and Guy's. The spirited competition for trade which was so evident in the old days among the porters and hackmen, too, made the arrival of strangers in the city a colorful event. There was a sort of welcome in these smiling solicitations and much bustle and action (for train arrivals were not so frequent then), which I can truly say I still miss when I return home after an absence.

CHAPTER TWELVE

EUGEN SANDOW

Eugen Sandow

AS a boy, while short in stature, I was a rather sturdy chap and always interested in muscle and feats of strength. In the winter of 1893 I heard of a foreign "strong man" who was appearing in New York, where he was amazing all who saw him with his performances. But his engagement at this time was not with any important music hall or theater as he had not yet been "discovered." Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., then a resident of Chicago, was preparing an amusement place on Michigan Avenue for the World's Fair visitors in the summer of 1893. He saw Eugen Sandow in New York and engaged him for the season of the fair.

Thus at Ziegfeld's "Trocadero" in August, 1893, I first saw the athlete who was to become more famous in his line than any man before him. Sandow was the first to pose beneath a special light as a "living statue" and also the first strong man to use horses and human beings in his performances. When a man lifts what looks like a heavy dumbbell the laity cannot with any certainty feel a sense of weight, but when the same man actually lifts horses and people all can comprehend.

In the winter of this same year I made a trip to New York to see the man who had now become my ideal. He was on the bill at the old Koster & Bial Music Hall and seemed more wonderful than ever. At this time he was supporting a grand piano with a full orchestra on top of it upon his chest. With a special harness he also lifted a pony above his head with

one arm. I returned to Baltimore completely obsessed with the idea that I would like to build up on my own body muscles like Sandow's and proceeded to get in touch with him through correspondence with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who was still his manager. About this time Sandow's book on physical culture appeared and I got my copy. In this work was a statement that students of the system who made advances in physical development would be awarded medals at such time as Sandow played in various cities.

*Eugen Sandow;
Knabe dinner*

WHEN the athlete's first engagement in Baltimore took place, in October, 1894, at the Academy of Music, I was the Maryland boy who received one of these medals. It so happened that during the week Sandow was here I was in his company pretty much all of the time. He was as big in heart and kindness as he was in body and muscle. I knew him intimately after this and kept in touch with him for years. On his first visit to Baltimore he stopped at the Hotel Rennert, also the following spring on his second appearance. He was very fond of pets and had in his rooms rabbits and squirrels playing about, all members of his family.

I remember a dinner tendered to him by my old friend the late Ernest J. Knabe, which took place at the Maryland Club. William Knabe, Charles Keidel, Ernest Keidel, Bryant Hill, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., Sandow's manager, and I were present. Sandow ate and drank just like anyone else, as he did not believe in strict dieting. He also smoked cigars, but not excessively, and was also a good story teller.

THE younger generation who never saw Sandow will be glad to hear some of the details of his physique and some account too of his feats. He was five feet eight and one-half inches tall and weighed never less than 196, nor more than 200 pounds. His chest, normal, was forty-eight inches; expanded

Sandow's feats; it was sixty-one inches; his biceps measured, flexed, nineteen
Last tour and one-half inches; calf, eighteen and one-half; ankles and wrists were relatively small, fingers well shaped and well cared for. I remember asking him to break a horseshoe in two for me and he would not do it until he had put on heavy gloves. I then asked him to break a half-dollar in two, but he could not grip it with the gloves and without them feared he would hurt his fingers. He tore two packs of playing cards in half at one time, and then the halves into quarters. I have the torn cards today in my possession.

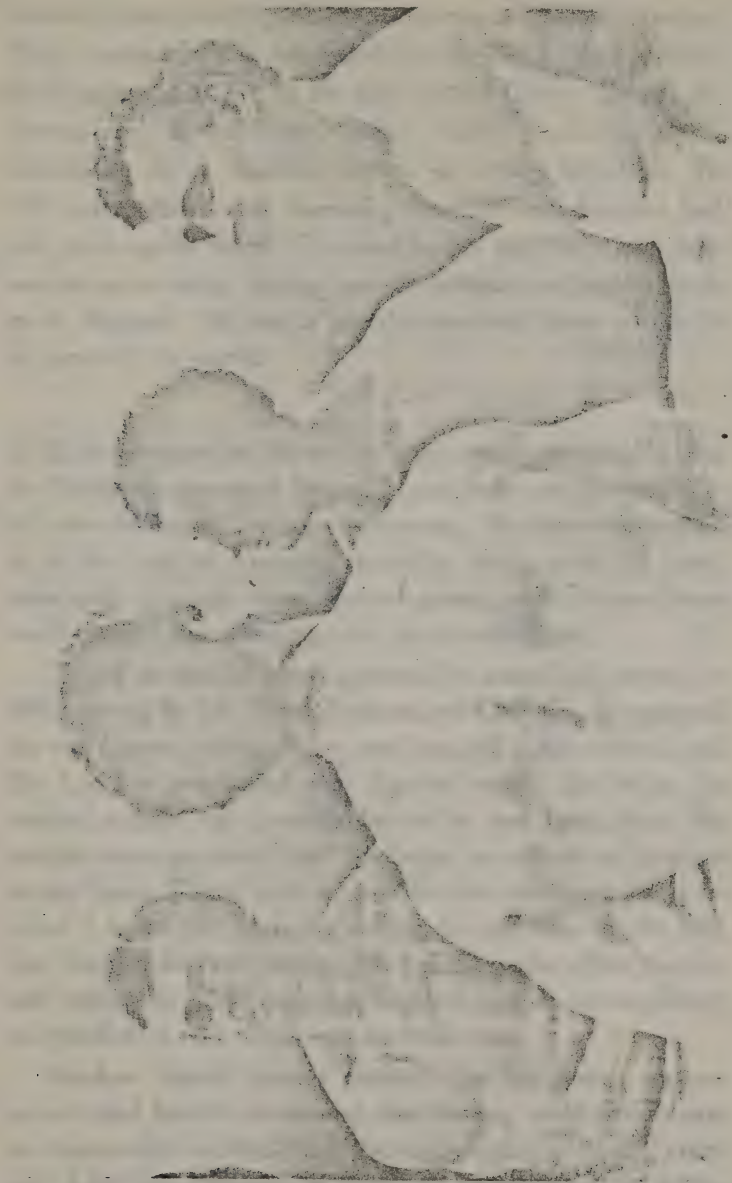
He was able not only to lift weights of all sorts and in many ways but to do astounding things with articles of furniture and with human beings. He walked around the room with all the men upon him who could hang on. He commenced his training in boyhood as an acrobat in a circus, and in his American performances threw somersaults with a fifty-six-pound dumbbell in either hand; he also did the same trick blindfolded from one to the other of a succession of tubs.

AFTER his American tour of 1895 Sandow went to London, where he founded his Institute of Culture, and from that time till his death was the personal trainer of many of the kings and potentates of Europe. He conditioned the late King Edward VII for his coronation.

In 1902 Sandow made his last American tour and played in Baltimore at the Auditorium in the month of May. At that time I saw him every day, dining and driving with him and sitting on the stage during his performances. At this time he presented me with a medal in the design of a Roman coin. A portrait is on one side and on the other these words: "To Meredith Janvier, a Remembrance for my first Pupil and Dearest Friend in America, from Sandow." Needless to say, I prize this memento.

In August, 1907, when I was in London I saw much of my old friend. I dined with him and his wife, who was a Miss

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SANDOW, 1902 — BY HENRY FENCHÉ

Courtesy Edw. Wernsing.

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Brooks, a beautiful English girl, at Sixty-one Holland Avenue, West. I remember the delightful evening which followed when the Sandows took me to see their friend George Robey, the famous English comedian. Robey had a burlesque show, wherein he did a character sketch of Queen Elizabeth. In 1907 automobiles were becoming common and Sandow had just given up his teams. He loved horses and for a long time was an expert whip, driving one of the smartest four-in-hands in all England. He was a popular man and knew people in all parts of the world.

*Sandow - London;
Dr. Lydston*

THE development of his entire body was so remarkable that the British Government had a life cast made of him in 1906. It is now in South Kensington Museum. Sandow told me that of all his feats of strength, extending over a score of years, none took so much out of him as posing while the sculptors made casts of him standing with his muscles flexed.

I recall an article which appeared in a medical journal in 1894; it was by Dr. Frank Lydston, of Chicago. It repeated the well-known saying, that a man is as old as his arteries, and Dr. Lydston prophesied that Sandow would die before he reached middle age, possibly before he was forty, since his muscles were too many and too large for any set of arteries or any heart. Thirty years or so after this statement was published I wrote Dr. Lydston, calling his attention to the fact that Sandow was still living. He replied to the effect that he had missed his guess and that Sandow was an extraordinary exception to a rule which was basically true.

Sandow himself always claimed that his system was so perfect and his life so normal that barring accidents he saw no reason why he should not live to be eighty or ninety years old. Like Dr. Lydston, he seems to have missed his guess, and thus passed one of the most remarkable men of our day. He combined with great strength, physical beauty of face and form and back of it a very clear-cut brain which performed

Sandow's death its functions in such a way as to produce for him a very considerable fortune in worldly goods. Through his books, health magazines and various institutes of physical culture his name will doubtless endure for a long time as a synonym for muscular energy and power.

THE SUBJECT of the foregoing sketch was born, it is said, of Russian parents, in a touring circus at Konigsburg on the Russian frontier. He was not born strong, in fact he was a weakling with a passionate desire to be strong. Special study and a system he devised for training enabled him to secure eventually a marvellous development. . Some years previous to his passing he drove his motor car off the road into the mud. Too impatient to await help he, single-handed, lifted his car back to the road, an ill-advised act even for a strong man, of his age, which strained a blood vessel in his head. This gave him trouble for a few years and on bursting caused his instant death in London on October 14th, 1925. He was about fifty-eight years old.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MINSTREL MEMORIES

WITH these first crisp days and cool nights of *Street parade* September there come to me pleasant recollections of the second great event of the year in the lives of the boys, young and old, of not so long ago. The first, and looming largest, was the circus along in May. The second was the minstrels in the early fall. Most of those I saw played either at the old Academy of Music or at Ford's Grand Opera House, but I also wended my way on foot, hastily and before dark, on several occasions to Holliday Street Theater and to the old Front to see some company or other.

School or no school, we often managed to cluster on the streets between eleven o'clock and noon to see the "Gigantic Street Parade." The members of the troupe who "doubled-in-brass" came first, armed mostly with silver cornets and "slip-horns" which split the air in seven ways with their piercing fanfares, while back of the band walked the stars, owners of the show and the dancers and comedians. The men were of all ages from eighteen to sixty; as a rule, they wore linen dusters, white hats and carried canes, strutting jauntily and waving to the crowd.

Before the performances at night the musicians appeared again either on the sidewalk outside of the theater or, as in the case of Ford's, on the portico above the entrance. Admission to these shows in the first balcony was generally a quarter and I was always present at a night performance when the black-faced entertainers came to town.

George Primrose
Raymond Moore

MY first memories are of that splendid organization, Thatcher, Primrose & West. They always carried a fine company. George Thatcher was a Harford county boy and doubtless members of his family who are still in Maryland could tell how he became a minstrel artist. I always have regarded him as one of the two best monologists in the profession. (Lew Dockstader, of course, was the other.) George Primrose danced well, especially in clogs with rattles, as I believe two small metal discs were called which were attached to each heel. And Primrose could sing, too, and many will recall his pretty rendition of

*Swinging in the grapevine swing!
Laughing where the wild birds sing;
I dream and I sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.*

As a graceful, dignified and really clever interlocutor, William H. West, the third partner, had few equals. A good interlocutor must be a combination of pomposity and superciliousness, with a manner of enormous grandeur, since it is his traditional lot to be continually taken down, shown up for a fool and thoroughly squelched by the keen wit and irresistible logic of the end men, to all of whom in turn he feeds questions which lay him open to belittlement. And after losing the argument he must rise with the air of a nobleman and blandly announce:

"Mr. Raymond Moore, the distinguished metropolitan tenor, will now sing that beautiful ballad entitled "Down on the Farm.'"

Mr. Moore, who really did have a good voice, might also sing two other favorites of the period, "When the Robins Nest Again," and "In the Gloaming," songs made famous by the minstrels of the eighties and nineties. Richard José did much to popularize such songs as "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Just as the Sun Went Down." José was a large man with what the bills termed a "superb and unsurpassed counter-

tenor" voice. He was immensely liked and was still singing ten or twelve years ago when I heard him taking his high notes nearly as well as ever at a local moving-picture theater.

*Songs, Jokes,
Monologists*

WITH Thatcher, Primrose & West there was, I also recall, a first class bass singer, Dan Waldron, whose offering would be "I Shot an Arrow," "Asleep in the Deep," or that fine old battle piece, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," for which he would probably go through the business of loosening his collar. The most intricate dances and drills, performed by the company with clockwork precision, were arranged and led by the expert Barney Fagan. This artist was still at work on the stage in 1928.

These were the days of horse cars, and I have not forgotten after forty-odd years George Thatcher's story of the race horse he bet on. It seems, even if unbelievable, that George's choice had once been a car horse on the Madison Avenue-Eutaw Street line. As the ponies were coming down the stretch some leather-lunged wise guy shouted "Fayette Street!" and the horse came to a full stop a few yards from the finish. Then there was short, thick Hughie Dougherty, that charming comedian, with his particularly smooth-talking voice. He was a famous end-man. In his violent argument with the interlocutor as to the evils of men betting on horses he would always close the fiery debate to his great satisfaction by loudly declaring "And I say the man who don't bet is no bettor!"

Frank Cushman, George Wilson, Thatcher and—more than anyone else—Lew Dockstader, on reaching a new stand would look up the local situation as to politics, sports and prominent characters and work into their jokes and songs bright material which always stirred their audiences to laughter. A fellow of infinite jest, still a resident of Baltimore, was often in touch with the best of the minstrel monologists and gave them, with his compliments, many a wise crack and amusing incident.

*Comedy teams;
Negro Comedians*

Lew Dockstader was standing in a cafe in Baltimore and overheard a man about town quoting one of Harry Lehr's clever witticisms and saying how bright he was. Lew instantly flashed "Is he any relation to my old friend chandelier?"

EVERY minstrel troupe carried a musical comedy team, usually two men, specialists with several instruments. Sometimes these fellows were gifted musicians and produced excellent harmony both with standard means and also with curious devices of their own invention. Some teams I remember were Swift & Chase, of which firm, I think, one or the other was a Marylander; Blocksom & Burns, Fields & Hanson and, of course, the most talented team known in the history of minstrelsy and vaudeville—Wood & Shepherd. Of this pair, Wood's real name was Gottlieb and he was a brother of the late Fred H. Gottlieb of beloved memory. As "Wood" he was an excellent performer on the cello and an eccentric comedian of rare imagination and ability who produced something absolutely new in the act each season. With his partner, Frank Shepherd a fine cornetist, he toured in many parts of the world, including South Africa, and Australia. These men were finished artists and in their day received high salaries. I do not think any similar team then or since approached them in amusing comedy and good music.

THERE were, of course, Negro companies and Negro performers in white troupes. Some of these genuine black-faced entertainers were really good. Most of them, however, made up with the customary burnt cork. I remember one of the bright colored boys, James Bland, who sang a catchy, foolish song at the Holliday Street Theatre:

*Tapioca! Tapioca! Mammy, let me pick it on the poker,
Ah me, ah my, mammy, mammy, mammy, don't you hear the
baby cry?*

One of the earliest Mammy songs no doubt. Also Billy Farrell, *Tom McIntosh*
who appeared with an all-Negro company at the old Front *Joe Sweeny*
singing a song that commenced:

I se de leader ob de choir ob de Bapist Church
Gwine to meet a coon ternight.

The celebrated Tom McIntosh, Negro minstrel, also appeared at the Front Street Theater. His monologues were ridiculously funny, and his argument with an imaginary person who was standing, as he pretended, on his foot was very amusing. It was Tom's mother's kitchen to which people flocked to view the eclipses of the sun, as her windows were just right for the purpose. And Tom said he always wiped his feet on the door mat *before* going outdoors, "'cause I don't think it's nice to track dirt all over the street."

BILLY EMERSON I saw in his latter days at the Academy of Music with Cleveland's Mastodon Minstrel's. In his prime he was said to stand absolutely alone in his profession: the acme of versatility and with the voice of an opera singer. He sang on this occasion "Since My Little Girl Became a Typewriter" (sad fate, we call them stenogs now) and "If I Had Only Backed the Winner." One of his jokes, I recall, represented him as standing at Camden Station, one foot on the step of the Pullman just about to pull out of Baltimore. He borrows a plug of tobacco from an "innocent bystander," saying "Do you mind where I bite it?" "Not at all," is the reply. "Then I'll bite it in Washington," replies Billy as the train moves along.

At least one minstrel man is certain of immortality, and that, too, in the glorious company of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the renowned cavalry commander, C.S.A. In Capt. John W. Thomason's excellent life of Jeb Stuart he tells of Joe Sweeny, "a fellow with all the tunes, who sprang to arms from a minstrel troupe." Sweeny's show had stranded in Richmond

Joe Sweeny and the former burnt cork artist enlisted in a Virginia regiment. Stuart heard him play and sing and transferred him, over protests, to be his personal troubadour and entertainer. Some historians credit Sweeny with the invention of the banjo when he fitted a cheese box with a neck and five strings. This famous minstrel died of pneumonia while in the army in the winter of 1864.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD IN THE NINETIES

OF late years Florenz Ziegfeld, like many another passing the fifties took on some weight and a suggestion of a double chin; but when I first knew him in 1894, he was the complete personification of the word "dapper." During the Chicago World's Fair in August, 1893, as a breathless young amateur gymnast I had seen, at the Trocadero on Michigan Avenue, Eugen Sandow in his poses and feats of strength. In the Ziegfeld show at the same place there appeared also one of the first of the serpentine dancers who performed in the rainbow colored rays of a series of spotlights, rippling her diaphanous silk draperies into bird forms and butterflies, while the orchestra played a brilliant waltz the tune of which was to sweep the country.

*Chicago Fair;
Torn cards*

In the winter of 1894 Sandow was appearing at Koster & Bial's music hall in New York, still under Ziegfeld's management. There I saw the great athlete again, but was not able to meet personally either the strong man or his manager. But when home again I wrote to Mr. Ziegfeld asking if he would have his muscular prodigy tear a pack of playing cards in two for me. I soon received reply: "Send the cards and they will be torn for you." The pack came back in due time, not in halves but in quarters.

Later in the year Ziegfeld formed what he called "The Sandow Trocadero Vaudevilles," and this excellent show played at the old Academy of Music on North Howard

*Visits Baltimore;
His little book*

Street for a week in October, 1894. Through my friends and the late "Dick" Britton and Tunis F. Dean I was introduced to Mr. Ziegfeld on the Sunday preceding the opening of the engagement. He and Sandow were guests at the Hotel Rennert and for the ensuing week I lived in what was to me a dream come true. I was at the theater for every performance and nightly dined with Sandow and Ziegfeld at the hotel, other friends of theirs often being in the party. As an ambitious follower of the great athlete and as a part of the Ziegfeld publicity system, I was given a medal for my zeal in following the Sandow method of physical culture. This was a Ziegfeld idea and the procedure was followed I believe in all the large cities they visited.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD at this time was a little over 25 years of age, I was 22. But Ziegfeld had seen far more of life and while he had the smooth almost small, face of a boy, he was already as much matured in many ways as some men of thirty-five. Dapper, as I have said, described him. He was naturally much under the Sandow and physical culture influence at this time and I remember seeing him snatch a fifty-six-pound dumb bell from the floor of his room at the Rennert and thrust it above his head with great ease. He was all muscle, although of a pale cast of countenance and very slender. He was precise in keeping his expense accounts and carried a pocket note book, for while he was most generous in paying for refreshments, carriage hire and the like, his little book always came out and with a sharp pencil he entered the costs.

Ziegfeld was the perfect host, considerate, generous and thoughtful, in my dinners with him and his star, knowing how I coveted big muscles he always urged me to eat great slices of roast beef.

That October week in Baltimore was one of large business at the Academy. The entire house was full and very enthusiastic. "We will play this town again next spring," Ziegfeld

said. He did, too, and with the same show in the main, in April, 1895. But the fickle and capricious Baltimore weather suddenly turned upward to 80 degrees, and the business done was poor in contrast to the year before. But I have no recollection of any groans or complaints from the youthful impresario. That vaudeville show Ziegfeld brought here thirty-eight years ago was but a forerunner of what he was to do later.

*Mrs. Sandow;
Anna Held*

The week of magic thrills came to an end in the customary seven days and I went on Sunday afternoon with my friends to see them off from Camden Station en route to Pittsburgh, their next stand. Sandow was attired in the then infrequently seen knickerbockers, but sometimes affected by travellers, and Ziegfeld was natty in a dark suit, with a little soft felt hat; especially do I remember a small leather bag slung around his slender shoulders by a strap. It contained, as he showed me while waiting at the gate, not only some cash but railroad tickets for his company, and his omnipresent expense book.

In the spring they returned and this time the beautiful Mrs. Eugen Sandow was over from England, travelling with her husband, and again I had another wonderful week behind the scenes at the Academy, drives in the park at night after the show and dinners at the hotel.

A FEW years elapsed before I saw Florenz Ziegfeld again and then it was on the occasion of Anna Held's first appearance in this city. Ziegfeld and the famous actress drove up to the old Herald building in a victoria. Anna was a mass of fluffy wraps, chiffon veils protected her face from the winds of heaven, as well as from the crowds (you had to pay to see beauties in those days) and her hair was done up in a series of huge puffs. She remained in the carriage while Ziegfeld hurried to the law office within where I was a student. He had a publicity idea and wished to ascertain just what might be his liabilities should he discharge, for no bona fide reason, a pistol in the rear of Ford's Grand Opera House. I gave him

*Ferocious dog;
"The Turtle"*

the cold words of the Law, and he proceeded later in the day to carry out his scheme. That evening shortly before 8 o'clock when he escorted his lovely star to the stage entrance, as she was alighting from her carriage a ferocious and enormous dog sprang from the darkness to attack her. The heroic Florenz, ever prepared for an emergency especially of this kind, drew his six-shooter and fired point blank (a blank of large calibre too)! Miss Held screamed; she shrieked; she wailed. Ziegfeld fired again and the monstrous reincarnation of the Hound of the Baskervilles "ran limping" down Marion Street, according to the wild testimony of many of the Chinese who were then denizens of those purlieus. The newspapers wrote this up in heavy headlines, and at least one journal published a carefully drawn picture of the dog, of Miss Held and her protector.

SOME time later Ziegfeld was back in Baltimore, this time with a play of the twin bed, parlor and bath type, a translation from French. It was called "The Turtle." If I am not mistaken the late W. J. Ferguson, who died in Baltimore, was in the cast, and I remember how he went up to the hotel desk in the first act, and arranged his long legs in a queer pattern while he signed the register.

This time Ziegfeld called to see me and revealed his most recent publicity idea to attract attention to his new play. He was going to secure several hundred turtles, or in their lack terrapins, have painted on their backs "See me at Ford's this week" or some similar legend and turn these animals loose in in Mount Vernon Place and in other parked places around the city.

Ziegfeld always planned and executed in the grand manner and left my office bound for the fish markets with the intention of buying about a thousand turtles for his advertising scheme. I do not think he could have found as many as he wanted; certainly I was not able to come across a single turtle or terrapin anywhere near the Monument "running" under the Ziegfeld colors.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GOLDEN OAK

THE fluctuations of style in house building and home furnishing were somewhat eccentric in Baltimore sixty and more years ago, for just before the golden-oak period a wholly different domestic style was the rule among the aristocracy and the well-to-do.

*Brownstone
Fronts*

I have in mind the brownstone front and old English basement houses, with their low ceilings which assured warmth in winter, at least upon the first floor. These homes were done, as to woodwork, in the very dark woods, mahogany and walnut, often almost black. The heavy, oily front doors with silver knobs have proved everlasting, and fine brownstones may be seen today in many parts of the city, on Mount Vernon Place, St. Paul Street, Park Avenue, Cathedral Street and in other sections. There is still a fine row of brownstone fronts on the south side of Fayette Street between Carey and Calhoun. In such residences the dark wood of the front doors was carried inside in wainscoted vestibules and hallways, and in hall furniture. Such houses were always dark, and are even today, with electric lighting. I well remember how sepulchral they were in the eighties when batwing gas burners with white glass globes were the only illumination.

But this style of residence was an exotic in Baltimore and was imported from London, likely enough, as to woodwork, and from New York as to the brownstone fronts. The style did not "go" very far, however, and hesitated within a half mile or so of the Monument. There were, of course, some

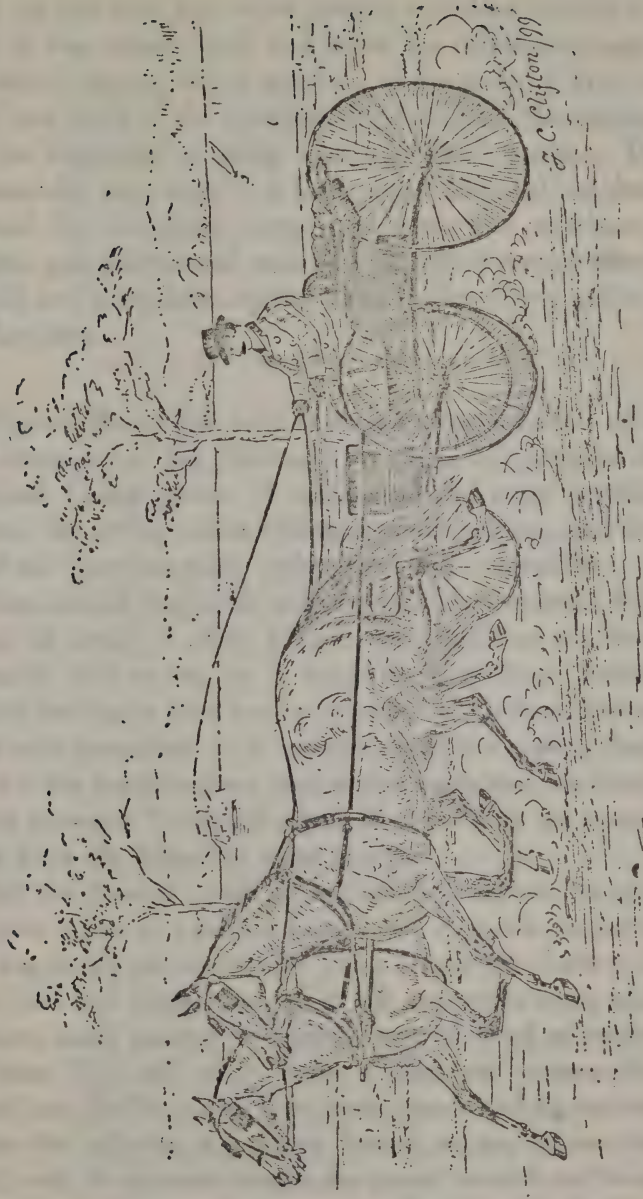
Fumed oak; such houses built in outlying parts of town where men of
Old firms means maintained homes.

FOR a second time within little more than a year, at the exhibition preceding the inevitable auction sales, I have lately wandered through the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms of one of those showy-looking houses which sported the golden oak in the years which, in some ways, certainly were the golden age of leisurely life in Baltimore.

Advisedly I say inevitable auction, for very few of the heirs at law of those who owned these old homes have in this day the proper setting or indeed adequate space to use, or even to store away, the massive, carved, tawny furniture of the late seventies and early eighties. Much of this golden oak and its relatives in fumed tones was set firmly or built permanently into the places in these houses where it was to serve, and doubtless the most obsessed admirer (if there be any at all) of this type of furniture would not feel disposed to erect a house around these productions, granted they could be uprooted safely from their substantial anchorages.

These built-in mantels, wainscoting, hall pieces, shelving and other wooden embellishments show in many cases an ecclesiastical motive running through them, especially in sideboards, or buffets, as they were often called. This may have been due partly to the fact that the makers of this useful or decorative woodwork devoted much of their attention to the interior finishing of churches.

Old firms, such as Henry W. Jenkins & Son, P. Hanson Hiss, Robert Renwick and John P. Knipp & Son (the only one of these firms now in existence), doubtless installed the finer effects we see in these handsome, even if now outmoded, residences. There was also the firm of Godey & Son, but possibly it made furniture only. When I was a boy I knew an old Scotchman, a Mr. Stewart, who was one of Renwick's best wood carvers, and a great artist in his time.



RAISING THE DUST DOWN THE SHELL ROAD

In the old days such wood carving was done entirely by hand. It was tedious work and called for painstaking care. Mechanical carving was in some use at the period I have in mind, and much of the furniture and fixtures of the eighties give the impression of being a run-of-the-mill product. To a present-day taste some of it looks rather frightful but then it stood for something strong and firm. The merchants, bankers, and professional men of that period seemed about as solid and dependable, in the main, as their heavy golden-oak furniture.

*Wood carving;
Heavy dining*

ONE gazes almost with tears at those enormous buffets with their armament of fine china and cut glass, their batteries of wine and liqueur glasses of many sizes and every possible contour, the serving tables with their ponderous legs, and the broad oak extension table, underpinned like an elephant.

Here, indeed, hospitable people lived and entertained their guests of hours or days ("week-ends" had not yet been invented), and we can see in fancy the stout Negro butlers sedately bearing in from nearby pantries and kitchens platters laden with canvasback duck, terrapin, quail and oysters, these last of a size and succulence hard to find nowadays, and hams, too, of authentic Smithfield origin, all served with the proper wines from the cobwebby cellar beneath.

But the drawing rooms do not reflect, somehow, the ease and quiet repose of a modern living room. As a rule the furniture was simply uncomfortable. Those fragile gilt chairs with their curls and twists, done up in silk and satin, many with intricate, small patterns of tufting, were ill fitted to receive the broad hips and portly forms of men and women who poured into double parlors after those three-hour-long repasts. Unless the gathering was strictly formal, we may be sure the family with its intimates sought the greater warmth and more cozy ease of the library, where surrounded by ornate built-in bookcases with glassed and locked doors, they could relax completely before an open fire of logs or cannel coal. The

Peace and quiet; heavy overcarved chairs and cumbersome settees in this room
Bric-a-brac were upholstered, usually, in an unyielding sort of polished leather or horsehair, and absorbed considerable body heat before they were warmed to a comfortable degree, but when more wine, eggnog, Tom-and-Jerry or apple-toddy had been passed around, everyone settled down to perfect ease or even to an afternoon nap.

THE paintings, engravings and etchings which adorned the high walls of these mansions, each in its deep mat and stout, overbearing oak frame, might be souvenirs of the grand tour of Europe; many were doubtless purchased from happy-eyed dealers in Paris, London or Rome, rather to fill the walls and to capture the envy of visitors by their size and showiness than as a result of studied taste. "Yes, we picked that up in Paris on our trip last summer."

And in the same way those heavy busts and statues, found on carved pedestals in parlors or stuck in recesses on the stairs, were too frequently commercial rather than beautiful. So, too, the dainty figurines in both Dresden china or bisque were no more individual than the Rogers group, "Weighing the Baby" or "Shylock," which was the center piece. Then there were the glassed-topped table cabinets with minatures of historical personages, some on ivory and others on porcelain, and mixed in with them were innumerable tiny china dogs, cats, the omnipresent elephants and other animals, possible and impossible.

While most rooms were fitted with rich, heavy-piled carpets from chairboard to chairboard, many hallways and some special rooms had parquetry floors of intricate pattern and high finish, but where rugs were used at all they were frequently of real beauty and fine quality.

THESE people took their bathing seriously, it would seem, to judge from the large, gloomy bathrooms, with floors of

somber tiling and stained-glass windows, but lavishly equipped with some of the conveniences in duplicates or "spares." They were not places calculated to inspire song, and in them, had such music been then in vogue, the "bathroom blues" would beyond doubt have originated.

"Bathroom blues";

Heated term

THIS Baltimore of ours was ever a hot city in the summer months, and it was not everyone, like the Garretts, Jenkinses, Wilsons, Browns and Thomases and other well-known families who had country seats to which to retreat during the heated term; houses, therefore, were erected in the seventies and eighties with a view to coolness. Hence those high ceilings often on all floors, but always above the first. In these homes well-trained servants early in the day closed the windows and drew the shades so that when the tired business man of Baltimore's middle ages returned from his then electric-fanless office it was to find his house inside ten or more degrees cooler than the street. But at nightfall windows and doors flew open, hassocks, cushions and fans appeared and the whole block became a friendly gathering of step sitters who visited from door to door, chatting and fanning until later in the evening, when the men would stroll to the club for the day's last julep and the ladies and children, guided by the shining jars, filled with green, blue and yellow liquids, would visit the nearby drug store for mineral waters or soda.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

FLAMES THAT REACHED THE SKY

*Sunday morning;
Frosty weather*

A YOUNG girl was describing the recent fire at the Fifth Regiment Armory "You should have seen it," she said; "the flames shot up through the roof like fireworks. Too bad, of course, to lose the armory, but, my! it was thrilling."

I am sure it was and had I been comparatively near I would have gotten out of bed at 2 A. M. and gone to see it. But I once watched a conflagration for twenty-four terrible hours—its nearly thirty years ago now—and I have never forgotten it. I hardly expect to drive seven or eight miles in the small wee hours of a winter night to see a mere fire.

The occasion I have in mind was, of course, the Baltimore fire of February 1904. I did not have to go far to see it; in fact it came quite near me.

Sunday morning, neither very clear nor very cloudy, but a chill, frosty day and a "good" breeze blowing. An evil breeze it turned out to be. It was about 10 o'clock, maybe a little after, and I was on the lower floor of my Hamilton Street house. From the window I noticed crowds of people walking rapidly south on Cathedral Street by the Presbyterian Church just over the way. Odd, I thought, so many going to morning service, and why all the hurry. It is nowhere near 11 o'clock! An out-of-town guest with his wife and very small son were spending a few days with us. I called to the boy that something unusual was taking place, to come down and we would go out and investigate.

In a few minutes we knew there was a big fire down town. Little dreaming how big it was, and yet to be, we joined the now huge procession which was moving at the double-quick, and walked down Cathedral Street, past the Hotel Rennert and to Liberty Street near Baltimore Street, where the already stretched ropes stopped us. A great conflagration was raging; anyone could see that at a glance. The heat was terrific and window panes were cracking with a noise like gunfire over on Redwood (then German) Street and on Hopkins Place.

*Intense heat;
Panting engines*

FOR years I had lived in the downtown section and had frequently seen large fires, but this raw Sunday morning as I gazed over from Baltimore and Liberty toward German and Sharp Streets I felt a sickening sensation as I noted the steady ceaseless wind. It was blowing with increasing velocity from the west and it never stopped nor varied for twelve hours or more.

After watching the foreboding scene for an hour I returned home to report and to rest, for a nervous fatigue had taken possession of me. It was the relentless, insistent and unchanging wind that warned every fireman and all serious persons of what was to come. But in an hour I was back again at the volcanic drama, irresistibly drawn with thousands of others. This time I went as near as possible to Charles and Fayette Streets. Here sparks and cinders were falling in sprays as far as one could see, like millions of fireflies; the humming of the wind, the drone of the flames and the laboring pant of engines mingled in one horrifying roar as of some cosmic pipe organ. Walking on a carpet of ashes, I went to my studio on the second floor of the old Maryland Jockey Club on the southwest corner of Saratoga and Charles Streets. Former Gov. Frank Brown's private office was for years on the first floor of this building.

It was noon. I went to my rooms and scouted around the second floor of the building. On the long, narrow side porch

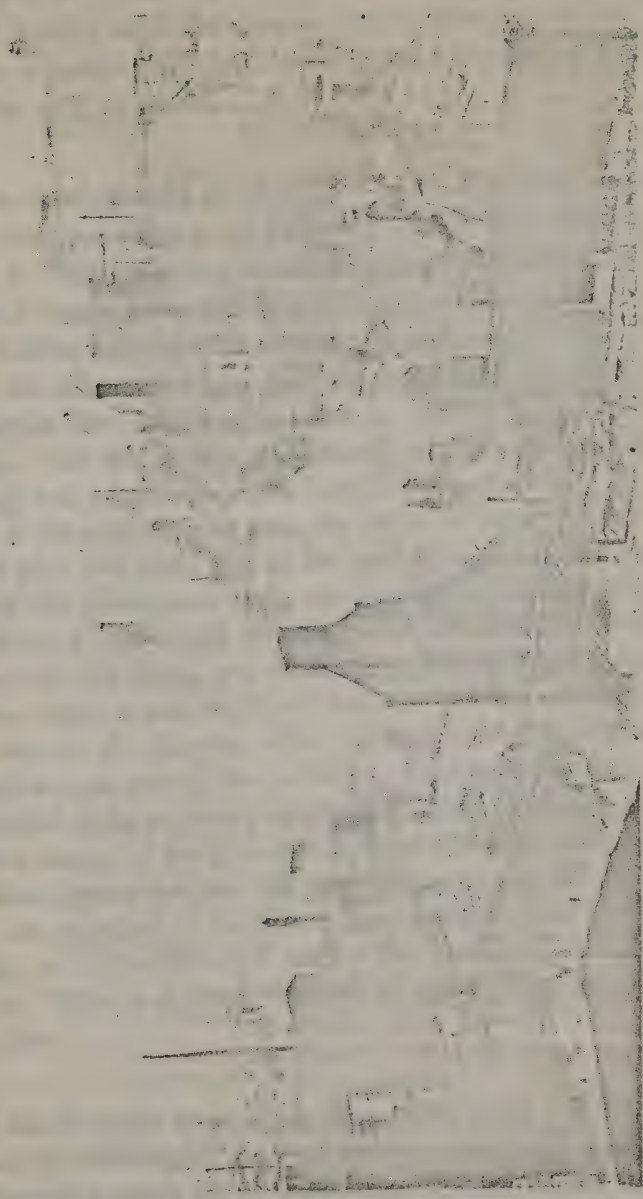
Flying timbers; on the south side I found live coals falling and for awhile I
The crowds carried buckets of water, extinguishing all the sparks I could reach; no one else seemed to be in the place, but even while I worked with the water the wind veered easterly by south and the sparks ceased falling near me. Overhead in the now super-heated air I saw large pieces of timber aflame and borne aloft, flying along in the high wind. Planks weighing over fifty pounds each were sailing in midair as feathers might above a small chimney.

“EVENING drew on and the wind gained in strength, and fearing an adverse shift in the direction of the gale, I ignored any need of food, scarcely even thinking of it, and at 3.30 commenced the task of carrying my things from the studio to my Hamilton Street home. As I neared the house with my first load I saw in front of the door an ordinary two-wheeled cart in which, sitting on a trunk, were my week-end visitors—father, mother and child—on their way, as I learned later, to Union Station to take a train for Washington to secure there the safety which seemed not at all probable in Baltimore. They waved to me, but my mind was so completely occupied with my own doubts and fears that I hardly noticed them. Many a trip I made to and from the two places, carrying everything I could lift or drag.

By this time the downtown streets above the fire zone were filled with surging crowds; everyone who could walk seemed to be in the restless multitude. The streets were so jammed with citizens and visitors and all were so excited and nervous, so absorbed, that one neglected to salute old friends and spoke with familiarity to entire strangers.

I urged my way through these mobs, sometimes making the toilsome journey up Saratoga Street to Cathedral, and at others by way of Charles to Hamilton Street. After dark, on his return from Annapolis, my friend and brother tenant of the same floor of the Jockey Club, Harry Clayton Hopkins, joined me. He carried a selection of his belongings to my

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SMOLDERING RUINS OF THE
HEART OF BALTIMORE

house, and aided me, too, as I was by now playing out.

*An old man's
Bravery*

We worked until far into the night, however, for the throngs of people made our trips slow and tortuous and, besides, we were very tired.

OF A score of episodes of the fire, one of the most interesting in my own knowledge is the following: At this time the late Henry S. Hartogensis had in his store, then on Baltimore and Frederick Streets, some 300,000 rounds of cartridges of various sizes. Calling his sons into conference, he suggested the dumping of the ammunition into the Falls, being perfectly willing to sacrifice the considerable value to save explosion and damage. But this scheme was deemed unsafe, and Captain Schleigh was telephoned at the Central Police Station in the effort to get permission to store the explosives there. But no settled plan was made and as the conflagration was rapidly nearing the Hartogensis store, the cartridges were hurriedly loaded into a large wagon which, with old Mr. Hartogensis on the seat by the driver, was driven away first to the Central Station, where it was considered best not to leave the cargo, and then to the Eastern, which in turn refused the risks attendant upon storing the cartridges. During all this time, unmindful of the constantly falling sparks and cinders and the extreme danger of being at any moment blown into eternity, the brave seventy-five year old man sat serenely by the driver with the explosives at his back. The cartridges were finally landed at the residence of one of the family on Aisquith Streets. Thus a dramatic incident of the fire was brought to a close.

ON windy nights after nearly thirty years I can still fancy I hear the whistling of the wind and the roar of the gigantic conflagration which by 10 o'clock that February night was raging along East Fayette, Baltimore and other streets to the south all the way to the harbor. The vicinity of Mulberry

Chartran— and Franklin Streets was almost deserted, but trucks, wagons
Daybreak of all types, pushcarts and even baby carriages, all overloaded with office furniture, household goods and even valueless articles, were passing with every degree of rapidity northward on Cathedral, Charles, St. Paul, and other thoroughfares.

The lurid sky lighted the streets with an unearthly glare which caused hearts to sink with fear. The ceaseless humming of the wind and the drone of engines, pierced frequently by shrill whistling for wood and coal, made impressions on all who heard and saw that will never entirely fade.

On the roof of the new Belvedere Hotel, Chartran, the famous French artist, crouched, fascinated by the sight of a great city in flames, while with fervent zeal he painted a picture of the scene.

TOWARD midnight Mayor Robert M. McLane and Gen. Lawrason Riggs held counsel with prominent officials as to the advisability of a house-to-house warning to residents north of Lexington Street to make arrangements to move away. But by 2 o'clock Monday morning the end was nearly in sight and the wind began slowly to fall off.

I had lingered on the steps of the Jockey Club all night and at daybreak exhausted firemen, dragging weary feet up Charles Street, told me and other tired, wan watchers that at last the fire was checked. But it was not under control until it had burned its way through docks and lumber yards to stop finally at the upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay.

A sickly, sluggish winter sun arose upon the smoldering ruins of the heart of a city—its old familiar haunts, its favorite meeting places all destroyed forever; true, new buildings were to come, but something not built by hands was gone—the spirit of a colorful age, an atmosphere, an attitude to life as it was in the eighties, the nineties and before. All these did not return with reconstruction, nor will they ever come back.

THE END

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